

# OLD GREEK

A MEMOIR OF

## EDWARD NORTH

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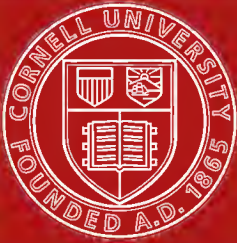
THE OLD TIME PROFESSOR IN  
THE OLD-FASHIONED COLLEGE. AN  
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF  
DR. EDWARD NORTH



**I**N response to what appears to be the universal desire of the alumni of Hamilton College, as well as of many men prominent in the educational work of the country, I have prepared a Memoir, with the above title, of the late Dr. Edward North, for fifty-eight years professor of the Greek Language and Literature in that institution.

It will be published in April, 1905, in a handsome volume of about 500 pages, illustrated with carbon-gravures, including portraits, college views, autographic letters, etc. It will be sold by subscription at \$2.50 per copy, net, in box, postage prepaid. A small special edition, bound in half calf, will be sold at \$3.50 per copy.

It has been called an “Autobiographical Memoir,” because it consists chiefly of Dr. North’s own writings, on many topics, during the sixty years in which his pen never seemed idle. It will include many of the lectures in whole or in part which appealed so strongly to the Hamilton boys during the college course. Thus it has interest and value for classical scholars, philologists, and



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especially for teachers, embodying as it does, the practical experience and the matured precepts of one of the most successful and versatile of American college instructors. It presents besides, a unique picture of the best type of the college professor in the days when the intimate personal contact of student and instructor was the most vitalizing influence of a college course. For this reason it possesses a wider significance than the ordinary biography, by typifying to many men of many colleges some saintly and inspiring personality connected with undergraduate life; for each of the smaller colleges has its own Dr. North, its own heritage of inspiration drawn from a career resembling his. Thus the Memoir of "Old Greek" carries a message which should reach far beyond the circle of his immediate acquaintance.

It is desirable that the publisher's imprint upon this volume shall be that of a well-known publishing house, but the decision of this detail depends upon the number of orders received. I am therefore sending this circular letter in the hope that, if you desire one or more copies of the Memoir, you will make your subscriptions at once. A subscription blank and an addressed envelope are enclosed for your reply.

Respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "S. A. D. North". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a prominent initial "S" and a long, sweeping underline.

UNITED STATES CENSUS BUREAU,  
Washington, February 6, 1905.





OLD GREEK  
A MEMOIR OF  
EDWARD NORTH

**Norwood Press :**

**J. S. Cushing & Co.—Berwick & Smith Co.  
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.**







Edward North.







# OLD GREEK

AN OLD-TIME PROFESSOR IN AN  
OLD-FASHIONED COLLEGE

A MEMOIR OF  
EDWARD NORTH  
WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS LECTURES

BY  
S. N. D. NORTH, LL.D.

*Κακὸν ἀγαθῶ νῆκα*



NEW YORK  
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.  
MCMV

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THIS VOLUME  
IS DEDICATED TO THE ALUMNI OF HAMILTON COLLEGE  
WHOM "OLD GREEK" LOVED SO WELL



## INTRODUCTION

MANY reasons have seemed to justify and indeed to compel the publication of this volume. The life of Doctor Edward North reveals a relationship between the American college professor and his students, which was frequent in the early days in the small college and which has largely disappeared from our big modern universities, where professors and tutors are numbered by the hundred and students by the thousand. This picture of "Old Greek," the name by which he was familiarly and lovingly known, will stand for many another college professor, dear to his students, who spent his life making and molding men. His career is a typical, although not a unique, instance of the advantages which spring from this personal and intimate contact of professor and student and the influence of this association upon the character and career of the graduate body. This volume may afford a tangible basis from which to measure a certain distinct loss which has followed the disappearance of that relationship from the modern college environment. As an argument in favor of the small college, as contrasted with the big university, the life of Doctor Edward North is perhaps more suggestive than any yet written. His services as professor of Greek in Hamilton College covered fifty-eight years—as long a period as any similar service in the same chair in any American college or university. In these fifty-eight years Doctor North came in personal contact with several thousand

students—many of them the sons and grandsons of earlier graduates; and the evidence is abundant that all of them drew some inspiration from his contagious spirit and example.

This volume carries a message of momentous import to the American teacher. It indicates the sources of a teacher's personal power over his pupils, and how he may better train the intellect by establishing a bond of sympathy. It is the story of a life that glorified the teacher's profession, lifting the calling out of bondage and drudgery and clothing it in a new garb. The joy, the power, the nobility of the profession of the teacher, have never been more effectively exemplified than in Doctor North's career, or more inspiringly presented than in his written words. He was not only a great teacher, he taught others how to teach.

Incidentally, this volume is an appeal for the restoration of the classics to that place in our educational system from which modern methods are so rapidly excluding them. Doctor North resisted earnestly the elbowing of Greek and Latin from the college curriculum, pointing out that a knowledge of the classical languages and literature is essential to complete culture and as the basis of exact knowledge. No student of the classics has done more than Edward North to reveal the hidden beauties and the obscure significance of the Greek tragedies, or has penetrated more deeply into the Greek character, or more accurately delineated the power and the splendor of the Greek language.

This memoir is the response to what has seemed an imperative demand of the alumni of Hamilton College and the friends of Doctor North. His life was so simple and so serene, so cloistered, so completely consecrated to a single object, that its mere biographical details are few and commonplace. The attempt has therefore

been made to present a picture — all too meager and colorless — of Doctor North's inner life: his rare and beautiful nature; his devotion to others; his tastes and traits and habits of mind; and especially the mental activities which made him so profoundly singular and so universally beloved. In this attempt the chief reliance has been upon his written words — the priceless legacy left by his tireless pen.

It is possible to reproduce in some small measure the intellectual half of Doctor North through his scholarly and many-sided work. In the broadest and best sense of the word, therefore, this memorial is autobiographical in character. Beyond the few dry dates and connecting links supplied by the compiler, the volume is essentially the life of Edward North as written by himself — in journal, poem, lecture, and reminiscence. The difficulty has been to make the selection from the material at hand. The homestead at "Halfwayup" was left literally running over with memorabilia of every description. Doctor North had a characteristic dislike for the destruction of any written or printed word. He seemed to feel that every letter he received had value, as throwing some light upon character or events, and each was labeled and filed with assiduous care. His books are filled with newspaper clippings, relating in some way to their contents. His scrapbooks are voluminous and well arranged. His own writings were found piled in drawers, on shelves, in out-of-the-way places — the accumulation of sixty years, during which his pen seemed never to sleep. They comprise lectures for his classes and for popular audiences; addresses; brief speeches with illuminating flashes of wit here and there; poems and verses, many of them never intended for the public; editorials and newspaper articles; memoranda of his thoughts and plans; diaries which record

the daily routine of his life and reveal the trend of his thought at particular periods. Indeed, it would be easier to fill ten volumes with this material than one, thus avoiding the difficult task of selection. Everything he wrote, outside the routine work of the chronologist, seems worthy of preservation by reason of some beautiful thought, valuable lesson, quaint humor, or novel idea.

Out of this wealth of material the aim has been to select sufficient to reveal the versatility of Doctor North's mind, both in prose and poetry; and for the rest, to preserve only the most important of his contributions to the interpretation and understanding of the Greek language and literature. In this way the compiler hopes, while presenting this inadequate memorial of the beloved father and venerated instructor, to make a valuable addition to literature—a book which will not only satisfy the wants of his friends, but appeal to readers who never knew "Old Greek," but love the things he loved and can find profit and pleasure in sharing his thoughts.

The compiler of this memoir gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to his sister, Mrs. Laura D. N. Reed, for her assistance in examining the papers of Doctor North and in many other helpful ways; to Professor Edward Fitch, the successor of Doctor North in the Greek chair at Hamilton College, for the chapter contributed to the memoir and for his scholarly aid in revising copy and reading proofs; and to a number of others, graduates and friends, whose advice has been freely sought and given.

S. N. D. NORTH.

WASHINGTON, D.C.,  
May, 1905.

# CONTENTS

## CHAPTER I

### INCIDENTS OF BOYHOOD

	PAGE
Ancestry—John North—The East Berlin School—Worthington Academy—Remembered Teachers—Poem at the Centennial of the Berlin Church—The Trees of Boyhood—Connecticut . . . .	I

## CHAPTER II

### STUDENT IN HAMILTON COLLEGE

A Reminiscence of Professor Oren Root—The College Colloquies—The Valedictory Address—A College Poem—A Tribute to the Early College Professors—College Honors—The Classic Authors—College Life in the Old Days—Some College Rhymes . . . .	20
---	----

## CHAPTER III

### PROFESSOR IN COLLEGE

A Brief Experience as a Lawyer—Appointed Professor of Ancient Languages—Tribute to his Predecessors—Reminiscences of President Henry Davis—First Experiences in the Professor's Chair—Marriage—A Lyceum Lecturer—Degree of L.H.D.—Alumni Trustee—Acting President—Call to Albany Normal School—Fiftieth Anniversary of his Professorship—The Sobriquet of "Old Greek"—Contemporary Greek Professors—Resignation—Tribute of the Faculty and Trustees—Death—His Epitaph, written by Himself . . . . .	43
---	----

## CHAPTER IV

### SOJOURN IN GREECE

Secretary to Minister Francis in Athens—Acting Consul at Piræus—A Lay Sermon—Personal Experiences in Athens—The Modern Greek—Impressions of the Greek People—King George and his New Year's Ball—The Wingless Victory . . . . .	80
---	----

## CHAPTER V

SERVICES TO THE COLLEGE AND RELATIONS WITH  
THE STUDENTS

	PAGE
The Early Sectarian College and its Struggles—Doctor Simeon North, Fifth President—Edward North's Peculiar Relations to the Institution—Professor Hopkins's Eulogy—An Employment Agency for Teachers—Robert College—Alumniana—Half-century Annalists' Letters—Necrologist—Addresses at Alumni Reunions—Tribute to Alma Mater—The Christmas Greeting of 1901 . . . . .	102

## CHAPTER VI

## REMINISCENCES OF THE COLLEGE

The Kirkland Cottage—A Tribute to Samuel Kirkland—Skenandoa—Samson Occum—Traditions of President Azel Backus—A Bacchanal Ballad—President Backus's Spectacles—The Old Homes on College Hill . . . . .	143
---	-----

## CHAPTER VII

## THE TEACHER

A Teacher of Teachers—The Class Farewells and the Professor's Responses—His Methods of Instruction—Cramming—The Class Lectures—Conditions of Successful Teaching—The Seven Lamps of the Teacher—The Teacher's Sources of Power . . . . .	167
--	-----

## CHAPTER VIII

## GREEK SCHOLAR

The All-round Classical Scholar of the Past—Doctor North's Greek Mottoes—German Influence in Modern Classical Study—Doctor North's Favorite Classical Authors—Why We Study the Classics . . . . .	208
---	-----

## CHAPTER IX

## WRITER AND LECTURER

A Master of the English Language—Poet—Essayist—Lyceum Lecturer—List of Doctor North's Lectures—The Building of a Tragedy—The Old Greek Lexicon . . . . .	264
--	-----



## CONTENTS

xiii

### CHAPTER X

#### LANGUAGE LOVER AND SPELLING REFORMER

	PAGE
Philologist — The Study of Words — Puns and Punsters — The Spelling Reform Movement — The Language of the Future — Indebtedness of English to the Greek Language — Silent and Superfluous Letters — The Argument for Phonetic Spelling — Josh Billings .	308

### CHAPTER XI

#### GARDENER AND NATURE LOVER

“Halfwayup” and its Trees — The Pleasures of Vacation — The Lombardy Poplars — Some Poems on Trees — A Tribute to Andrew J. Downing — Philodendria — A Missionary to Farmers — Report on Planting Trees — Lawns — Greek Gardening . . .	330
---	-----

### CHAPTER XII

MEMORIAL ADDRESS . . . . .	389
----------------------------	-----



## ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of Edward North . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
House in which Edward North was born . . . . .	4
Portrait of Edward North in the 40's . . . . .	46
Hamilton Faculty, 1869 . . . . .	62
Letter of Resignation (facsimile) . . . . .	72
Portrait of Edward North in the 50's . . . . .	88
College Range from the North . . . . .	104
Portrait of Simeon North, Fifth President of Hamilton College . . . . .	106
Portrait of Edward North in the 60's . . . . .	120
Campus Scene . . . . .	146
Sentiment, "The Greek we leave behind us" (facsimile) . . . . .	174
Portrait of Edward North in the 80's . . . . .	216
Letter to Judge Truax (facsimile) . . . . .	266
"Halfwayup" . . . . .	330
College Street from the Crest of the Hill . . . . .	342
Portrait of Edward North in the 90's . . . . .	390



## CHAPTER I

### INCIDENTS OF BOYHOOD

ANCESTRY—JOHN NORTH—THE EAST BERLIN SCHOOL—WORTHINGTON ACADEMY—REMEMBERED TEACHERS—POEM AT THE CENTENNIAL OF THE BERLIN CHURCH—THE TREES OF BOYHOOD—CONNECTICUT.

EDWARD NORTH was born at Berlin, Hartford county, Connecticut, on March 9, 1820, the fourth son of Reuben and Hulda (Wilcox) North. He was of the eighth generation from John North, who came from England in 1635, when twenty years old, in the good ship *Susan and Ellen*, which brought thither, in numerous voyages, many of the founders of the best-known American families.<sup>1</sup> His name is found in the original lists of

<sup>1</sup> The genealogy of the North family in the line of Edward North is as follows:

1. John North, Farmington, Conn. (m. Hannah Bird of Farmington). Born 1615. Died 1691, æt. 76.

2. Thomas North, Avon, Hartford Co., Conn. (m. Hannah Newell). Born 1650. Died 1712, æt. 62.

3. Thomas North 2d, Kensington Co., Conn. (m. Martha Roys, of Wallingford, 1698). Born 1673. Died 1725, æt. 52.

4. Isaac North, Berlin, Conn. (m. Mary Woodford). Born 1703. Died Berlin, Conn., 1788, æt. 85.

5. Jedediah North, Berlin, Conn. (m. Sarah Wilcox, daughter of Daniel Wilcox, 1757). Born Berlin, Conn., 1734. Died Berlin, Conn., Dec. 16, 1816, æt. 82.

6. Simeon North, Middletown, Conn. (m. Lucy Savage, 1786). Born Berlin, Conn., July 13, 1765. Died Middletown, Conn., Aug. 25, 1852, æt. 87.

7. Reuben North, Berlin, Conn. (m. Linda Wilcox, 1811; m. Hulda Wilcox, 1817). Born Dec. 11, 1786. Died April 4, 1853, æt. 67.

8. Edward North, Clinton, N.Y. (m. Mary Francis Dexter). Born Berlin, Conn., March 9, 1820. Died Clinton, N.Y., Sept. 13, 1903, æt. 83.

"Persons of quality emigrating from England to the Plantations, America, from 1600-1700," and he is declared to be "no subsidy man." Among his fellow-voyagers on the *Susan and Ellen* were Sir Richard Saltonstall, Thomas Welles who was afterwards governor of Connecticut, and ninety others. "During the past twelve months," says Fiske, "a score of ships had brought from England to Massachusetts more than three thousand souls, and so great an accession made further movement easy. By the next May (1637) eight hundred people were living in Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield."

John North sailed from Hull; but no success has attended repeated efforts to locate his family in the mother country. He was the progenitor of one of those large families now widely dispersed throughout the Eastern, Western, and Southern states, that have furnished marked types of the sturdy integrity and intelligence of the New England character. The name of John North first appears in the list of "freemen of ffarmintowne," for October 12, 1669. He was included, with his sons John and Samuel, among the eighty-four proprietors who resided in the town in 1672. He died in 1691. The Farmington colony was the first offshoot from the church colony of Rev. Thomas Hooker at Hartford, Connecticut, which came from England in 1635, and the mother town of many Connecticut villages.

John North had six sons and three daughters: his descendants are now numbered by the thousand, and are scattered from Maine to California. Among them are found soldiers in three American wars, a long line of physicians,<sup>1</sup> college presidents and professors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, manufacturers, and men of affairs.

<sup>1</sup> See "Life and Writings of Dr. Elisha North," by H. Carrington Bolton, Ph.D., his grandson, published in 1887.

The Second Congregational Church in Berlin—originally a part of Farmington—was organized in 1775, and at the head of its catalogue of fourteen hundred members stands the name of Deacon Isaac North, fourth of the family in this country and great-great-grandfather of Edward North. He was baptized by Rev. Samuel Goodrich (the father of "Peter Parley"), who preached solid doctrinal sermons under an antique sounding-board.

The maternal great-grandfather of Edward North was Daniel Wilcox of East Berlin, who died in 1789, the owner of a landed estate on the Mattabesset river, that was large enough to furnish an ample farm for each of his thirteen children. Of his paternal grandfather, Colonel Simeon North, who died at Middletown, Connecticut, August 25, 1852, at the age of eighty-seven, Doctor North wrote in his diary of that date: "My earliest memories were associated with him. When I was a boy, he often rode out to my father's from Middletown on business. He always came in an old-fashioned, two-wheeled carriage, and was always telling stories and smoking cigars. He received contracts for making firearms from every President from Washington downward."

His father, Reuben North, was the eldest of a family of five sons and three daughters. He inherited his father's business as a manufacturer of firearms, but abandoned it early in life, and devoted his attention to farming, as did most of his brothers and progenitors. He was in fairly prosperous circumstances, and a God-fearing, churchgoing man, of the typical Puritan New England type. On the day of his death his son made this entry in his diary: "I did hope to have seen my father again, this side the grave. He was a father who lived in and for his children, and they loved him, and will gratefully cherish his memory. He

loved honesty and hated hypocrisy." He did the best he could for his boys, and sent two of them, Edward and Josiah, to Hamilton College, whither their steps were turned by the influence of their uncle, Dr. Simeon North, a graduate of Yale in the class of 1825, and the fifth president of Hamilton College.<sup>1</sup>

Of the boyhood of Edward North, we catch many glimpses in his early home letters and his subsequent writings. He united with the Second Congregational Church of Berlin, December 4, 1831, when eleven years of age. That early profession of faith revealed the intensely religious nature of the boy, which widened and deepened with advancing years.

His preparation for college began with Ariel Parish, principal of the Worthington Academy at Berlin, after sundry experiences in the public schools. The following paper, found among Doctor North's manuscripts, contains a delightful description of the district school-house, the schoolboy life, the young lady teacher "who

<sup>1</sup> Of Edward North's five brothers, Alfred, who died in 1894, was for fifty-five years a deacon of the Second Congregational Church of Berlin, and for forty-two years town clerk and treasurer. He was also clerk and treasurer of the church and society, and for twenty years superintendent of the Sunday school. A local record says that Alfred North "was general counselor and referee for the town. The people came to him in their perplexities and sought him in their troubles. When the new church was to be built in Berlin, he was appointed to prepare a statement of the amount which each member of the congregation ought to give. It was a difficult task, yet the sum he assigned to each name was cheerfully paid, and the church was built." Twice he represented the town of Berlin in the state legislature. Another brother, Frederick, who died in 1897, possessed the same personal characteristics which made his brothers' lives so full of good and gracious influences. He also rendered a long service as deacon in the Congregational church. A third brother, Josiah Wilcox North, graduated at Hamilton College in 1848, and at the Yale Divinity School in 1852. He was pastor of the Presbyterian church in Geneseo, Illinois, 1852-54, and in Como, Illinois, 1855-56, when failing health compelled him to abandon the ministry. He died in 1882.





HOUSE IN WHICH EDWARD NORTH WAS BORN.



was a goddess to the East Berlin school," and a tribute to the Worthington Academy and its teachers :

#### HOW IT ONCE WAS

Sixty-three years ago the East Berlin schoolhouse stood in a corner of the woods, where the road from Titus Penfield's came to its meeting with the road leading to the gristmill. The schoolhouse was surrounded by woods, in which the trees were mainly white oaks and black oaks. Many of the white oaks were tall, straight, magnificent trees that were afterwards felled and carried to Middletown for shipbuilding. In summer the schoolhouse was an attractive place for children. No modern kindergarten could boast a longer list of outdoor sports. The noon mark on the sill of the south window was carefully watched by a committee of vigilance ; and when the creeping shadow announced the time for a nooning, away we scampered with shouts and lunch baskets, for the cool spring under the basswood in the glen. The broad leaves of the basswood made convenient *extempore* drinking cups and the way we exchanged dainties and pickles from the lunch baskets was a schooling in Yankee shrewdness, with here and there a touch of sentiment for which the modern kindergarten has no equivalent. When the lunch baskets were emptied, there were searches for strawberries and blueberries and red raspberries, and sweet flag and wintergreen, and flowers for the teacher's table. This made the noon hour a constant delight. If we were too far away to hear the rapping on the window that called the school for the afternoon session, then the flowers for the teacher softened her rebuke, and inspired an inward resolve to do so some more. The summer teacher was a goddess to the East Berlin school. Her graceful, ladylike movements, the music of her voice, her kindness to the hurt and troubled children, her brightness in dealing with difficult lessons, are well remembered.

Her sensible way of dealing with English grammar gave life to a lifeless text-book, and when the awful school com-

mittee made its official visit in Sunday raiment, and expressed its satisfaction in highly ungrammatical phrases, the way the teacher exchanged critical smiles with her advanced scholars was adroitly dramatic. And now the moss-covered marble tells the story of her brief, beautiful, unwedded life !

In winter the East Berlin schoolhouse was crowded with grown girls and hardy farmers' sons. The teacher was a man toughened to all the asperities of school keeping. In 1832 Julius N. Dowd had on his roll of pupils one hundred East Berlin names, and he had wonderful skill in dealing with all sorts of character and all stages of development. In the center of that small schoolhouse was a red-hot stove surrounded by two rows of benches, and the amount of oxygen dealt out to each pair of lungs was neither large nor undiluted. Mr. Dowd had a rare gift for appealing to the higher motives. This created an atmosphere most favorable to studiousness and good order. He kept a ruler on his table, but seldom used it except when he heard recitations in concert, as if he were a maestro conducting an orchestra. These recitations, in which all the school followed the lead of the teacher in a sort of rhythmic concert, were very popular and helpful to the backward and dull. They fixed in the memory for all coming years such useful facts as the arithmetic tables, the rules of grammar, the boundaries of the United States. Every such exercise closed with one of the Psalms of David ; and there are grandmothers now living who can repeat to-day the Psalms thus memorized sixty-two years ago.

But the chief glory of Berlin sixty years ago was the Worthington Academy. The building had been erected by a few citizens who made heavy personal sacrifices, because they believed in the vital value of advanced scholarship. What they did for the good name and prosperity of Berlin brought back an immediate and large reward. Under the enterprising leadership of Principals Noah B. Clark and Ariel Parish, the academy attracted many pupils from neighboring places. The social and intellectual life of the village

was quickened, enlarged, and elevated. Its boys and girls were made ready for higher usefulness as fathers and citizens, as mothers and teachers. The Sunday preacher was quickened to a higher eloquence by the bright young faces in his audience. There was a new life in the Sunday school, and Doctor Gridley, the superintendent, was puzzled to find suitable teachers for so many learners, hungering for the bread of life.

Alas that the Worthington Academy should have gone to decay! To revive it, under the changed conditions now existing, would be impossible without a generous endowment. But if the history of Berlin is ever fully and worthily written, there will be a pathetic brightness in the story of its short-lived academy.

Equally suggestive of the lasting impressions of boyhood which remained with Doctor North is another paper, entitled "Remembered Teachers," read before the Oneida County Teachers' Institute, some extracts from which follow. The paper opens with an exquisite tribute to the mother, "the first teacher."

#### REMEMBERED TEACHERS

The first remembered teacher is the loving mother who kisses into life her boy's dormant intellect; the patient, skillful mother who helps the organs of speech to win their lisping mastery of gutturals and sibilants; the ingenious mother who monograms knowledge on cookies and turn-overs, and teaches the alphabet from the cast-iron legend on the kitchen stove; the always busy mother, never too busy to answer a thousand questions with wisdom's apples of gold in pictures of silver; the poet-mother who frescoes memory's chambers with bright patines of immortal song; the orthodox mother who somehow contrives to organize an ethical harmony between Mother Goose and the New England Primer; the wary, vigilant mother who gives forewarning of Satan's pitfalls and cunning snares; the tender, God-fearing

mother, teaching our Saviour's litany at her knee, in the evening twilight; the hopeful, trustful mother, never doubting that her prayers would be answered, and that her boy would choose the right way at the parting of the paths: may Heaven's sweetest sunshine reward the loving fidelity of the first remembered teacher, the type of saintliest motherhood, the holiest thing alive, who inspires faith in woman's worth and trust in all things high.

Very marked and memorable is the transition from childhood and the mother-teacher at home, to boyhood and the maiden-teacher in the woods,

Where sits the schoolhouse by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning,  
Around it rank the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Not easy to be rubbed out is the memory of those long walks, morning and evening, under a homemade straw hat, with feet innocent of shoes, with a lunch basket in one hand and Webster's spelling book in the other. In the schoolhouse there is not a breath of rebellion against the easy empire of Beautiful Goodness. It is the old-time empire of the Greek *Καλοκάγαθία*, reappearing in the

Maiden with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,

and in the shadow a refuge from all schoolboy miseries. She can sing too, with a throat that throbs like a robin's, and when she leads her school in singing, they watch her throbbing throat

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

What with the music in her throat, the queenhood in her look, and the lily in her hand, *Καλοκάγαθία* had no earthly use for the pedagogic ferule—except for ruling the copy books. Her wish was law before it was half expressed. Even the burly butcher's boy instinctively pulled off his hat

in her presence, when, with bleeding feet, he brought wild azaleas from the forest to decorate her table.

Alas that the reign of *Καλοκάγαθία* should have been so brief in that summer school in the woods! Alas that not content with the devoted loyalty of her juvenile kingdom, *Καλοκάγαθία* should have yielded to the blandishments of a selfish, horrid, persistent monopolist of a lover, who carried her off one hymeneal day to warble lullabies in a select family school.

This delightful summer idyl at our school in the woods was followed by a gloomy winter of discontent and suffering. We could have forgiven the winter schoolmaster for being a man, if he had revealed any manly qualities, or any touches of the human sympathy that makes the whole world kin. In putting away childish things, he had forgotten that sympathy with childhood and youth which interlaces the entire fabric of life with golden threads of poetry and power. Each day he disclosed some new ugliness in shape, gesture, or voice, until he might have sat for Homer's Thersites, or Shakespeare's Timon of Athens, and might have made Timon's confession,

I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.

Hatred of grown men is bad enough, when we read of it in books. Hatred of innocent children, when we see it in the schoolroom, is fiendish. It would be pleasant to believe such hatred impossible. But what other key can solve the mystery of this tyrant's cruelty? What decent defense or motive could he have for pulling hair and pinching tender arms; for shutting up timid children in a dark, stifling dungeon; using gags for whisperers; and prodding the laggards with a round ferule, armed with iron points at each end, like an oxgoad? How else could he take delight in disgraceful penalties, compelling small boys to stand on high desks, as if in a pillory, with gags between their teeth, to be gazed at and pelted with paper balls, or seizing an offender by the coat collar, and dragging him to the middle floor of the

schoolroom ; or lifting a heavy culprit by the ears, until, in one case, well remembered, the culprit's ears were marked at the base with a bloody line ?

Revenge and wrong always breed their kind. There was a reign of terror in that school, but no studiousness. The schoolmaster was hated by young hearts wholly unused to angry passions :

Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

To say that a teacher shall never have recourse to corporal punishment, would be like sending an officer into battle on a crippled horse, with a broken sword. The teacher stands among his pupils *in loco parentis*. In the schoolroom he represents law, authority, and good government. No good government can sustain itself without physical support. Cases may arise where the teacher's only refuge will be in corporal punishment. Even exclusion from the school may sometimes call for physical power. Give the teacher this support, by all means. If a good teacher he will use it very rarely, always without passion, and with parental tenderness. He will remember that the sunshine of a kindly appeal will often accomplish what corporal punishment, inflicted in a tempest of wrath, would have attempted in vain.

The next teacher was also a green graduate from college, but as different as light from darkness, as the milk of human kindness from the gall of vindictive wrath. Wholly unselfish, he forgot himself in the great work that was given him to do. Untrammelled by printed text-books, he found a larger library in the ancient forest that surrounded the schoolhouse. Indifferent to theological shibboleths, he found

Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

A Pestalozzi without knowing it, a Socrates in his contempt for lucre, an Agassiz before Agassiz's name had become a



household word, by the sorcery of a rare personal magnetism he converted his classes into eager, insatiate searchers after knowledge. He went with them on scientific explorations in the woods and fields. He taught them how to know the tree by its bark and leaf, the bird by its plumage and song, the fish by its shape and habit. Each boy and each girl in that wide-awake school had at home a growing collection of plants, or minerals, or shells, or birds' eggs, or insects, or woods, all neatly and accurately labeled, and yielding more of genuine joy to their owners than their fathers ever knew from gathered crops or bank shares and mortgages. If they were not treasures laid up in heaven, they were at least free from the canker of sordid investments. You ask me how that queer teacher quelled disorder? There was no such word as disorder in the school's dictionary. All eyes and ears, all hands and feet and hearts, were so busy after new knowledge, that disorder was a thing unknown.

The next figure in our gallery of teachers stands before memory's eye, clearly drawn, with something of the majesty of Michael Angelo's Moses. Tall, straight, and sturdy, as if he had lived his youth on the hills, among singing pines and sweet-blooded maples, his manly physique offers no hint of vacillation or weakness, or compromise with difficulty. And his outward form is true to his innermost qualities. If he takes an angry bull, he takes it by the horns, and keeps his own anger in quiet subjection. If it is a lion that meets him, the lion has found his Samson. He uses very few words, and they seem all the fewer because they are apt to be monosyllables. He never belittles a great thought with sesquipedalian verbosity. He loves his garden, his books, his students, his home, his wife, and his many children. As they multiply in numbers about his table and his fireside, so his heart's cherished wealth increases, and his daily joy is enlarged. Talk to him of the triumphs of art, and he replies, pointing to his bright and happy children, "Moving pictures are the best."

We pass on to another reminiscence. The following winter brought a new schoolmaster, more advanced in years, yet younger in heart, quick in sympathy, and ready with whatever wins the confidence of children. Long experience had made him sage without making him savage, and without chilling the unselfish fervor of a childlike spirit. He enthroned the Bible in his school and his daily life, yet no pupil could have guessed the name of the church where he preferred to worship.

What gave uniqueness to his method of teaching, and what keeps his memory most green and grateful to-night, was his habit of holding exercises in concert reciting. It was a method peculiarly his own. When the school day neared its close, bringing signs of fatigue and inattention, he would take his place on the platform and give the welcome call for recitations in concert. The older classes enjoyed the privilege of rehearsing their familiar stores of knowledge. To the younger classes it was an unmixed delight to follow the lead of the teacher's voice, keeping time and cadence with their older schoolmates. "Now," said the schoolmaster, waking up a tired boy who had dropped asleep over Daboll's Arithmetic, "now we will see if we can find any music in the multiplication table." Using his ferule as if it were the baton of a corypheus, leading sixty or seventy reciters with his own clear and musical voice, he guided them with the masterly skill of a Strauss, and with a rhythmic effect as undoubted as that of a skilled elocutionist in the recital of Poe's "Raven" or "Annabel Lee."

Many other tables are repeated in the same way. The list of recitals in concert includes all the counties of the state, all the towns in each county (this, by the way, all came to pass in the seven-by-nine nutmeg state of Connecticut). The list includes choice extracts from Milton and Cowper, the months of the year, the books of the Old and New Testaments, and a complete English grammar prepared by the teacher himself. Finally, with a solemnity that was

closely akin to worship, all voices joined in reciting the 115th Psalm. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

I know not how far this method has been tried in other schools, and in more recent years. Of course, its utility has clearly defined limitations. It is not the supreme exercise for training independent thinkers, robust philosophers, public debaters, and intellectual athletes.

But there are many facts, tables, paradigms, and formulæ, which the memory carries through life as ready tools for doing all sorts of intellectual chores. By this method of reciting in concert, children learn by an easy process of absorption, without effort, and without the need of books. What is thus memorized becomes a part of the mind's texture and growth. Had this teacher been a linguist, he might have made a valuable experiment in the teaching of Greek and Latin paradigms. Children born to parents who speak two languages master the two as readily as one. It is not impossible that children trained to recite in concert the Greek and Latin paradigms, or the French and German paradigms, would find the pentecostal gift of tongues as easy to be mastered as the multiplication table and the Ten Commandments, in the old Connecticut schoolhouse.

The next academy teacher was a blameless, godly man, somewhat indolent, yet overrunning with good nature and learned saws. He had reached the downhill of life, had been a teacher since he left college, and had outlived his intellectual sharpness and hunger for new acquisitions. In plain language, he had become a hack of the schoolroom. He always made the same prayer, with a nasal whine that would have seemed less monotonous had he used the prayer book. His mind had lost its enterprise, and was content to move in smooth, familiar ruts. The same study was taught by him as it always had been, with the same nut-brown text-book, the same illustrations, the same well-worn traditional Joe Millerisms. He had a kind of neolibrophobia. A new

text-book was his special abhorrence. He had no sympathy with the perplexities of a beginner in Latin, Greek, or mathematics. Instead of putting himself in the place of a beginner, and patiently teaching him how to use his own faculties and solve problems for himself, he gave an *ex cathedra* response to each question, and that was the end of it.

When young teachers are urged to enlist for life in the work of teaching, it should always be with a special exhortation to carry with them the enthusiasm of youth, and to keep clear of the perilous ruts of a school-worn hack, and so to live that each to-morrow shall find them better than to-day. The teacher's years are spent with the young. This fact ought to help him to resist the deadening influence of routine work. The fault will be his own, if he drinks no elixir of life from the exhaustless overflow of youthful enthusiasm that surrounds him. If he keeps clear of a degrading bondage to text-books, he will be himself a constant learner. His own knowledge, culture, and force of character will grow wider and deeper from year to year. By teaching less from books than from knowledge, and by freely imparting what he knows, he will make daily progress in wisdom, in culture, in self-reliance, and in power to impress himself upon others. The atrocious crime of being a green teacher, with wisdom teeth all uncut, and with spurs yet to be won, is less atrocious than the crime of presuming that the world is growing no wiser as it grows older; that there can be no progress in text-books and methods of instruction, and that the motto of the schoolroom should be, "As it was in the beginning, so it now is, and ever shall be."

On August 25, 1875, the Second Congregational Church at Berlin celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of its organization, with exercises solemn and appropriate. Doctor North had been invited to write the poem for the occasion; and his rhymes supplied the single ray of humor in the long and interesting

exercises. The poem was a picture of a Sunday morning service in the Second Congregational Church of Berlin fifty years before, and it included a rhythmical reference to each of the families prominent in the church and in the social and political environment of the town, in 1825 and thereabouts. It opened with this amusing description of himself, a five-year-old youngster among the worshippers :

Make it a Sunday morning, eighteen twenty-five.  
Your rhymers — dumb, demure, diminutive,  
And grave with all the griefs that pile their lead  
On souls to whom five years are gone and dead ; —  
Your clumsy rhymers, his side pocket bulged  
With gingersnaps, his memory indulged  
With scripture texts 'twined with his mother's curls,  
In garments made by Gurdon Ellsworth's girls,  
Perfumed with fennel, as with Gilead's balm,  
Enters yon ancient house of prayer and psalm.

Then follows a picture of the preacher — a picture worthy to rank with Oliver Goldsmith's rural pastor in the "Deserted Village" :

A hush of reverence exiles worldly cares,  
When Parson Goodrich mounts the pulpit stairs.  
His people love him as a faithful friend,  
Prompt to rebuke and valiant to defend,  
With good name spotless as the hose that sees  
The clasp of shining silver at his knees.  
No lust of lucre chills his love for souls.  
His modest virtues shun the blazoned rolls  
Of earth's renown ; content if faith foresee  
His Master's welcome at the final day.  
His prayer beside the couch of suffering  
Inspires the hope no healing skill could bring.  
Each fireside joy and hidden woe he feels,  
And many a woe to God alone reveals.

The weary mother bears her heavy weight  
 More uncomplainingly, when through the gate  
 His gladdening presence brings the dear relief  
 Of godly sympathy with household grief.  
 The baptized children gather at his knee  
 And lisp their little hopes with ringing glee,  
 Nor dread the grave Westminster catechist,  
 Whose Sinai ne'er forgets the loving Christ.

There are many other evidences that Doctor North's thoughts rested often on the scenes and incidents of his boyhood. One of the most touching is the following poem, written while in college, to the memory of a favorite brother who died during his absence from home :

#### ON A BROTHER'S DEATH

##### I

They tell me that the sere brown turf  
 Was moved, three weeks ago,  
 Within that grave-ground, where is laid,  
 Beneath the chiseled stone,  
 The dust of some whose tones were once  
 Familiar to mine ears ;  
 And some whose sands ran out before  
 I knew the need of tears.

##### II

They tell me that my brother sleeps  
 Beneath that lifted earth,  
 And that a silent shadow broods  
 By his unlighted hearth.  
 Ah ! well I know my mother's heart  
 Is bruised and bleeding now,  
 And — far away — I yet can read  
 The anguish on her brow.

## III

I see her sit with clasped hands  
And lips that move in prayer, —  
God's love be near her in this hour  
Of wrestling with despair !  
And from within the vale of death  
May Faith have strength to bring  
That hope and comfort which shall rob  
Bereavement of its sting.

## IV

I cannot — would not — lay the ghosts  
Of those returnless years,  
When that dear brother shared with me  
My gladnesses and tears :  
I press my hands upon my eyes,  
And to my full heart come  
Mixed, thronging memories of days  
When all our world was home ;

## V

When to the near and granite hills  
That clipt our eager ken,  
We shouted in the cool gray dawn,  
And nuttered in the glen ;  
When, hand in hand, we hied to school,  
With hearts and voices blithe,  
For life betrayed no canker then  
And Time no gleaming scythe.

## VI

Poor aching heart ! forego thy dream,  
For it availeth naught :  
Life hath sublimer, sterner truths  
Than childhood ever taught.  
Then nerve thyself, O bleeding heart !  
For struggles yet to rise,  
And gather from the griefs of earth  
New longing for the skies.

Here is his lament of after years, on returning to the old home, around which center the memories of boyhood :

You spend ten minutes in planting a tree. Youth forward slips. You leave home to push your fortunes on the crowded thoroughfares of trade, enterprise, ambition. After your temples have grown white with the blossoms of age, when your brow is corrugated with cares, you filch a week of repose and hurry back to your childhood's home. 'Tis a sad visit. Your father sleeps in the graveyard on the hill. Your mother trembles with infirmities. Your schoolmates are scattered over the wide world. The schoolhouse itself is a ruin. The picket fence that hems in the little garden, where your first horticultural venture was to plant a cent's worth of baked peanuts—that picket fence is gray with moss and broken. The old well sweep, that once seemed to you like a giant angler's rod and line, is gone forever. Gone too is the cedar clump, where the squirrels chattered and the whippoorwill shrieked in the summer gloaming. The spring where you slaked your thirst on all fours is dried up. Every object flings a sorrow to your heart, save one. That one cheerful object is the elm tree you planted when a boy, that stayed at home while you were a wanderer, that, true to the promise of the Scotch Laird, kept on growing while you were sleeping, that now stretches its long arms, like a guardian divinity, over the decayed and bereaved homestead; the memorial tree that smiles you a welcome from each of its bright, winking leaves, and tells you that your boyhood's history is not a blank or blackened page.

These reminiscences of Doctor North's boyhood end with an ode to his native state of Connecticut, written just as he was graduating from Hamilton College, in which it appears that, while not unwilling to poke a little fun at the nutmeg state, his heart had not been weaned from it :

Connecticut ! thy name in rhyme  
Hitches like sawmill's gait ; yet sweet



And pleasant is thy Sabbath chime  
Of bells to call the willing feet  
Of thy meek Puritans to where  
They worship God with psalm and prayer :  
And tho' thy onions move eye-waters —  
Tho' barren are thy granite rocks,  
And gossipful thy countless daughters—  
Tho' many a byword rudely mocks  
The glory of thy tea-drunk talkers—  
Yet lovely as a rose half-shut —  
Thrice lovelier than these windy Yorkers—  
Art thou, my own Connecticut !

HAMILTON COLLEGE, July, 1841.

## CHAPTER II

### STUDENT IN HAMILTON COLLEGE

A REMINISCENCE OF PROFESSOR OREN ROOT—THE COLLEGE COLLOQUIES—THE VALEDICTORY ADDRESS—A COLLEGE POEM—A TRIBUTE TO THE EARLY COLLEGE PROFESSORS—COLLEGE HONORS—THE CLASSIC AUTHORS—COLLEGE LIFE IN THE OLD DAYS—SOME COLLEGE RHYMES.

EDWARD NORTH came to Clinton in 1835, to reside in the family of his uncle, President North, and to prepare for college in the Clinton Grammar School, of which he was afterwards the principal for one year, and for more than fifty years a trustee. Two years later he entered the freshman class of Hamilton College. The following memorandum, written fifty years afterwards, tells of his first day in college, and preserves a pleasant reminiscence of his colleague in the faculty, Dr. Oren Root, professor of mathematics, who, next to Doctor North, was longer in the service of the college than any other professor:

I was examined for admission to college by Tutor Oren Root, '33. It was his last service in the capacity of a college tutor. The examination was held in No. 8 Kirkland Hall, which had been Tutor Root's room for three years. While the examination was in progress, Joseph S. Sherwood, afterwards valedictorian of the class of 1840, came in with a copy of Webster's Dictionary Unabridged, which he laid upon the table as a parting token of good will from the class he represented. The sophomores of that year were not so unlike other sophomores that they would have purposely executed that

generous maneuver for the aid and comfort of a trembling freshman, nor was Tutor Oren Root a man to accept pay for neglecting his duty. Nevertheless, the timely arrival of that Webster's Dictionary Unabridged seemed to have a lubricating effect, and the new freshman was launched without a hitch upon undergraduate billows.

The eleven o'clock bell was ringing on the first Thursday in September, 1837, when the aforesaid freshman started out, with a copy of Day's Algebra, for his first recitation in college. Meeting Horatio G. Buttrick on the campus, he inquired the way to the freshman classroom. "South College, North Hall, second story, back corner," was the reply. There the freshmen came together for the first time. Not knowing what else to do, we kept our seats when Professor Marcus Catlin appeared and took his seat in "the bear box." He was tall, straight as an arrow, and awe inspiring. He had a subterranean voice, that came up seemingly from unfathomed depths, with no play of the features, and hardly any movement of the lips. His first remark was, that it was customary for students to rise from their seats when a college officer appeared in the classroom. We made that first recitation under the discouragement that we had been guilty of a grave misdemeanor.

His career in college, as is shown by the journals he kept at the time, did not differ in any essential way from that of the average college student in those days. They show that he was regular in his habits of study, reading, and recreation; that he was earnest and open in his profession and practice as a follower of Christ, participating in the college prayer meetings, and attending regularly the services in the village church; that he was one of the ardent members and proselyters of the old Union Society—an institution which, with its rival, the Phoenix, made up a large and exciting part of the college life in those days, but even the memory of which has now departed; and that, with his piety and his studiousness, he was always a boy with the boys in innocent fun

and frolic. An entry in his diary for 1849, on March 5, the day on which General Zachary Taylor was inaugurated President of the United States, illustrates this fact:

It was precisely such a day and night as that on which and before which General Harrison was inaugurated in 1840. I remember it well; for I was then a junior, and was one of a parcel of patriotic students who "ratified" the inauguration at Washington by holding a meeting in the chapel, when half a dozen daring flights of balloonist eloquence were made by as many gaseous undergraduates, including myself. We had music also by the college band, of which Marsh, now dead, was the corypheus.

Throughout his college life, Edward North was easily the leader, in all the scholarship tests, of the twenty-two young men who graduated with the class of '41. He participated in the prize speaking contest as a freshman, and won the first prize. At the junior exhibition, on May 6, 1840, the theme of his oration was "The Alliance of Liberty and Literature"; and he also participated with C. J. Lowrey (who died in Brooklyn in 1888) in a colloquy entitled "The Philosophy of Laughing," of which he was the author, and which closed the exercises. At the Commencement exercises on July 28, 1841, he delivered the valedictory oration, his topic being "The Perversions of Educated Mind"; and again there was a colloquy, entitled "Woman," of which he was the author, and in which he participated with Luther Conklin (who died in Rochester, New York, in 1888).

These colloquies, as well as several others which Doctor North wrote while in college or shortly after his graduation, are preserved among his papers. They are bright and amusing dialogues on some current phase of social or political life. The colloquy, a popular feature of school and college exhibitions in those days, has long

since disappeared from these exercises. The temptation to reproduce one of these colloquies here, as a sample of Doctor North's versatility as a writer, is resisted in deference to his own opinion of them. In his diary for 1849, March 1, appears the following characteristic entry :

I received by mail to-day two solicitations for colloquies which I wrote while in college. Such solicitations are made every year, about this time, when the academy boys are preparing for their spring exhibitions ; and they worry me not a little. I sadly fear that the memory of these "youthful indiscretions" will offset that of any good which my life's labor may bring forth. "The evil that men do lives after them." I always refuse of late to give up these colloquies, and do what I can to suppress them ; but the more I try, the more they refuse to be suppressed. Every year the knowledge of them breaks out in a new spot, and I am baffled.

And so the colloquies are buried away with a mass of other matter from Doctor North's pen, and with the suggestion that, since they were so frequently sought after, they must have been as good of their kind as anything in the line of colloquies then available.

From his farewell words to his classmates, spoken on Commencement day, some extracts are taken ; they reveal the same felicity of expression and high religious purpose which mark his later writings :

#### VALEDICTORY

CLASSMATES : They tell us that we have reached the end of our college career. For one, I can hardly believe it. To me it seems but as day before yesterday that we assembled for the first time in the freshman recitation room — a green cluster in the vineyard of letters — when our faces were new and strange to each other, and when college life, with all its peculiar reality

of romance, was a curtained mystery which we were eager to penetrate.

We are now to enter upon new and more active duties ; but, amid all the stir and bustle of the great Babel world, "Old Hamilton" shall not be forgotten. For here we have forged our thunderbolts and burnished our armor for the keen conflicts of mind. Many, too, are the fun-lit hours which we have made merry around our college hearth, while forgetting, in the beguilements of mirth, "the wearisome but needful length" of our daily duties. And then our long and lazy and delightful rambles in the classic old woods, amid scenes of green and rural beauty, which have walled in our desires and walled out the world, unite with a throng of grateful associations to hallow the soil of Clinton, and render it a Mecca shrine for the pilgrim thoughts of coming years.

Human life is distinguished by eras, or prominent periods, which lift themselves from the long flat level of mere animal being, and are boldly relieved against the sky of the past. One of these eras we this day commemorate — an era which will ever stand out from our dull monotony of years, and be gilded by the last rays of aged memory, even as parting day will linger and play on a mountain's brow.

At this point we commence the journey of life, as one would commence a pilgrimage through Sahara. Our path is through a weary waste, where no water is, over blistering sands. The sirocco breath of time will soon brown and wrinkle the brow of youth. We shall be tempted and entreated and mocked by the mirage illusions of hope. We must bow our faces in the dust and suffer the storms of affliction to go over us.

Could we, for a moment, lift the veil which hides the future ; could we know upon whose brow among us the finger of Providence had written a blighted bloom and an early grave ; or could we foresee the fiery trials, the days of darkness, the disappointments that await us — how might we start back and shudder at the chill shadows of our dismal destinies.

Yet here we stand, upon the verge of the broad battlefield of Life — here we stand, each snuffing the smoke of the con-

flict that rages afar, and each eager to flesh the sword of his maiden genius. Four years we have laughed away, happy hearted and careless of the future. We have lingered a while by the same fountain of learning ; but henceforth our paths are divergent. Heaven knows where, and when, we shall meet again ; but wherever and whenever we meet, and under whatever circumstances — whether steeped to the lips in poverty and neglected suffering or loaded with honor and emolument — God grant the time may never come that we cannot take each other by the hand, and look each other in the eye, and boast that we have been *honest men*, that all our aims have been our country's, our God's, and truth's.

Beautiful upon the mountains will be the feet of him that bringeth the good tidings of salvation ; glorious the reward of him who shall stand up manfully in defense of justice and right ; and though more quietly won, yet not less heartily enjoyed, his boon of rejoicing and praise who shall minister by the bed of sickness and death.

We cannot here suppress an affectionate and earnest tribute of gratitude to those who, in their zeal to enlighten us in the wisdom of the schools, have mingled the severe teachings of science with the voices of kindliness and sympathy, and who, while they spread feasts for the mind — tempting as the honey of Hybla and the waters of Pieria — have not forgotten to invite the soul to that divine and purer fountain that flows

Fast by the oracle of God.

Blessings be on them, and a happy length of days — our generous instructors !

Thus, classmates, have we laid our last offerings — the mingled and tear-wet offerings of the heart — upon this altar of separation, and with a willing pledge of continued and cherished remembrance and regard, it only remains for me to bid you — one and all — a final and kindly adieu, and may God bless you, my classmates !

Many reminiscences of his college course, with delicate allusions to characteristics of each of his classmates,

appear in the poem entitled "Forty-One," which Doctor North delivered before the Society of Hamilton Alumni on July 20, 1864. In the third section of this poem, he paid poetic tribute to the classical writers to whose study his life was devoted.

Our voyage long, our daily biscuit dry,  
We yet could boast most glorious company.  
Blind Homer's harp hung near, and when we taught  
His groping hands to grasp it, we were caught  
Up to song's highest heaven, and bathed all o'er  
In melody that charmed wild ocean's roar.  
Barefooted Socrates our deck planks trod,  
In dress a clown, in wisdom like a god.  
He raised our souls from sensual, sordid aim  
To love pure joys and nurse devotion's flame.  
Demosthenes immortal copy gave  
For later patriots who have homes to save.  
With voice and purse, heart, hand and all  
Most freely yielded to his country's call,  
Home foes he smote with words that made them reel,  
And foes abroad he met with foeman's steel.  
Grand Æschylus was there, well buskin'd and intent  
While winning fame in tragic tournament,  
To teach us how the centuries conspire  
To hymn his praise who dares with heart of fire  
Fling proud defiance at the despot's chain,  
Then die for men's good and for freedom's reign.  
The Attic Bee breathed melodies that greet  
The soul like psalms of Israel's singer sweet,  
Telling of laws supreme, eternal, strong,  
That surely punish falsehood, pride, and wrong.  
Ah ! shipmates, had we not a golden time,  
When all the antique kings of prose and rhyme  
Brought out their treasures vast and manifold,  
Their goblets rough with legends rich and old,  
Each crowned with wine that sang a coaxing lay



Before it kissed the lip with perfumed spray ;  
When all the wizard spells of speech were shown,  
And all that buttresses the thinker's throne,  
With brilliant fabrics Grecian art had spun,  
To deck the souls in boys of FORTY-ONE.

The conclusion of the poem is a beautiful embodiment, in stately meter, of Doctor North's intense love of the college to which he dedicated his life :

The flag that floated from our tapering mast  
In days too calmly beautiful to last,  
That flag for which boon Backus gave his life,  
And Davis braved the brunt of long-drawn strife,  
And Dwight brought eloquence in honeyed store,  
And Penney all the wealth of consecrated lore,  
And others noblest attributes of soul.  
Thither our hearts, like needles to the pole,  
Turned and re-turned with thrills of filial pride  
To hear its triumphs chanted far and wide —  
That flag whose blazoned folds proclaim  
Conquests of "Light and Truth" in Christ's dear name ;  
Conquests that Kirkland's faith in vision saw,  
That Norton, Catlin, Fisher, labored for ;  
Conquests that great, good hearts have yearned to speed,  
And voiced their yearning in the generous deed ;  
Conquests that living champions push to-day,  
Wherever wrong and falsehood keep their sway —  
We love it yet ; and when new, youthful crews  
Throng to its annual call, we cannot choose,  
But join our broken accents to the sound  
Of farewells shouted to the OUTWARD BOUND.  
From hearts re-warmed with fire of buried years  
Our prayer goes up thro' grateful, joyous tears,  
That broader argosies may homeward bring  
Far richer spoils of lore than we can sing ;  
That brighter laurels than have yet been won  
May glorify thy name, fair HAMILTON !

Under the date of 1862 is a manuscript which recalls the college and the college life of Doctor North's time more vividly than any published material of which I am aware. Incidentally a fine tribute is paid to President Davis, to Doctor Noyes, the first professor of chemistry, and to Professor Marcus Catlin, Doctor Root's predecessor in the chair of mathematics. Then in conclusion comes another panegyric of the Greek authors, who are "the same yesterday, to-day, and onward to the end of time."

#### HAMILTON COLLEGE IN THE FORTIES

To outsiders who have never tried it, and to insiders who have tried it but a lustrum or less, college life may seem to be monotonous and flat. Concededly its peaceful annals show less of stir and perilous adventure than a naval expedition against rebel fortresses. Even a presidential campaign throws out larger circles of excitement than a commencement or a prize competition. Yet college life is not without its realities of romance that are sometimes stranger than recorded fiction; it is not without its idyl chapters of impassioned experience, and its personal events that enlist the deepest of youthful feelings, and color the whole current of subsequent life. When memory is allowed to travel back over a period of a quarter of a century, it reports changes in college men and things, in college customs and laws, that are often startling and impressive.

Twenty-five years ago, the walls that shelter us to-day were familiar to eyes as bright with youthful enthusiasm as any that see them now, and some of the brightest were the first to be sealed in death or darkened with sorrow.

Ah! but there were merry circles, and pungent jests, and ringing laughter, and endless fun under these same gray old roofs, twenty-five years ago! Names now prematurely chiseled on sepulchral marble were then answered to by voices whose bubbling gayety sounded like a prophecy of eternal youth. Names now embellished with solemn titles, earned from deliberative bodies by years of consecrated labor, names that appear

in newspapers and catalogues like Homer's balanced ships, with oars on either side, were then saucily clipped, punished with quibbles, and bandied from mouth to mouth with all the abandon of a rollicking obscurity.

Names now called in congressional and legislative halls, for their ayes and noes, were then scribbled by college Hogarths beneath wonderful caricatures in which eyes and nose played most fantastic tricks. Men whose sermons and speeches and books now come in easy litters then labored with desperate agony at the birth of an essay or a synopsis. There was unlimited freedom of speech — enough of it to satisfy a French Jacobin. College laws and ordinances were thoroughly discussed, carefully weighed in the balance of exact ethics, and generally found wanting. Professors and tutors were recklessly blown up, in public and private, by intrepid intellects that have since been metempsychosed into the meekest of blown-up professors and tutors.

In the outward appearance of things, and in material accommodation, a quarter of a century has brought about noticeable changes. North College was a barren building, unfinished within, and unoccupied, twenty-five years ago, save by bats, rats, and lumber. The senior came here for his kindlings, and the timid freshman stole hither to rehearse that first awful declamation. Thither, too, he was sometimes beguiled and taken in as a candidate for Eleusinian mysteries more collegiate than classic. The stone building now occupied by the cabinet was then another pile of ruins. In its transition state from a college commons, or refectory, to a museum of natural science, it was only redeemed from utter waste by a convenient carpenter's bench, where furniture was made and mended of a Saturday afternoon.

Older memories than mine would dwell at length on the primordial period when that college refectory was the theater in which was enacted, each day, a domestic serio-comedy, in three hurried parts, with trochaic interludes of hungry students running in for cigars, cookies, colored candy, and small beer. The veracious historian must admit that college kept a sutler's estab-

lishment, and eked out its precarious revenues by vending extraordinary creature comforts not included in the legitimate three-act drama of eating and drinking. Think of it, alumni colleagues of Albert Barnes and Edward Robinson; think of it, Alma Mater serving as a buxom nurse of intellectual babes and a chronicler of small beer! But then Alma Mater, like Halleck's Fanny,

Was younger once than she is now.

In those days no "watch-tower of the skies" with its sidereal discoveries and observations drew the attention of European astronomers. There was a portable telescope, however (not to balk the historian of his little fact), three feet long, that used to be mounted on a movable tripod, and through which Saturn could be seen on clear nights, looking like a Quaker's hat.

There was no gymnasium either, but in place of that classic provision for physical development were three long woodsheds, with fronts always hospitably open to the lovers of Celtic exercise in bisecting billets of wood.

There was no distinct building for the laboratory. Chemistry was taught in a Plutonian cellar, beneath the floor of what is now the senior classroom. Its smoked ceilings, vaulted furnace, with blacksmith's bellows, its endless array of retorts and crucibles, its weird subcellar, where the galvanic battery was kept, like a thunder machine under the old Greek stage, were so many suggestors of an alchemist's den. The brick floor of that old, dark laboratory was worn smooth with the feet of twenty classes of students, to whose memory chemistry will always have peculiar associations more easily recalled than described.

With the single exception of the presiding genius of that Plutonian laboratory, the men who composed the faculty twenty-five years ago have either gone to their last rest, or yielded their places to younger incumbents.

Pass down the eastern lawn to the college cemetery, and the heaved-up turf will surrender to memory's vision the forms of the departed. President Davis will stand beside the towering shaft that carries the record of his eventful career. Although his tall form, crowned with white locks, is a leaning Pisa tower,

you cannot help feeling that it has had its day of strength and majesty. You feel that under the graciousness of that sweet and courtly manner sleeps the energy of a Wellington. You feel that you would be happy in his friendship. You hear his talk about his old pupils, his boys at Yale, at Union, at Williams, at Middlebury, at Hamilton, with all the loving pride of a father relating the exploits of his own children, and you are sorry you could not have had him for your teacher.

Yonder brown stone presses the dust of a mathematician whose Latin epitaph tells that he died more loaded with cares and honors than with years. Straight as an arrow, symmetrical and modestly eminent in shape and gesture, he is taller than his monument by his head and shoulders. The old wondering of freshman year comes back to repeat itself in the memory. You wonder how Professor Catlin can sit so still in his cramped, hard seat in the chapel — never moving a facial muscle, never changing his position through those interminable bulky sermons. You wonder how he can manage to say so much, with such a penurious outlay of monosyllabic gutturals; how so much real warmth of heart can keep itself glowing under that stiff mathematical crust. You wonder by what legerdemain he contrives to mesmerize his classes into such genuine attachment to himself, without at all overcoming their horror of the calculus. You recall the scenes at his deathbed and funeral.

There stands Doctor Noyes, the first professor of chemistry. How the heart leaps even at fancy's view of the sorcerer who played with the mysteries of science as deftly as Thalberg may sport with the keys of a piano. There he stands, yet looks awkward, embarrassed, and lost, until fancy transfers him to that marvelous laboratory, in the rear of his residence, which is as much a part of himself, as its shell is a part of the tortoise. It was a sin and a shame that an auctioneer was permitted to stand in that indescribable sanctuary of natural science, or, if you will, that Babel and chaos of chemical apparatus, and scatter its treasures to the hundred bidders. It should have been piously removed, body and contents, to the college grounds,

surrounded by iron palisades, and kept as a concrete, ocular demonstration that Walter Scott's Antiquary is a possible character.

If anybody wanted anything, he went to Doctor Noyes. No matter what it was he wanted, be it a thermometer or cabbage plants, a steam engine or a cure for cancer, the analysis of an ore, a recipe for curing hams, a sure way to make money, or any conceivable pair of incongruous wants, and Doctor Noyes was sure to fill out the order, with anecdotes of Daniel Webster, his classmate, and Doctor Backus, thrown in *ad infinitum*. If there was a disease to be cured that all other doctors pronounced incurable, or a problem to be solved, or a machine to be invented that had already upset other men's brains, Doctor Noyes was the man to do it. It must be something desperate, or it was nothing to him. As a sad discoronation of all this glory, he must needs ride to the village every day, and step out of the native majesty of this character into the beastly degradation of the barroom indulgence.

Twenty-five years ago there was a good degree of industry in college, but less of hard work was accomplished than now. The course of instruction was less complete, less rounded and thorough. No instruction was given in German, and only in French by some windfall of a native teacher. The introduction of German as a required study is due to the linguistic enthusiasm of Rev. B. W. Dwight, formerly a tutor.

In elocution there was no systematic drill. Individuals made spasmodic efforts to cultivate the voice, and there was much shouting in North College and the neighboring woods, when days of public performance were imminent. Fine writing was thought well of, but no prizes were offered in this department, and the standard of *belles-lettres* excellence was not very high or very clearly defined. There was then no danger of intellectual dyspepsia from the hearing of class lectures. In the classical department, the class of 1841 heard two lectures, and no more. The first was a "Defense of Classical Studies," and the second, by Professor J. Finley Smith, was a sketch of the Greek drama. College honors were worked for by a few in

each class, but the average attainments in scholarship were considerably less than now.

In the year 1843 class honors were abolished altogether. This revolutionary step was taken at the earnest request of students, in an hour of infatuation and evil counsel. The results were unexpected and curious. Although students had declared that college honors were an execrable cheat, and no longer to be submitted to, as soon as the faculty took the petitioners at their word, and granted their request, the honors conferred by the literary societies suddenly assumed an extraordinary value. When the class valedictory was extinguished, the highest ambition was to be a society valedictorian. To be elected a society president was thought to be quite a brilliant beginning to a career of letters or public honors. All sorts of combinations, conspiracies, briberies, and electioneering tricks were resorted to by mature heads on juvenile shoulders to carry a society election. The cloisters of study were desecrated by Tammany Hall rowdiness. The unseemly and untimely death of the literary societies was caused by the temporary abolition of college honors. Of this fact there can be no reasonable doubt, although the ghost of these doomed societies was not utterly given up until after the restoration of college honors in 1855. The disease that carried them off was so slow and insidious that many supposed it to be paralysis, discord, or debt, when these were simply manifestations of a long-standing complaint.

The period of seventeen years during which college honors were not worked for or distributed is one which no friend of the college can look back to with any degree of satisfaction, except as an illustration of the folly of trying experiments which have been so often repeated under more favorable auspices in older institutions with the same disastrous results. The middle period, when college honors were refused to generous aspirants for scholastic laurels, is a dark age in the history of the college. It makes a beautiful eloquence to say that students should study for the love of study, that knowledge should be sought for its own sake, that emulation is a dangerous passion

to arouse, that it leads to envies, bitter heartburnings, and the most unwarrantable consumption of midnight kerosene. It so happens that the teachers who talk in this fine way are always salaried men, and generally titled men; men who work for dollars, and such other pay as they can get, honors, influence, and self-content. Turn the tables upon one of the self-deluded teachers, and make him a martyr to his own theory, take from him his salary, his titles, his social position, and tell him to teach for the love of teaching. Tell him that knowledge is too sublime a thing to be imparted for any smaller consideration than its own sake. Assume that teaching ought to be its own exceeding great reward, and he will suddenly discover that he has a loud call to carry on a farm, or to run a gristmill, or to keep a hotel.

A college is a world in miniature. The child is father to the man, and the student is sire to a large variety of professional workers. The student is human and likely to be influenced most effectively by the motives and rewards that influence his elders out in the world.

If it is right and honorable that a clergyman should be paid for serving the church, and a statesman paid for serving the state; if it is right and honorable that a physician take pay for saving life, and a soldier for saving his country, why should the motives of the student be arraigned, if he asks for the unmercenary satisfaction of a college honor, or an honorable record of what he has honorably achieved.

After all, college life is as real and should be as earnest as any later period. By whatsoever test they are measured, college honors are worth as much as any honors to be won in a career of statesmanship, or letters. If the satisfaction they bring to the winner and his friends is a true test of their value, college honors are worth more than those that come after the sensibilities are blunted and the heart indurated with selfish maxims and practices. If Macaulay had been asked which gave him the greater joy, an election to Parliament or a college prize, he would have said, "the college prize, ten times as much."

The features of the landscape about us are changed. Lines



once straight are curved now. Trees that had sentineled the grounds for half a century have been removed, and others are making slow haste to throw shadows equally far. The buildings are more in number. College men and customs are different. But the old Greek authors are unchanged. They are the same yesterday, to-day, and onward to the end of time. Here the Past and the Present shake hands and rejoice together in a panoramic gallery of portraits, venerable of aspect, marked with deep lines of thought, wreathed as to their foreheads with asphodel chaplets, and radiant with immortal brightness. Twenty-five years have not changed the delightful, grandfatherly Herodotus, that garrulous gossip of history, peering bizarrely through his trumpery collections of facts and old wives' fables, zealous to traverse sea and land in quest of myths, proverbs, oracles, and *on dits*, yet too indolent to clarify a muddy sentence, or to rescue character from a mob of false assailants, or to pluck up drowned truth from a well of obscurity.

Unchanged, too, are Socrates and Xenophon, bright Dioscuri in the galaxy of literary friendships, the former a walking catechism, ugly to look at, frosty in manner, yet kindly at heart, earning his right to riddle everybody with questions by challenging all Athens to corner him in debate; the latter showing such promptness to obey the calls of duty and pity, such fortitude in perilous adventure, as we admire to-day in the heroism of a Winthrop or a Burnside, with that modest blush upon his brow, which the "sage's olive, the historian's palm, the victor's laurel," cannot wholly hide.

Close behind him, yet taller by his head and shoulders, stalks the blind Hexametrist of Scio's rocky isle, "with all his traveling glories round him," with his harp chiming to the rush of impetuous, serried words that take fire, like the arrow of Acestes, with their own sublime velocity.

Time writes no wrinkle on the brow of the arch orator of the Attics, nor takes aught from the bitterness of his hatred toward those who hate the freedom of Greece. His words are still at work, blasting with sarcasm whoever would sap the

supremacy of his fatherland. What are twenty-five years to a poet who has already buffeted the waves of eighteen or twenty centuries, with sinews still lusty? They are nothing to Theocritus, that thoughtful lover of his books, his rustic haunts, and his mother. Though living from hand to mouth while tabernacled in flesh, and often vainly assiduous to catch Dame Fortune's smile, no sooner was he fairly dead than he began to live in earnest. And the same is true of his gloomy companion, Æschylus, from whom he differs as vintage time differs from sullen winter, as a cottage at milking hour differs from a beleaguered castle, or the Thousand Isles from Niagara, or Claude Lorraine from Raphael, or "The Cottar's Saturday Night" from "Dies Iræ."

And there is the Greek lexicon, the same old plethoric book, that was so patient to be thumbed and cudged and cross-questioned twenty-five years ago, with its yellow leaves scribbled over with the names of companions in study, transferred now, some to the senate roll, others to sepulchral marble. The lexicon will be faithful to its part in keeping green the memory of those choice companionships, long since sundered, and never to be on earth reunited. Like to the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, its calm presence allures and refreshes. Its voiceless dirge over time's changes is more sweetly plaintive to the heart than that of the leaves that strew the autumn brooks in Vallambrosa. Its leaves, exhaling an odor of study, "like the first bloom of those sciential apples that grew amid the happy orchard"—its leaves still retain the nepenthean fragrance of those far-off academic hours, in whose quiet shadows the hearts of comrades were knit together, at a shrine of learning toward which their loyal thoughts will fondly turn like Persians to the east, from every land that holds them.

While a junior, Doctor North wrote the following description of college life—a unique experience in a man's life—which is as true to-day in the smaller American colleges as when it was written.

## COLLEGE LIFE

College life is a titbit of romance—a dainty dish of the poetry of life—a sunny and flower-pranked offset from the straight dull paths of vulgar existence. While a preparation for the usefulness, the honors, and the emoluments of professional labor, it is, at the same time, an exception to its drudging habits, its thorny and perplexing cares.

It is a literal episode in the course of being. We step aside from a beaten and sun-baked pathway to tread on green and living velvet. Choked with the hot and dusty air of peopled marts, we turn away to inhale the free and bathing breezes of retirement, to exhilarate in the freshness and the fragrance of an atmosphere all our own—an atmosphere untainted, and unshared by the lungs of the rabble. We exchange the bad smells of groceries and markets for the perfume of flowers “born to blush” for us alone.

A community composed entirely of young men, brought from every section of the country, and thrown together in promiscuous order, forms no meager subject for study and speculation. One might suppose that those distinctions which are recognized the world over between men of different grades and professions, politics and religions, would, when the representatives of each are brought into near and daily contact, produce unpleasant and grating discords. Yet such is seldom the case, at least in our smaller institutions. On entering the halls of Alma Mater, each one, as if by mutual consent, buries the tomahawk of worldly warfare, throws aside his bundle of prejudices, and, thus prepared for a different order of things, is welcomed to a new society and a new existence.

He finds himself in a little world, shut out from the great universe around him—a world full of the ardors and aspirations of high-thoughted youth, of buoyant hope and excited feeling. His sympathies are at once enlisted in associations of a peculiar and engrossing character. He becomes one in a knot of congenial spirits, clustering together like a milky way of stars. His animal and spiritual elasticity, how often soever

weighed down by the "wearisome but needful length" of college exercises, so often recovers itself in the excitements of the playground or the social group, the page of fiction or the hall of debate.

Thus circled by so much that calls forth the romance of his nature — "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," with the star of promise ever in the ascendant — his hours glide away like a dream of Eastern fable.

Not that students abjure their religious creeds or political tenets. But their pursuits and interests are so much apart from the ordinary vocations of life, and their thoughts are so effectually drawn off from their accustomed channels, and directed into those which are new and for the time more absorbing, that they seem lifted above the common mass of humanity, wherein they are superior to the world, and like the celestials on their cloudy seats, they can look down and smile at the littlenesses of party intrigue and the foolishnesses of sectarian dogma. While they reverence the Deity, they can rally one another, in a joking way, on their theological predilections. While they cherish a pure flame of patriotism, they can laugh to scorn the foxery and the sordidness of demagogues, though the future may find even themselves burning like incense to like divinities.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat  
To peep at such a world ; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;  
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates  
At a safe distance, when the dying sound  
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.

The student enjoys a freedom of action, an independence of thought, and a looseness of expression which test and bring to light the purity of his heart, the rightness of his principles, the depth of his sympathies. He doffs the phylactered mantle of ceremony — that largest garment in the wardrobe of the Pharisee, that lying device "to set a gloss on hollow welcomes," that sure resort when love begins to sicken and decay — this he

burns upon his college fire, and speaks his mind like an honest man "in plain and simple faith."

College friendships are therefore of the truest and heartiest stamp. They are free from that sickly and mincing sentimentalism which clings to the intersexual affections; there is nothing boy-and-girlish about them. Their attachments are manly and magnanimous, their sympathies generous and wholehearted.

Nor, on the other hand, have the student's intimacies any resemblance to those selfish or ambitious connections which are formed in after years by those who kneel to the golden calf of Mammon, or whose kindlier feelings are drowned and forgotten in the brazen noise of Fame's trumpet.

Our Alma Mater presents a pleasing specimen of rural beauty, with life to enjoy it. For it is a painful or at best a morbid pleasure to survey a lovely landscape, enameled with every living gem that the most fastidious eye could covet, when friends are far away and there is none to know its existence save your own solitary self. Byron affected to find society in solitude, and he raves, in mellifluous meter, about "a pleasure in the pathless woods, and a rapture on the lonely shore." But Byron was a wicked man and a cold misanthrope. His mind was diseased and debased. With him domestic happiness had become "a root of bitterness," and the milk of human kindness had become sour and loppered in his bosom.

If a stranger could wander over our college grounds at the cooling close of a summer's day, when the dark poplars seem instinct with life, as the fitful leaves wink and tremble on their frail stems; when the whole west is glowing and burning like insulted virtue, and when every windowed niche in the airy halls holds its quiet and happy dreamer half buried in pillows, and framed by the ample curtains that wave to the gentle pressure of the breezes of twilight—if, I say, a stranger could behold a scene like this and not feel his heart subdued and mellowed by its softness, its repose and its luxury, his bosom can be the home of but few and feeble longings for the broken bowers of Eden. But hark! list to that flute; it has a dulcet,

dying fall, a swanlike sweetness, and its low and quavering notes creep upon the dreaming ear "like the sweet south," and call up to the busy brain a thousand soft and delicate images of love and loveliness.

Nor is this the sole music of the hour. For, ever and anon a ruffled head looks out from its depth of pillow, and drops a lively and tart joke on its victim below, who, starting from his drowse, like the lion from his lair, shakes his locks, and hurls back a ready retort that "would move wild laughter in the throat of death." Straightway the entire population is galvanized with merriment, and shrill and stirring are the shouts that ring cheerily out upon the evening air.

We intended to venture a remark on another striking feature of college life, viz. its excision from female society, and conclude with a few shrewd comments on the invention of "senior parties" and their influence. But time fails.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, May 27, 1840.

These extracts reveal the profound impression left upon Doctor North's mind by the associations and influences of his college life. His feelings found frequent voice in rhyme, both then and later. This was his tribute to his classmate and roommate, the son of the Rev. Dr. Asahel C. Kendrick, who died during the junior year:

#### ON THE DEATH OF A CLASSMATE

There is beside our college hearth a drear  
And vacant chair. In the now silent hall  
A step is mute that late brought mirth and frolic.  
In the dark icy earth there is a grave  
New made and grassless. 'Tis a grave of hope.  
How like quick lightning from a sudden cloud  
Came Death among us! and a generous one  
Whose laugh rang loudest in the jovial ring  
Was chosen for his dread, life-killing touch.  
The lofty brow is lowly laid in dust,

And each the other greets as kindred clay ;  
 The earnest eye nor speaks its language now,  
 Nor the determined lip its eloquence.  
 How holy are the garments of the grave !  
 How they do consecrate the unbreathing form  
 Within their pulseless folds ! The dead are pure.  
 How e'en their faults like silver leaves  
 Do bathe themselves in the clear waters of  
 Devoted memory, and thence gleam out as virtues.  
 Pleasant and precious is a living friend ;  
 More precious still the soft remembrance of  
 A buried love. A living friend may change,  
 But when on the unchanging past cold Death  
 Has pressed the seal of silence, and its dear  
 And hallowed memories are treasured up,  
 Estrangement ne'er shall mar their pleasantness.  
 We laid him to his rest, and left him there  
 In a chill wintry grave whose trees o'erlook  
 The village of his youth ; and, wailing, stoop  
 They to their mournful trust. But kindly spring  
 Will weave a mantle for his lowly couch,  
 And sacred shadows of the living leaves  
 Brood o'er the grass-grown mound in silent grief.  
 Sweet be the sleep of a once merry chum !  
 Glad memories of gone and fun-lit hours  
 Shall visit thy hushed home by day, and oft  
 By night in dreams of better days shall thought  
 Go lingering back to Kendrick's early grave !

When he graduated he put his farewell into these  
 lines :

#### ON LEAVING COLLEGE

##### I

Ye gray old walls ! whose classic shade  
 First awed me into love of lore,  
 And hushed my thoughts till they betrayed  
 A holier impress than before :

Whose parting echoes wake from sleep  
The wildest throb heart ever knew,  
From you I turn with eyes that weep  
Hot tears to seal my last adieu.

## II

Since I obeyed thy belfry chime  
My spirit has a different tone :  
I've grown in love with Olden Time  
And with the Present feel alone :  
I like the flash of stars at night  
Far better than a maiden's eye,  
And I can kneel in their pure light  
Unmelted by a maiden's sigh.

## III

My soul is thronged with new desires,  
And Thought is nursing them by day,  
And dreams are fuel for their fires,  
And Hope wove them wings, till they —  
Impatient for their destined sky —  
Seem bursting from my prison-breast,  
Like eaglets of the daring eye,  
That part to leave their native nest.

## IV

Ye jovial hearths and sheltering walls !  
Where I have spent my happiest day —  
Ye merry friends and ringing halls !  
I tear me — for I must — away :  
Farewell, ye walks ! I go to fill  
My station in a world of hate :  
I feel, even now, its rushing chill,  
And yet farewell ! I cannot wait.

CLINTON, August, 1841.



## CHAPTER III

### PROFESSOR IN COLLEGE

A BRIEF EXPERIENCE AS A LAWYER—APPOINTED PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES—TRIBUTE TO HIS PREDECESSORS—REMINISCENCES OF PRESIDENT HENRY DAVIS—FIRST EXPERIENCES IN THE PROFESSOR'S CHAIR—MARRIAGE—A LYCEUM LECTURER—DEGREE OF L.H.D.—ALUMNI TRUSTEE—ACTING PRESIDENT—CALL TO ALBANY NORMAL SCHOOL—FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PROFESSORSHIP—THE SOBRIQUET OF "OLD GREEK"—CONTEMPORARY GREEK PROFESSORS—RESIGNATION—TRIBUTE OF THE FACULTY AND TRUSTEES—DEATH—HIS EPITAPH, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

AFTER graduation, Edward North spent a year as a tutor in a private family in Paterson, New Jersey. It was a year of quiet and study, and its leisure hours were frequently employed in writing brief poems which were contributed to New Jersey newspapers, in Paterson, Newark, and elsewhere, over the *nom de plumes* of "Thornden," "Flaccus," and occasionally over his initials.

Returning to Clinton at the close of his engagement in Paterson, he seriously contemplated entering the legal profession. An entry in a notebook tells how he "began to read law in the office of Othniel S. Williams, Esq., this 19th day of September, 1842." Another entry, under date of May 24, 1843, says, "Edward North began receiving from O. S. W. as clerk in his office a stipulated compensation of \$2.00 per week"; and a later entry indicates the payment of a quarter's salary on this basis.

The decision to adopt the legal profession was made against the wish and expectation of his family, some of whom had hoped he would become a minister of the gospel. An extract from a letter written to his brother Alfred, in 1843, reveals his state of mind on the subject :

- It is plain that you are dissatisfied with my choice of a profession. I greatly regret to know it, but I am unshaken in my belief that the step I have taken is for the best. It may be paying myself but a sorry compliment, but you will at least give me credit for frankness, when I say that, had I chosen the ministry for my calling, I should have led an unhappy life. I have a monitor within which beckons me away from the pulpit as a place unfitted for the exercise of whatever ability God has given me. If I had your feelings on this subject, I should be guided by them. I have them not; therefore my course is different. However unpleasant it may be to act in opposition to the known wishes of one's friends, I think you will acknowledge that it would be an unworthy motive—if not a positive sin—to preach the gospel simply because one's friends desired it.

His brief excursion into the law was unknown to Doctor North's children until after his death. It was an episode to which he never alluded. A good lawyer may have been spoiled when he dropped Blackstone and Kent for Homer and Æschylus, but the story of this volume proves that the world was gainer from the change of plan. To his association with Judge Williams, Doctor North was indebted for the appointment as principal of the Clinton Grammar School, which determined his future career. Judge Williams was elected fifth treasurer of Hamilton College (his father, Othniel Williams, was the third) in 1850, after the death of Dr. Benjamin Woolsey Dwight. Between him and his young law pupil there sprang up a rare and beautiful

friendship, which continued unbroken until the former's death, May 20, 1880. In Doctor North's journal for that date is this entry :

Judge Othniel S. Williams died in the village at five o'clock. For forty years he has been to me a trusting and trusted friend, and like an own brother. Without him, life has for me less interest and attraction. He brought me my call to be principal of Clinton Grammar School. He made me his confidant in all his plans and hopes.

While studying law in Judge Williams's office, Edward North was chosen principal of the Clinton Grammar School—the old brick structure on College street, recently destroyed—which while it remained was the most interesting landmark in the village. Here he was teaching when, in 1843, he was appointed Professor of Ancient Languages in Hamilton College. This call followed the untimely death of Professor John Finley Smith, the immediate successor of Simeon North in this chair, who died after a service of three years.

Of his several predecessors in the chair of Ancient Languages, Doctor North wrote as follows, in the brief sketch of Hamilton College which he contributed to the publication entitled "The College Book":

In the board of instruction as first organized, Professor Seth Norton (Yale, 1804) occupied the chair of Greek and Latin. His scholarship was accurate and wide-reaching. He was apt to teach, and thoroughly devoted to his studies and his calling. He was more than a classroom teacher. He served as a living link between the new college and the pioneer academy, of which he was for seven years the honored preceptor. He was a leading singer in the village church, and a constant help to his brother, Rev. Doctor Norton, in all religious activities. His untimely death, in 1818, only a year after the coming of President Davis, was mourned as a severe bereave-

ment to the college and the community about it. During the year 1817, Professor Norton was aided in the Greek classes by Tutor Edward Robinson (1816), who here entered upon that long career of scholarship and authorship which placed his name among the world's foremost authorities in biblical science. At the same time, Rev. Eleazer S. Barrows was the tutor in Latin, and in 1819 was elected the first Professor of Latin. In 1821 his resignation was accepted, and in choosing his successor, Rev. John Monteith, Greek and Latin were again united. Professor Monteith's successor in 1829 was Rev. Simeon North, called from a tutorship in Yale College. Professor Simeon North came at a time when students were few, and when youthful faith and energy were tested to the utmost. For ten years he worked side by side with Professor John H. Lathrop, through frequent changes in the boards of trust and instruction. In 1839 his promotion to the presidency was followed by the election of Tutor John Finley Smith (1834), whom to know was to love. Professor Smith had boundless enthusiasm and a great heart. Careless of himself, he worked for others until his life went out prematurely in 1843. His successor, Professor Edward North, who began with the embarrassments of inexperience, has given instruction to thirty-four successive classes.<sup>1</sup>

Of his immediate predecessor and intimate personal friend, Doctor North wrote more fully and more feelingly, in an address delivered at the first public rehearsal of the Utica Musical Academy, on February 5, 1858. Professor Smith was one of the founders, and for some years the vocal conductor, of this academy. He discharged his duties "with such spirited ability and such self-denying devotedness as to win the strongest admiration and attachment of his associates." "I can speak of Professor Smith," continued Professor North, "with the tender reverence that is due from a pupil to

<sup>1</sup> From "The College Book," Hamilton College, page 245.



EDWARD NORTH IN THE 40'S.



the memory of a faithful and skillful teacher, when the one has gone to his rest, and the other has lived long enough to know that fidelity and skill in the teacher are of priceless worth."

A prominent trait in the character of Professor Smith was the entire absence of affectation. Under no circumstances was he ashamed of his own simple and pretensionless manner. He made no attempt to appear learned and profound, by smothering his thoughts beneath piles of verbal chaff. Nor did he affect to be more devout than he truly was, by doing violence to his countenance, and by choking all the pleasantry and laughter that stirred within him. By some of his friends it was thought a misfortune that he stooped so seldom and so stiffly to ceremony and show, that he resorted so sparingly to the frigid phrases of a politesse which, in one of the few letters I have seen from his pen, he characterizes as "hackneyed and heartless," and in the use of which he confesses he is "but a bungling Ephraimite." These friends of Professor Smith were in error. He would have done himself a serious injury, had he taken pains to unlearn that indescribable naïveté, which was to his character what fragrance is to the flower, making his presence a pleasure even in the circles of fashion. If he had calculated the profit and loss of being just what he was, with his heart in his hand and truth on his lips, undisguised and transparent; or of encasing himself in a mackintosh of heartless formality, with *noli me tangere* inscribed on every movement, he would still have chosen the better part of a sincere, outspoken, unpretending child of nature.

Among the more positive elements in Professor Smith's character, the love of harmony was conspicuous and controlling. He hated discords, everywhere; as well in the community as in the choir. Harmony of every kind was dear to him, not more that which charms the ear in a sacred anthem, or the choruses of a Greek tragedy, than that largeness of fellow-feeling which finds pleasure in promoting the general good, and in forgetting personal preferences when they collide

with another's. Such was his intercourse with the world that he seldom made an enemy. Nor did this result from any compromise of principle or any undue sacrifice of opinion. On the contrary, he was bold and earnest in advocating what he thought to be the right; in exposing and denouncing what he knew to be the wrong. Yet so courteous and friendly was his bearing, so contagious was the generosity of his nature, that even envy and opposition were quietly disarmed, and brought to join in his desire that neighbors and associates should dwell together in peaceful unity.

\* \* \* As the best part of beauty is something no painter can copy, and no poetry describe, so the best part of music, its sincerity and earnestness, are qualities that mere drill and study cannot bestow. Art and practice can teach one to express the feelings of devotion or patriotism, sorrow or gratitude, with the utmost fullness and intensity, only when the original seeds of these feelings lie deep down in the singer's or player's character. In this quality of native earnestness, combined with the most thorough discipline, lies the secret of music's greatest power. This is the magic open sesame before which human hearts unbar their gates of prejudice, and give free access to their treasures of sympathy and attachment.

Professor Smith was twenty-eight years of age when he was elected Professor of Ancient Languages; Professor North was only twenty-three when he succeeded him—the youngest full professor ever appointed at Hamilton College. It has always been understood that there was some dissatisfaction over his appointment on this ground, due also, perhaps, to a feeling that kinship with the president had helped to preferment not yet earned; but the real secret of these troubles I did not know until after Doctor North's death. He set down the facts in his diary, on March 8, 1852—the date on which died Dr. Henry Davis, the fourth president of Hamilton College—an event which tempted to reminiscence. The introduction of this



reminiscence seems necessary to a full understanding of the conditions under which Doctor North began his career as a professor. The entry begins with a brief sketch of Doctor Davis's character, and continues with an account of his attempt to secure the election of his son-in-law to the professorship of Ancient Languages :

*March 8, 1852.*— Doctor Davis died about seven o'clock last evening. He was an invalid when I first saw him in 1836, and he has been an invalid ever since, growing weaker and weaker from year to year, until his life has at last faded out, as a cloud fades out in a summer sky. He was eminently courteous in his ordinary dealings with men, and a chance acquaintance would be likely to leave him without suspecting the sterner and controlling elements of his character. He spent five years at Union College, and his system of managing students seems to have been similar to Doctor Nott's. Instead of having general and fixed laws to which all students were expected to conform, he had a great many special and private methods suited to individual cases. His plan was not so much to govern as to manage. It is clear from the personal anecdotes he was in the habit of repeating, that he prided himself on his ability to cope with students on the field of intrigue, and to outwit them in the use of such weapons as politicians use in dealing with each other. I have heard him relate, with much apparent satisfaction, an instance in which he "out-generaled" Silas Wright, who was one of his students at Middlebury.

In his habits of life and dress, Doctor Davis adhered to the old school ways. On commencement days he occupied the seat of the oldest trustee, in front of the pulpit, until 1847, when he resigned his connection with the board. One who has seen him on the stage will not soon forget his appearance : his old-fashioned dress of homespun faded blue ; his long, lank, and limpsy form ; his woe-bespent look, and general air of lassitude, and feeble cough.

He was very economical and saving ; so much so that he managed to do what few college instructors achieve— lay up

a competence for his last years. The house which he occupied after retiring from the presidency of Hamilton was built by an education society, and was formerly known as "Charity Hall." It could not have cost less than \$2,000. When the society suspended operations, the hall was sold at auction, and Doctor Davis bought it for \$500.

When President North was promoted to the presidency from his professor's chair, Doctor Davis was desirous that his son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Maltby, should be chosen Professor of Languages. In spite of his efforts to the contrary, Professor Smith was elected. On the death of Professor Smith, in 1843, Doctor Davis made another and more earnest effort to secure the election of Mr. Maltby; this time his plans were laid with care and prosecuted with vigor. A great many of his friends were written to and induced to address to the president letters of recommendation in behalf of Mr. Maltby. I was then boarding at the president's and reading law with Mr. Williams. It was through the combined instigation of Doctor Davis and Professor Mandeville that a remonstrance against my appointment was circulated among the students, and to some extent signed. At the meeting of the board in December, 1843, this remonstrance was read by Doctor Davis as one of his agencies for securing the election of Mr. Maltby. Another thing designed to subserve the same end was the preparation of a memorial to the trustees by Professor Mandeville, in which the memorialists set forth what they regarded, or pretended to regard, as indispensable qualifications for the new professor. One was that he should be an alumnus of Hamilton, another that he should be a clergyman, and a third that he should have had experience in giving collegiate instruction. This document was so cunningly drawn that if it had been adopted by the trustees as a guide to their action, the choice of Mr. Maltby would have been inevitable. He was the only one on the list of candidates who would have answered the description. This memorial was signed by all the faculty except the president. It had no influence with the board, but was set aside as indecorous. Doctor Davis put forth all his power of persuasion and

intrigue ; but the board refused to be controlled by his wishes. Doctor Davis had the command of only two votes — his own and Doctor Adams's. The latter courteously remarked to me afterwards that he attended the meeting at the special solicitation of Doctor Davis, and could not refuse to support his candidate. I saw Doctor Davis as he drove up the hill, after the meeting, in his old-fashioned, two-wheeled carriage, looking more woe-bespent than ever. I felt sincerely sorry for him. To see an old, feeble man so utterly defeated in a darling scheme, was sad enough. He was very sick, and confined to his bed during the whole of the following winter.

It is a college tradition that the students undertook to show their disapproval of Doctor North's appointment, by "rowing" the fledgling professor in the classroom ; this reminiscence reveals the trying circumstances under which he began his work.

The inner history of Hamilton reveals that numerous professors failed, at the start, to acquire that control in the classroom which is the first essential to successful teaching. I know not by what legerdemain of personality Doctor North overcame the latent antagonism of the student body which confronted him on the threshold of his career. It was a flash in the pan. After a few recitations, the boys were conquered, and thereafter, to the very end, there was never any trouble between Professor North and the students, in the classroom or out of it. But it was an anxious experience. Four years later another entry in his diary contains this reference to the episode :

*March 1, 1848.* — Four years ago this morning I heard my first recitation in Hamilton College. I met the freshman class with an anxious, palpitating heart, and heard read the first chapter of the second book of Livy. I have just had occasion to consult this portion of Livy, and the very sight of the text brought vividly to mind all the painful circumstances of my

début. I was without experience, without years, and surrounded by enemies who were busy and haughty. I had but few friends, and they were fearful. What a change between now and then! The same sky is indeed above me, but its clouds are gone. Countenances that then frowned dislike and discouragement now beam with patronage and approval. So wags the world. If one can only succeed in convincing the community that he is able to live and thrive without its aid, he is straightway besieged by crowds who are most happy to tender him their disinterested services.

A suggestion of the relationship early established between the Greek professor and his students can be gathered from this entry in one of his earlier journals :

*May 19, 1852.* — Last night there was a very slight frost on the hill, just enough to nip the tender shoots of the Madeira vine and the early potatoes. In the valley the frost was heavier. Six years ago there was a frost on the same day. I remember the sight of it clearly, as I rode over from Whitesboro after the birth of my first child. I remember, too, that in some mysterious way the news of her birth preceded me. At eleven o'clock I went to the recitation room, and, in place of meeting the freshmen, I found the room empty. On the desk was a generous budget of baby clothes, with the congratulations of the class.

Thus began the long and serene career of the Greek professor: blessed in his home, inspired by his work, in love with all his surroundings — as witness this entry in his journal, five years later :

Twenty-eight years ago to-day I was ushered into the world. Why this event happened, I was for some years in doubt. But the mystery is now cleared up. It was that I might be just what I am—a contented Professor of Greek and Latin in Hamilton College, a happy husband and father.

Doctor North married Mary Frances Dexter, daughter of Hon. S. Newton Dexter, of Whitesboro, New

York,<sup>1</sup> on July 31, 1844, a year after his election to the professorship.

Twenty-five years of ideal married life followed at the home on College Hill, broken suddenly, on May 27, 1869, by the death of Mrs. North. Into the privacy of this life it is not intended to intrude; but there exist so many proofs in felicitous verse, of its singular sweetness, that the story, as Doctor North told it in rhyme, is submitted in small part. No year passed, while Mrs. North lived, that a sonnet, an ode, or a lyric, inspired by her

<sup>1</sup> S. Newton Dexter was born in Providence, Rhode Island, May 11, 1785. He died in Whitesboro, November 18, 1862. His father, Andrew Dexter, was the first manufacturer of cotton goods in the United States. His grandfather, Samuel Dexter, of Boston, left a bequest to Harvard College, the income of which now goes to the Professor of Biblical Literature. His great-grandfather, Rev. Samuel Dexter, a graduate from Harvard in 1720, was pastor of the Congregational Church in Malden, Massachusetts, where he died in 1775. S. Newton Dexter was prepared for college under the instruction of Rev. Caleb Alexander, Mendon, Massachusetts, who afterwards prepared the way for the chartering of Hamilton College by gathering funds and shaping public opinion. Soon after his admission to Brown University, Mr. Dexter gave up his plans for study, to accept a business engagement in Boston. In 1815 he removed to Whitesboro, where he lived for forty-seven years. In 1824 he undertook a heavy contract on the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. This occupied five years, and involved an expenditure of over two millions of dollars. In 1829 he became the agent of the Oriskany Manufacturing Company, and in 1832 the agent of the Dexter Manufacturing Company of Pleasant Valley. In 1840 he was appointed one of the canal commissioners, and in 1850 a manager of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica. His first wife was Laura Northrup, of Athens, to whom he was married October 26, 1811. His second wife was Mrs. Martha Raymond Gold, to whom he was married February 3, 1848. In 1835 Mr. Dexter was elected one of the trustees of Hamilton College. Straightway the spirit of his grandfather and Caleb Alexander stirred within him, prompting to a munificence that has linked his name honorably with the history of Hamilton. What William H. Maynard had done by testament in 1832, Mr. Dexter chose to do by immediate donation. It was one of the sorrows of his old age that adverse fortune defeated the full accomplishment of his wishes. What sacrifices and struggles he made to carry out his cherished purpose, and how reluctantly he gave it up, was known only to his most intimate friends. Yet his gifts to the college amounted in the aggregate to about twenty-three thousand dollars, a larger sum than any previous donor had given, unless we except Samuel Kirkland, whose bequest of lands largely increased in value with the growth of the institution.

personality, did not come from her husband's pen. A few samples follow :

# BIRTHDAY RHYMES

TO M. F. D. N.

1859

## I

Some fifteen happy years ago —  
 It seems but yesterday or so —  
 A busy running to and fro  
     Of thoughts betwixt your heart and mine,  
 Contrived to weave a mystic tie  
 That draweth fast and tenderly,  
 Keeping us one until we die,  
     By human law and right divine.

## II

Gray hair and wrinkles hint a lie,  
 If they insinuate that you and I  
 Are older in our mystic tie  
     Than fifteen happy years ago.  
*Four times as young* is nearer true,  
 If you but count the hearts that drew  
 Their tides of bounding life from you,  
     And fresh supplies of youth bestow.

## III

Fleetly revolve the whirring years,  
 They toss aside youth's jealous fears,  
 And wreath with flowers the gaping shears  
     That wait our mystic tie to part,  
 Woven some fifteen years ago  
 When thoughts were running to and fro  
 In whispered words, love-laden and low,  
     Betwixt the halves of our one heart.

## SONNET. — HOME

What maketh home? Not art when it hath spent  
Itself to please the eye, the ear, the taste ;  
Not wealth when it to uncurbed will hath lent  
The freedom of its hoards ; not all the blent  
And many rays which power and beauty waste  
To prove their nothingness : these make not home,  
Not that dear, hallowed place which the true heart  
Calls home. The pomps of life and gilded dome  
May daze the outward sense, and haply some  
May stare in envy ; yet they cannot feed  
The hungry soul, or bring good angels near,  
Till Love, in truth and earnestness, appear  
To teach earth's tenants its diviner creed,  
To lift them skyward, jubilant and freed.

VALENTINE'S EVE, HAMILTON COLLEGE, 1847.

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## ONE YEAR AGO

## I

The robin seeks the locust tree,  
And builds his new nest skillfully,  
And trills his evening song with glee,  
That should be sad and low.  
The little hands are turned to clay  
That beat the panes with shout so gay,  
Responsive to the robin's lay,  
One tearful year ago.<sup>1</sup>

## II

The crocus shoots up through the mold  
And flaunts its hues of blue and gold,  
Till aching eyelids cannot hold  
Grief's bitter, blinding overflow.

<sup>1</sup> James McAlpine Somerville North, youngest son of Doctor North, died May 10, 1863, aged two years.

Why need the crocus mock our pain  
 With flowers that greet the April rain,  
 When that home joy comes not again  
 That went one year ago?

## III

Sweet hyacinths, ye have forgot  
 The day that never leaves our thought,  
 When coffin wreaths from you were wrought  
 For snow-white, snow-cold brow.  
 Your rising from dark winter's tomb  
 Reminds us of a brighter bloom  
 For that lost flower, whose life-perfume  
 Exhaled one year ago.

Mrs. North died two months prior to the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage. Doctor North had written this anniversary ode before any thought had come to him that it would never be needed :

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

## I

Come back, ye five and twenty years,  
 And all your truthful records bring ;  
 Come back, and whisper in our ears  
 The song our grateful hearts would sing.

## II

Tell us of youth's sweet loves and fears,  
 And sunshine changing fears to joys ;  
 Tell us of virtues nursed by tears,  
 And life relived in girls and boys.

## III

Tell us how winter evenings went  
 With romance, song, and chivalry ;  
 Of summer evenings blithely spent,  
 Reading the rhythms of star-lit sky.



## IV

Tell us of days when wasteful war  
Consumed the country's brave and strong,  
While Faith looked through the discord's jar,  
With prayer that sobbed, "O Lord, how long?"

## V

Tell us of that enchanted isle<sup>1</sup>  
That woos tired workers to its rest,  
And with old Ocean's gladdening smile  
Medicines the pain in Sorrow's breast.

## VI

Tell us how strangest tongues were heard  
When far shores beckoned pilgrim feet,  
Yet everywhere the magic word,  
"America," was music sweet.

## VII

Tell us, ye five and twenty years,  
All that ye know our hearts would say,  
Then add that neither smiles nor tears  
Can half express our prayer to-day.

## VIII

Our prayer that Heaven may kindly send  
Another five and twenty years,  
And that our wedded days may end  
Where joy forgets the need of tears.

During the earlier years of his professorship, Professor North varied the duties of the classroom by lecturing in the lyceum courses, so popular and so universal half a century ago, and by systematic efforts to build up and improve the educational system and methods of the state. His labors in this latter field

<sup>1</sup> Nantucket.

were of the highest educational value, and left an impress not easy to measure.

As his cares and duties multiplied, and his health became impaired, Professor North gradually withdrew from the lecture rostrum, and confined himself to occasional addresses, on special subjects, at teachers' meetings and religious and educational gatherings. He was elected president of the New York State Teachers' Association in 1865, and delivered a memorable address at its twentieth anniversary in that year. He served as chairman of the Executive Committee of the University Convocation of the Regents of the State of New York in 1874 and 1875; and the records of that body contain the evidence of his earnest and patient assistance in plans for promoting the higher education. It was partly in recognition of this service that the Regents bestowed upon him, in 1869, the unusual honorary degree of L.H.D., previously given by the board to but two distinguished men. Doctor North described the circumstances attending the bestowal of this degree in his diary on August 4:

At three o'clock I was summoned to the assembly chamber by a special messenger, and received, in person, from Gulian C. Verplanck, the honorary degree of "Doctor of Literature." It was conferred in Latin by the venerable vice-chancellor, in cap and robe. The Latin form I had myself prepared in the morning, at the request of Doctor Woolworth, not knowing that I was braiding a wreath for my own wearing. Doctor Verplanck is now eighty-seven years old. I told him I considered it the greatest honor of my life to have received such a degree from his hands.

Other honorary degrees, and elections to numerous societies, came to Doctor North at intervals during his life. Madison University bestowed upon him the degree of LL.D. in 1887. He held honorary membership in the

New York Historical Society, the Wisconsin Historical Society, and the Archeological Institute of America; and was a member of the American Philological Association, the Albany Institute, the Oneida Historical Society, and many similar organizations, before which, at one time or another, he delivered lectures or addresses.

Doctor North was elected an elder in the Presbyterian Church of Clinton in 1865, and continued service in this capacity until the day of his death—a record of thirty-eight years, and without equal for length in the history of the church. Nor was it a perfunctory service; the Old Stone Church was very dear to his heart; its successive pastors found in him a true friend and a staunch supporter; he was a regular attendant, rarely missing a communion service, and generally attending the evening service after listening to a morning sermon in the College Chapel. Twice he represented the Utica Presbytery at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in 1870 and in 1876; and he was for many years, from 1870, a trustee of the Auburn Theological Seminary.

He was elected an alumni trustee of Hamilton College in 1881, and shortly afterwards elected by the board a permanent member. Here he rendered services for many years on the executive committee, and was the link that kept the board in touch and sympathy with the faculty and the student body.

In 1871-72 he spent eight months in Athens, as the confidential secretary of the American minister. Some account appears in a subsequent chapter of his experiences and impressions during this single prolonged absence from college duties which he allowed himself in fifty-eight years.

Returning to Clinton in the spring of 1872, he received a warm welcome, the whole college marching in a body to "Halfwayup," where their chosen orator

delivered a speech of welcome. "I can not be indifferent to so much and so sincere good feeling," the professor wrote in a letter describing this reception; and he added this humorous comment on the resumption of one of the college duties for which he always had much distaste :

I have been nineteen hours in Clinton, and have already attended two special meetings of the faculty. I have decided to retain the old epitaph which I prepared for myself some years ago: "Died of faculty meetings." I'm not dead yet, but the epitaph will keep.

Thereafter Doctor North quietly continued his duties, with a steadily increasing responsibility in all the affairs of the college, and a steadily decreasing strength with which to carry it. The last thirty years of his life were much troubled by illness and by sleeplessness. Some of the entries in his diaries make pathetic reference to the difficulties under which his work was carried on :

*June 20, 1871.* — Heard two classes and rode to the village, in spite of illness and weariness and heartsickness. Welcome the dreamless sleep that opens into heaven !

*April 28, 1876.* — Heard the sophomores and freshmen in Greek, with a dismal faculty meeting between.

*May 2, 1876.* — In spite of a sleepless night and sickness to-day, I heard two classes in Greek; and wrote letters all the afternoon.

*May 7, 1876.* — In spite of weariness and faintness, I heard two classes in Greek and worked on the triennial catalogue.

*March 22, 1877.* — Will it be possible to attend the Presbyterian Council, to be held in Edinburgh, July 30, and thus keep the appointment announced in to-day's "Evangelist"? It would compel the first absence from commencement for a period of thirty-four years.

*April 16, 1877.* — Met John Thompson, oldest student of the Hamilton Oneida Academy. Asked him his age. "Eighty-

seven." "You must make it ninety before you go home." "Don't ask me to stay away so long," said John Thompson.

*May 21, 1877.*— Doctor Brown called in the evening, and said we must have a triennial catalogue. Yet commencement is upon us in four weeks! How, then, can I go in Edinburgh!

*December 26, 1877.*— A lost day.

*September 8, 1879.*— Heard the freshmen in the Greek Testament at 8.45, and the juniors in the Agamemnon at eleven. Received a call from my classmate, Elias Flandrau Dean, and went with him to the library, the cemetery, and our class chestnut. This year our class chestnut, which I raised from the seed, has its first crop of chestnuts. It stands between the library hall and the Kirkland Cottage.

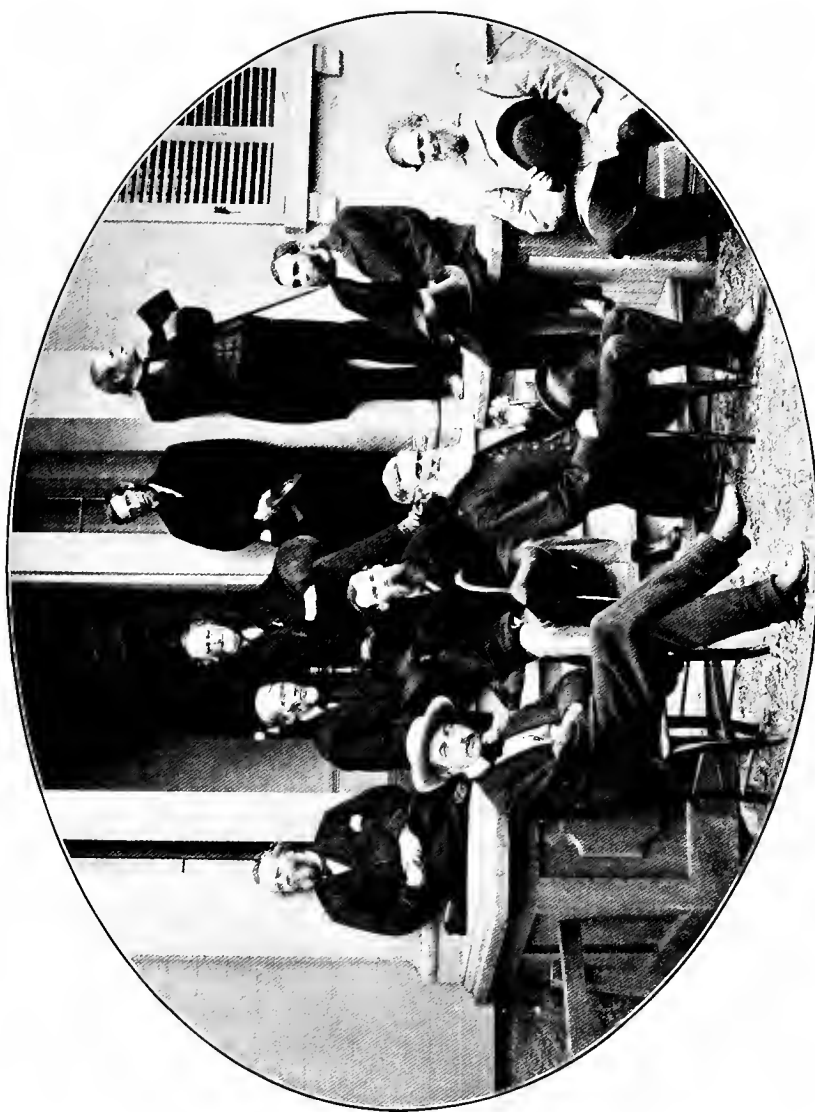
In 1843 the faculty at Hamilton College, to whose number this boyish recruit had been added, consisted besides the president, of Professors Charles Avery, Marcus Catlin, Henry Mandeville, and Tutor Theodore W. Dwight. Professor Oren Root succeeded Professor Catlin in 1849, and Professor Mandeville did not long remain, being succeeded for a short time by James R. Boyd, and in 1849 by Anson Judd Upson. It was a small body of scholars and enthusiasts, knit together by ties that bind closer than kinship. Between them there existed a fraternal relationship that marks a beautiful chapter in the history of Hamilton College. These were days of perfect harmony and sympathetic cooperation in the faculty.

In 1862 Professor William H. McHarg, who relieved Doctor North of the instruction in Latin, leaving him free to devote his whole attention to Greek, came into the faculty; in 1860, Doctor Ellicott Evans, Professor of Law; in 1863, Doctor Nicholas W. Goertner, Professor of Sacred Theology; in 1858, Doctor Christian H. F. Peters, Litchfield Professor of Astronomy; and numerous others at later dates.

From this choice circle of teachers and brothers one after another passed away, leaving Doctor North the sole connecting link between the old Hamilton and the new. As they passed, or afterwards, Doctor North often put in writing his judgment of their character and services. Especially touching is his tribute to Doctor Oren Root, with whom he was associated from 1849 until his death in 1885 — a longer period than with any other colleague in the faculty :

Doctor Oren Root belonged to a brilliant line of distinguished mathematical teachers, who have earned for this college an honorable and wide recognition. Theodore Strong, Marcus Catlin, and Oren Root are cherished names that stand for synonyms of a large share of what is most substantial and durable in the good achievement and good influence of the college during its first eighty years. We think of Professor Strong as an enthusiast in his chosen study, as a teacher who wrought dry symbols into oratory, and who inspired his pupils (so many of them as were inspirable) with something of his own passion for the higher mathematics. Professor Catlin is sculptured to the memory as a serene embodiment of strength, dignity, and duty, whose fires of passion were kept carefully banked, who could put to shame ambitious rhetoricians by compressing their plethoric paragraphs into a few well-chosen monosyllables, who loved his home and his children and his Christian hope and the college with a love that made his too short life beautiful and memorable.

We shall think of Professor Root as a hero who wreathed the sword of severe science with the myrtle of natural history. He was not the less a mathematician because he loved to be where he could hear the pulse of nature throb. He was all the more honored as a mathematician because he allowed there might be a useful place in the world for students who had neither heart nor brains for Newton's "Principia." He dearly loved the college to which he gave



HAMILTON FACULTY, 1869.

Prof. Evans.	Prof. North.	Pres. Brown.	Prof. McHarg.	Prof. Avery.	Prof. Upson.
Prof. Peters.	Prof. E. W. Root.	Dr. Goertner.			Prof. Oren Root.





thirty-five years of faithful, fruitful toil. It was one of the comforts of his last long illness, so uncomplainingly endured, that he was permitted to look out upon the trees he had planted, upon the lawns he had cared for, and to see the familiar red walks thronged with young men, to whom the voices of nature are a discipline not less welcome than the teachings of the classroom and the library.

My friendship with Doctor Root began in the spring of 1836, nearly fifty years ago, when he was doing comprehensive work as a tutor in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and rhetoric. He said to me one Saturday afternoon, when robins were building their nests, "Let us go down the ravine, and find a tree for transplanting." An appeal more potent than that could not have been framed. The tree we selected and planted that afternoon so carefully and lovingly has been swept away, alas! by the tide of later improvements. But the love that was born in the wooded ravine has lived on through all the changes of forty-nine years, and to-day the grave will cover what the poet Horace would call his *dimidium animae*. We have had many pleasant walks and talks together. We seldom had a difference. Whenever we disagreed, he would patiently wait for the fact that would prove he was in the right. This was one of the secrets of his power, his patient waiting for the truth to assert its power. He kept himself in close alliance with the truth, and when the truth prevailed, there was no denying his share in the triumph.

We were alike in our love of trees and birds and rare plants, only he was far more enterprising and aggressive. He was fond of domesticating wild plants. In his plans for doing this, he explored the swamps and hillsides, all the forests and jungles in this and neighboring counties. If nature had a plant or shrub, a tree or bird or rock which she was determined to hide away from curious eyes, Doctor Root gave himself no rest till he had found it out. In his character there was much to admire and win affection. He was always thoughtful and reverent. He had never a jest for

sacred things. He was generous and catholic in his sympathies and tastes.

Doctor Root was a man of eloquence. But it was not the eloquence that wins the applause of listening senates. He keenly enjoyed all forms of beauty and power in forensic and rhetorical expression. He could make a very effective and unanswerable speech when the pressure was on him. But he preferred to express himself in ways more in keeping with his studious habits and tastes. No sermon or poem could be more consummate in its eloquence than the result of his thoughtful skill in classifying facts laboriously collected from distant localities, or in deducing principles and laws from collected facts, or in a sympathetic cooperation with the vital forces of nature in grouping the trees and shrubs and flowers that belong to the lush and tender beauty of a landscape in June.

Thus are passing away, one by one, the workers with whom we have worked in the swift going years, and the tender turf is again upturned for its new enrichment of dust to dust, and a new inscription will tell the record of another life consecrated to the work of enlarging the bounds of human happiness and aiding the reign of virtue and the kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer.

After the resignation of President Henry Darling on April 20, 1891, Doctor North was appointed acting president of Hamilton College — "a most unwelcome office," he wrote in his annalist letter for that year, "from which he hopes for an early release." It is a fact of history within the knowledge of many yet living that Doctor North was very strongly urged, on at least two occasions when there was a vacancy in the college presidency, to accept election to the office. The suggestion was one which he peremptorily declined to consider. He had lived on too intimate terms with the college presidents, and knew too well what they had been called upon to bear and to suffer. Now, as on

the occasion of the previous vacancy in the presidency, he was looked to, by the trustees, to name a successor; and it will readily be understood that this was the most anxious and delicate of all the responsibilities that fell upon him. It involved him in much correspondence, entailed long journeys, and brought many disappointments.

How Doctor North felt about the college, how it had come to be his one absorbing interest in life, was shown in 1864, when there came unexpectedly an invitation to accept the principalship of the State Normal School at Albany, recently vacated by the resignation of Doctor David H. Cochran. The Albany Normal School was then, as now, the most prominent of these institutions in the state, and already well launched upon its successful career. The position of principal carried with it a large increase in salary and great prominence in the educational affairs of the state. In tendering the appointment, Doctor Samuel B. Woolworth, the Secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, wrote: "I think you are the only man in the state whose appointment would be regarded with universal satisfaction."

An offer of this character was flattering to Doctor North; but that it could not even be considered was made evident by his reply, which lets us more fully into his inner life and heart than any other letter he ever wrote, of which I am aware. The major part of it is printed herewith. "I am held down to the soil of College Hill by as many ties as were thrown over Gulliver during his first night among the Lilliputians" was his quaint way of saying that to pull himself up by the roots, to separate his life from the life of Hamilton College, was impossible.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, November 5, 1864.

\* \* \* After passing a couple of sleepless nights over the principalship of the Normal School, I concluded that the

safer part of ambition would be for me to be contented with the assurance (so pleasantly conveyed in your letter, and for which I am sincerely grateful) that I am thought worthy to be the successor of my good friend, Professor Cochran.

I can not begin to tell you how hard it would be for me to leave the spot where I am rooted fast by twenty years of labor and joy and sorrow. I am held down to the soil of College Hill by as many ties as were thrown over Gulliver during his first night among the Lilliputians. Whichever way I turn I feel the drawing of some minute thread of local attachment not seen nor suspected until I fairly faced the question of removing to Albany.

I admit with you that there is much to attract in a residence in Albany, and a wide field of usefulness in the position of Normal School principal. But you remember the epitaph reading: "I was well, I wanted to be better, I took medicine; and here I am." So long as my friends kindly admit that I am useful here, I will try to forego the attractions of a higher position. \* \* \* Again thanking you for the genuine kindness that inspires your letter and makes it a sacred memento of friendship, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

EDWARD NORTH.

In 1893 occurred the fiftieth anniversary of Doctor North's occupancy of the Greek chair at Hamilton College. It was recognized as an occasion of unusual interest, and commemorated in a manner unprecedented in the history of American colleges. The chair which he continued to fill, and which had been previously known as the Dexter professorship and the Edward Robinson professorship, was rechristened by the board of trustees, and it was unanimously ordered that it be henceforth known as the "Edward North Chair of Greek and of Greek Literature," in accordance with the following report of the committee:

The undersigned committee, appointed on the seventeenth day of January, 1893, to recommend to the board some plan for action by them which should appropriately mark the completion of the fiftieth year of service of Doctor Edward North in the faculty, report as follows :

So far as Doctor North is personally concerned, the committee can recommend no method which will adequately convey to him the high appreciation of this board for so exceptional a term of faithful and fruitful toil. In all departments of college work—in the faculty, as a member of the board of trustees, as acting president, the diligent, faithful, untiring friend and supporter of the college in all emergencies—all alike will recognize a debt of obligation to him which no words can express and no act of the trustees can adequately recognize.

In consideration, however, of the fact that during this long term of fifty years, Doctor North has continuously filled the chair of Greek literature, and has shed unusual luster upon that department of college work, the committee recommend that the chair so long and so ably filled by him be henceforth designated and known as the "Edward North Chair of Greek and of Greek Literature," and that this board hereby pledge its best efforts and invite the hearty cooperation of the alumni and friends of the college to the full and complete endowment of this chair in the sum of \$50,000.

If we can not sufficiently honor the professor for his long term of faithful service, we can at least thus perpetuate his memory in connection with his life work, and thus show our appreciation, in the manner most acceptable to him, of his great contribution to the cause of higher education.

THEODORE M. POMEROY,  
JOSEPH R. HAWLEY,  
A. NORTON BROCKWAY,  
*Committee.*

His colleagues of the faculty supplemented this gracious action by adopting resolutions of their own,

which reveal the tender ties that bound them to their senior member.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, June 5, 1893.

As our colleague, Edward North, rounds out with the current term fifty years of service in the faculty of Hamilton College, we rejoice to add our tribute to the universal gratulation.

During these fifty years, his coworkers in the faculty, his pupils in the classroom, the trustees and friends of the college, the gathered teachers of the state, all patrons of learning within widely extended boundaries, have recognized his peculiar fitness for the work to which he, so long ago, was called. The college has gained honor in the honors brought to him. His dwelling on the Attic hills seemed to link our Greek more closely to its Hellenic home.

Sister colleges and the University of the State of New York have recognized his learning in titles of ample form. The associated teachers of the state chose him to lead them as their president. The alumni of the college unanimously made him one of their representatives in the college board of trustees.

Tenderer and sweeter to his heart must be the affectionate regard of the alumni of the fifty classes he has known. By his acquaintance with nearly every one of our now living alumni (1818-93) Doctor North, far more than any other, is in his own person the embodiment of their influence and their spirit.

We pay our tribute to him for his unvarying devotion to the college; for his scholarship, so rich and deep and strong; for the beauty of his written, and the quaintness of his spoken, thought; for his love of nature and his sympathy with all life; for the kindness of his dealings with each and all of us. The silver whitens with the years, and the gold within grows but the more refined.

We make our prayer that the silver and the gold may be living treasures for us and for the college through many a coming year.

As for the undergraduate body, they continued to reveal their affectionate regard for their instructor by the sobriquet which they always applied to him. At what particular period the boys first began calling him "Old Greek," it is impossible to say. It is certain that it was intended as a nickname of affectionate regard, never as one of disrespect. He always accepted it with a whimsical smile; and once he alluded to it at an alumni gathering:

"Some men," he said, "are born Greek; some men achieve Greek; and some men have Greek thrust upon them. I was born a New England Yankee. Whatever success I may have had in achieving Greek, I have had it thrust upon me in its most archaic form as the 'Old Greek!'"

Professor Hopkins, in his tribute to Doctor North in the "Hamiltonian," accompanying a portrait of the professor, relates this anecdote: "Several years ago when that gifted and brilliant lecturer, William Parsons, delivered to a Clinton audience his lecture upon 'Homer,' after being introduced by Professor North, he at once began: 'In bringing this Old Greek before you'—when he was interrupted by a storm of applause. The puzzled lecturer could hardly understand that to the sons of Hamilton his opening words did not suggest

The blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle,

but a more modern poet, teacher, and man of letters. And so we believe that the 'boys,' gray haired as well as young, scattered all over our state and country, will dispense with all titles of dignity as they look upon this face, and exclaim with words not of irreverence, but of affection: 'There's Old Greek!'"

Hence it has seemed a simple matter to find the appropriate title for this memoir.

As the years gathered, and class followed class, Doctor North realized that he was approaching the head of the roll of the Greek professors in American colleges. When he resigned in 1901, he had covered a longer term of service, in the same institution and the same chair, than any other American Greek instructor. In this respect he outstrips all the men associated with the teaching of Greek in this country, Tyler and Felton, Harkness and Hadley, Packard and Kendrick, Tayler Lewis, Boise, and the rest. There must be a peculiar preserving quality in Attic salt; for all these Greek professors were rare and individual, kept pure and sweet, through generations of students.

A memorandum under date of 1890 makes a brief record of the services of certain of his contemporary teachers. "The oldest Greek professor in America," Doctor North wrote, "is Rev. Dr. Asahel C. Kendrick, who has been a teacher of Greek for fifty-nine years in Madison University and Rochester University. Doctor James R. Boise has been fifty years professor of Greek in Brown University, Ann Arbor University, and Morgan Park Seminary in Chicago; Doctor Henry Drisler has been forty-seven years professor of Greek in Columbia University; and Doctor William S. Tyler fifty-three years in Amherst College."

The question whether Doctor North's service as a Greek professor was the longest yet rendered in a single American institution, may be open to some doubt. He was elected in December, 1843, and completed fifty-seven years of service in December, 1900, entering upon his last term of instruction in 1901, his resignation taking effect in the fall of that year. So that when he speaks of a service of fifty-seven years, in his letter of resignation, he understates the length by a year, if one reckons to the time of his resignation, and by a college term, if one counts only actual service.



The terms of service which most closely approach this record are those of Professor William Seymour Tyler of Amherst, Professor Packard of Bowdoin College, and Professor Asahel C. Kendrick of Rochester University. Professor Tyler, who died November 19, 1897, at the age of eighty-seven, began teaching Greek in 1836, and was made Professor Emeritus in 1893—a record of fifty-seven years. Professor Packard of Bowdoin became professor of Latin and Greek in 1824, and continued to teach until his death, sixty years later; but in 1864 he became professor of natural and revealed religion, giving over his language work altogether to another instructor. Doctor Kendrick's career began in 1831, and his name was carried in the catalogues of Rochester University until his death in 1895; but for several years, from 1888 in fact, his name was starred as "not giving instruction," so that his length of service (in two universities) was fifty-seven years. The closest parallel, then, is that between Doctor North and Doctor Packard. But all of these four careers run so close together in duration, that they may be regarded as alike in length. Doctor North was a warm friend and occasional correspondent of these contemporaries. If any name of veteran "Greekist" which ought to have been included in this record has been omitted, it is an oversight of ignorance. Professor North's memorandum of 1890 was supplemented in 1901, about the time of his resignation, by the following tribute to the contemporary Greek professors who furnished the textbooks of which he had made chief use in his long career :

When I began my work as a teacher of Greek fifty-seven years ago, there were ten Greek professors who were a living inspiration for what is best in classical scholarship; and their memory is a living inspiration now that they have gone to the

honored rest that awaits all competent and faithful teachers. Professor Packard was then the Greek professor in Bowdoin College, and we used his edition of Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. Later we used the edition of Professor Robbins of Middlebury College. We also read the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, with notes good, bad, and indifferent, by Professor C. C. Felton of Harvard College. We read the *Antigone* of Sophocles with notes, few and trustworthy, by Doctor Woolsey of Yale College, and the *Iliad* of Homer with no end of notes by Charles Anthon of Columbia College, and with Liddell and Scott's *Lexicon*, edited by Professor Drisler of Columbia College. We read Homer's *Odyssey* with notes by Professor Owen of the City College of New York. We also read the *Œdipus Tyrannus* with notes by Howard Crosby, and Plato's *Laws* with notes by Doctor Tayler Lewis of Union College, whose extreme deafness compelled each junior to recite with chalk, on the blackboard; and Doctor Asahel Clark Kendrick, our own graduate, was a personal friend, whose friendship was a wealth of good inspiration. These ten Greek professors have all finished their teaching, yet are still living in the lives of thousands to whom their teaching is a sacred inheritance.

In 1901 Professor North tendered his resignation in the following brief letter:

CLINTON, November 16, 1901.

PRESIDENT M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, D.D.

*My dear Sir:* I hereby resign the professorship of Greek in Hamilton College, and I ask that this resignation may take effect at the close of the current term, when I shall have completed fifty-seven years in the service of the college, under five successive presidents. Rejoicing in all that brings joy to the college, and with hearty good wishes for all its officers, alumni, and students, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD NORTH.

At the meeting of the trustees at which this letter was read, and the resignation accepted, Hon. Theodore M.



DEPARTMENT OF

Greek Language and Literature,

HAMILTON COLLEGE,

Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y.

Nov. 16. 1901.

President M. Woolsey Stryker, D.D.

My Dear Sir.

I hereby resign the  
Professorship of Greek in  
Hamilton College, and I ask  
that this resignation may take  
effect at the close of the <sup>current</sup> ~~present~~  
term, when I shall have completed  
fifty seven years in the service of  
the College. under five successive  
Presidents.

Rejoicing in all that brings joy to  
the College, and with hearty good  
wishes for all its officers, <sup>alumni</sup> and  
students, I remain

Yours Very Sincerely,

Edward North.



Pomeroy was chosen to write to Doctor North a letter expressive of the board's appreciation of his services, to be spread upon the official minutes. The letter is a tender and touching record of the feeling of the members of the board of trustees for the professor "whose heart has never failed, whose faith has never faltered."

AUBURN, N.Y., November 21, 1901.

PROFESSOR EDWARD NORTH, LL.D., L.H.D.,  
Hamilton College.

*My dear Professor:* At a meeting of the board of trustees of Hamilton College, held on the 19th inst., President Stryker presented your resignation of the chair of Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, to take effect with the close of the present college term, and completing a continuous service as such Professor of fifty-seven years.

It was with a sorrow chastened with gratitude to a kind Providence who has given to our loved college such an unexampled term of illustrious service, that the board felt compelled to accept such resignation, coupled with your appointment as Emeritus Professor.

Beyond the official action which will be officially communicated to you by the secretary, I was requested in the name of the board, to present to you and to have placed upon the minutes of the meeting, an expression of their most loving appreciation of your life work, and of their boundless gratitude to you for the consecration of such a life to Hamilton College.

Most of the board are Hamilton alumni, and during your long term of service, have received from you the best culture possible to them, in the highest standard of classical literature, the old Greek, which you have loved and taught so well, and they most keenly feel what this sundering of your active work in the classical course of the college means. All alike, however, recognize that the honored national distinction which you have won and long borne as a scholar in the highest department of classical learning, has contributed most largely to the good reputation which Hamilton has maintained among

her sister colleges. The pride of the undergraduates in your acknowledged leadership in your department, and the affection won from them by the magnetism of your high character, and your kind consideration for them, have been an ever present inspiration to the best scholarship and the highest manhood. No word less than love can designate the regard held toward you by two generations of graduates, comprising practically the whole living body of our alumni.

It is earnestly desired by the trustees, that continuing your union with us as a member of this board, you will accept the chair of Emeritus Professor, and that the loving tie that binds us all, trustees, faculty, graduates and undergraduates, to you, and which has so long bound you to our college, shall not be dissolved until the evening of your life shall have melted into the morning of that better and endless day, to enter into which is the highest human aspiration.

All departments of the college know, and you must feel, how heavily the college has leaned upon you during many years, and especially when the chair of the President has been vacant and the duties of that office have been laid upon you. When the trustees have groaned over an empty treasury, and an apparent apathy of the alumni and of the public has rested like a cloud upon College Hill, with its depressing influence upon the faculty and undergraduates, your heart has never failed, your faith has never faltered, and with cheerful courage born of a high conviction of duty, you have looked and led toward that brighter future which is to-day. Present happy conditions are largely the creation of that courageous leadership. A president of your own nomination has assumed and is filling the full measure of that high office. Public attention was never so generously directed to the college. Enthusiasm has been kindled in the hearts of the alumni as never before, and no cloud obscures the sunshine upon the lovely home of the largest and best body of undergraduates the college has ever known.

As we enter upon the new century in perfect security of the present and in an ardent faith in a broader and higher life for

our college in the future, a generous gratitude abides for you, and for all who have labored with you to make present conditions possible and future probabilities so bright and cheering. Others with hands sufficiently strong and hearts sufficiently warm and generous, will bear all burdens now, and they welcome you to your well-earned rest.

The memory of the past will furnish a pleasing retrospect; you may enjoy the present in perfect serenity; and "at the evening time there shall be light," from the golden sunset of a perfectly rounded Christian life.

In behalf of the board of trustees,

Yours most truly and affectionately,

THEODORE M. POMEROY,

*Committee.*

In the June following his resignation Doctor North's failing strength was further impaired by an illness from which he never recovered, and which confined him to his house and his bedroom for fourteen months, until his death on the morning of September 13, 1903.

That long and weary waiting for the time to "go home" was filled with daily evidences of the patience, the gentleness, and the serenity of soul, which never deserted him. It was crowded also with proofs of the tender love and solicitude of his friends and neighbors. From among the many tributes elicited by Doctor North's death, there are preserved here the minute of the faculty, and the memorial of the board of trustees.

#### MINUTE OF THE FACULTY

The faculty enters upon its records this minute of respect to Professor Edward North, who was for fifty-seven years an active member of this body, who was for a time its presiding officer, and for many years its senior member.

We cherish the memory of one whose devotion to the college has been an inspiration to the generations of instructors

and students with whom and for whom he labored. To many members of the faculty he had been an honored preceptor ; to all he was a colleague whose ripe judgment rendered him a trusted counselor and whose courteous regard for all his associates made companionship with him a pleasure. In his career we recognize the working out of a steadfast purpose to upbuild the college by a wise and large use of the teacher's office. We honor his life as a noble example of scholarship and culture unselfishly devoted to the highest ends, an example which has dignified the calling to which he gave himself, and the college which he served.

#### MEMORIAL OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

To render in words a fitting tribute to the memory of our late associate, Professor Edward North, would require the inimitable command of language which he himself so preeminently possessed, and which so charmed all who listened to him or read his written words. The man and his language were most fittingly united — each unique and *sui generis*. Into each there seemed to run the smooth and musical rhythm of the old Greek poetry which he loved and knew so well. His training and inclination led him naturally and easily into the line of life which he chose to lead, and which he followed so faithfully, unobtrusively, and successfully for over threescore years. His devotion to the college, his kindly ways and fatherly attention to its students, can never be forgotten by those who had the benefit of his instruction. All his energies were enlisted in his work with no seeming ambition beyond success in that work. Fortunate indeed has it been for Hamilton College that such a life has grown into it and left its lasting impress. Its nature and example drew towards it the affection of faculty and students, giving lasting tone and character to the college and its work. Nothing tending to the welfare of the college, its students or its alumni, escaped the attention of Doctor North. He gave particular attention to matters of detail ; seemed intuitively to grasp the character and needs of each individual student, and to remember and keep track of him throughout his after life. As a member of this board this attention to details of college



needs and management was particularly manifest and useful. Nothing escaped his notice. All was done in quiet, unassuming, and unobtrusive ways, productive of desired results, without antagonism. Yet when he thought there was need, he could take bold stand and be determined, pronounced, and aggressive, but never offensive.

Blest was the college to have for so many years the love and labor of such a man—one that so “loved his fellow-men.” He lived to the full accomplishment of his chosen work, and in the home he loved so well he passed in quiet the close of a long, well-rounded life, and in the passing his friends could hopefully say

Softly, oh! softly, the years have swept by thee,  
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care:  
Sorrows and care did they often bring nigh thee,  
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear,  
Growing old gracefully,  
Gracefully fair.

How well can we apply to him the concluding words of Tacitus in his remarkable memorial to his friend Agricola:

“If in another world there is a pious mansion for the blessed: if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul is not extinguished with the body: may you enjoy a state of eternal felicity! From that station exalt our minds from fond regrets and unavailing griefs to the contemplation of your virtues. These we must not lament; it were impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and, if our frail condition will permit to emulate your bright example, will be the truest mark of our respect, the best tribute your family can offer. The soul is formed of finer elements, and its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All that gained our love and raised our admiration still subsists, and will ever subsist preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages, and the records of fame.”

GEORGE M. DIVEN.

THEODORE M. POMEROY.

Doctor North's life passed out amid the quiet scenes and the green trees amidst which it had been so beautifully and serenely lived. He was borne by neighbors and friends to the college cemetery he so dearly loved, and to the development of which he had devoted so much tender care. Thus was fulfilled the wish expressed in one of his earlier sonnets :

I WOULD BE BURIED

Not where a marble wilderness  
Of spires that spurn the ivy trees,  
And seem with weary might to press  
The under-sleeping dead ;  
Nor where the gay and idle meet  
And mock the grief of those whose feet  
Obedient move to memories sweet,  
Would I be buried.

But where the walls are hushed and green,  
Where the turfed graves have trees between,  
And song birds choose the hallowed scene  
To build their nests and wed :  
Where mourners come at twilight time,  
To wet with tears the chiseled rhyme,  
And spirits stoop from the upper clime,  
I would be buried.

This epitome of Doctor North's life may appropriately close with his own impressive summary of the life worth living, written on his eightieth birthday :

At eighty years, what is life's dearest prize ?  
Not landscapes' shifting wealth of light and gloom,  
Not trees that whisper hints of Paradise,  
Not tender flowers that breathe delight's perfume,  
Not music's medicine for slander's gall,  
Not Attic lore with ageless wisdom fraught,

Not travel's panoramic festival,  
Not letters sweet from far-off homesteads brought,  
Not history's crowded scenes of war and gore,  
Not drama's resurrected life and show ;  
But hopes to meet dear, lost ones gone before,  
With faith that Christ's own arm will strength bestow  
When earthly scenes fade from the mortal view  
And hopes of sinless, endless joys come true.

Among Doctor North's papers was found an epitaph  
"written for myself," which carries a charming play  
upon words and a sublime thought in a single  
couplet :

Who spent his last days in translating dead lore,  
Death now has translated where death reigns no more.

## CHAPTER IV

### SOJOURN IN GREECE

SECRETARY TO MINISTER FRANCIS IN ATHENS — ACTING CONSUL AT PIRÆUS — A LAY SERMON — PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN ATHENS — THE MODERN GREEK — IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREEK PEOPLE — KING GEORGE AND HIS NEW YEAR'S BALL — THE WINGLESS VICTORY.

IN 1871, Hon. John M. Francis of Troy, New York, was appointed by President Grant, United States Minister to Greece, and he invited Professor North to accompany him, as his secretary of legation. The invitation was tendered as a recognition of Doctor North's Greek scholarship, and in the belief that his knowledge of the ancient language and literature would prove of practical service in the transaction of the business of the legation in the modern vernacular. With some misgiving, and after much persuasion, Doctor North accepted the invitation. It involved the single prolonged absence from the college which occurred in Doctor North's career; and it appears from his correspondence that he was homesick for "Halfwayup" and the college every minute of his sojourn abroad. But it was a delightful and fruitful episode in his life, broadening his outlook, bringing him into personal touch with the themes and scenes of his life studies, leading to many delightful friendships, and creating new inspiration for the study and teaching of Greek. Some of his personal impressions of modern Greece were embodied in his later lectures on "The New

Hellas," "Modern Greek Journalism," and "King George and his New Year's Ball."

Writing home, he described his feelings on the soft and beautiful morning in November when he arose at six o'clock to see Piræus in sight from the steamer's deck. "Thrills of joy went through my heart at the sight of the dear mountains that overlook the city of Minerva."

There followed eight months of busy activity, frequently interspersed by expeditions to points of historic interest. Once he wrote home :

We are using four languages at the legation, Greek, French, German, English, and in a few weeks shall be ready to take a contract for completing the tower of Babel.

An unanticipated experience was a service of several months as acting consul for the United States at Piræus, on appointment of Minister Francis. On December 23, 1871, he wrote home :

I have spent the better part of this week in the service of the United States, taking an inventory of property belonging to the consulate at Piræus, learning the ropes, and preparing dispatches for Washington. It is a new life, and may bring good to me, if not to the government. The consular office is at Piræus, five miles from Athens, by the only railroad that Greece can boast. I shall be obliged to go often to the office, but my home will be at the American legation. Another kind of work is thrust upon me. I have already officiated at a Thanksgiving service and at a funeral. Next Monday I am to preach a Christmas sermon. I cannot explain how all this comes to pass. For there are three ordained missionaries here, and it would seem as if I might be spared to look after the consulate and the Greek antiquities. I have still good health to be thankful for, and the weather is again soft and beautiful.

The Christmas sermon, or "homily," here alluded to was the only sermon Doctor North ever wrote, and as

it was written and spoken in Athens, and found its theme in one of the sublimest conceptions of Greek tragedy, it seems worth while to reproduce it here. It was printed in full, in the modern Greek, by the "Daily Amaryna" of Athens, which editorially described it as "the homily of the reverence-worthy and Greek-loving Professor North."

#### A CHRISTMAS SERMON

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. —  
Matthew ii : 10.

About five hundred years before that happy birthday which calls us together this morning, a notable Greek tragedy was brought out in the new theater of Bacchus, lying upon the sharp southeastern slope of the Acropolis, in the presence of thirty thousand spectators. That tragedy exhibited the human race delivered from ignorance, poverty, and wretchedness by the gift of fire. The hero of the tragedy was the fire-bringer and philanthropist who snatched from the blazing chariot of the sun, as it coursed down the heaven, a spark of that most serviceable and comforting element, which until that time the gods alone had controlled. When Zeus, the monarch of Olympus, sees this theft of fire from heaven, he is seized with ungovernable rage. At his command appears Vulcan with his two giant servants — Strength and Force. The fire-bringer is immediately seized, bound in chains, and borne to the icy and desolate crags of Caucasus, his limbs are fettered to the high, steep rocks; he is subjected to cruel tortures and the gibes of angry insolence; a fierce eagle is sent to prey upon the vitals of the suffering man; his body, covered with wounds, bends under the lightning and storms. At last he is left, wearied and alone, in the pathless and voiceless desert, that he may be subdued by his terrible sufferings. But the courageous spirit of the fire-bringer and philanthropist is unbroken by all this.

There is such a moral sublimity in this delineation of per-

severance in doing good to others that we may not withhold our highest admiration. But our wonder is increased when we perceive the ethical significance of the tragedy. By Æschylus the purloiner of the fire is called "Prometheus," or "the fore-thinker." The stolen fire, releasing man from ignorance and saving him from the fall into utter degradation, is a type of that keen, quick intellect which solves the enigmas of our mysterious being and reveals the secrets of nature. Symbolically he represents that sharp-sighted, industrious frame of mind which reduces the elements to the service of man; that profound science and Promethean forethought which prolongs and sweetens life, removing its annoyances; that love for the beautiful in art which adorns our pathway leading down to the grave through anthems of sculpture and paintings, poetry and music.

The fire of Prometheus was a priceless gift to man. It brought him an untried pleasure and the highest good. It gave the greatest possible development to all his physical and mental powers. It established the theater, fruitful of images of beauty so perfectly imitated that they might deceive the sight of man, bird, or beast. It cut out, as it were, living statues from the quarries of Pentele. It built temples, afterwards overthrown by the barbarians, and now moss-covered ruins, in part the model, in part the despair, of the architect to-day. It created the dramatic spectacles which made Athens the center of the civilized world, and poured into her treasuries rivers of gold from surrounding nations.

Yet there was still a want unsatisfied. Life was lengthened, beautified, adorned with glorious deeds; but "it is not all of life to live." Death, unavoidable, remained. Death must come in at last. And alas! "it is not all of death to die." The soul knew its own sinfulness. And when wealth and art had accomplished all they could for pleasure, the soul was still tormented and harassed by a fearful expectation of a dread something after death; the fire of Prometheus could never purify the soul stained with guilt and sin. Nor did it perceive a single ray of consolation lighting up the

transmigration of the soul to that mysterious realm, where each must dwell in the silent halls of the dead. It laid no firm foundation for that cheering hope which inspired Paul when he exulted, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

You all have seen those monumental stones recently disclosed in the Ceramicus. There are painful separations engraved upon them; weeping Rachels, who will not be comforted; faces marked with bitter and inconsolable grief; hands clasped in the long, sad farewell; figures of despair upon the banks of the dread river Acheron.

We look upon a different picture, and we recognize the surpassing hope in Christ when we enter those old catacombs of Rome, where, it is said, the passages have been excavated for many miles, and hundreds of Christian burial-places have been discovered. Careful investigation discovers there the most moderate and self-contained exhibitions of grief upon the tombs of the martyrs, who, in life, were hunted down like wild beasts, and secretly inhumed in those dark crypts. If grief is expressed at all, the expression manifests, in the midst of emotion, submission to the will of God. Those Roman catacombs were known to early Christians as "cemeteries," sleeping-rooms. When the body was laid away, it was said that it was placed there "that it may be raised again, when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead." Upon the tomb of a dead saint was written, "He sleeps in Christ, that he may rise from the dead when the last trump shall sound."

Without Christ, the clouds of death have no silver lining. The wise men of the East had all the knowledge, all the mental power that the forethought of Æschylus could provide, and yet they were praying and looking and hoping for something better. They knew the prophecies, and "when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." In the coming of Christ was announced to them a hope of deliverance from the stain, the servitude, and the works of sin. The death and resurrection of Christ secured these



through His own victory over the great enemy. No longer need they tremble through fear of weakness, age, and death. The birth of Christ was announced by a star, the constant emblem of all that is holiest, purest, and nearest to heaven. That star was a "star in the East," a rising star, to signify the dawn of a new life in the soul, a new splendor in the history of the world, when men should be judged according to the highest measure of their real worth. Why do we so seldom describe our Saviour as possessed of a fluent tongue and a brilliant intellect? We know that His was a surpassing eloquence, emptying entire districts, and drawing the populace after Him into the deserts. We know that His bitter scorn withered whatever it fell upon. We know that mere words can no more set forth the intellectual greatness of Christ than figures can reveal to us the outposts of eternity. Why do we not inquire further about Him, as about the Wonderful Counselor? Simply because His infinite goodness and holiness first seize upon our thoughts, and compel us to love and worship. As an ethical example, the life of Christ teaches us with a certain, swift power, not easily to be resisted. Christian heartwork is better than Promethean headwork. The labor of the intellect emits a chill, wintry light like that of the moon upon a field of snow; it points out the path of duty, but has little power to allure any to walk therein. Heartwork brings not only light, but warmth as well; it quickens the growth of the flowers and perfects the ripe fruits of a holy life. Headwork knows how to gild the apples of Sodom with gaudy tints; it can cheat the soul with bright visions of success so long as life lights the lamp for pleasure. But when the night of adversity comes, when the false friends of summer have vanished, then all the allies of the unhallowed philosophy of Prometheus desert their post and leave the defenseless soul an easy prey to its enemies.

Many illustrious men have run the course of intellectual greatness, proving that all such glory is nothing but a jest and a vapor compared with the cloudless light of the soul resting upon Christ.

Many of us have come together to-day under a foreign sky, surrounded by circumstances wholly different from the sights and sounds of Christmas time in England or America. Memory is very busy to-day recalling the friends and the joys of other days and other climes. The Parthenon is no less beautiful to-day, if fancy can adorn it with the frieze of Phidias amid the sharp blasts of a northern winter. Christ becomes dearer to us when we remember that He shelters all, that for all the children of Adam He is a Saviour.

In the midst of a people dear to us for the splendor of its history, of a people "whose land from plain to mountain top was the home of freedom and the grave of glory," we declare the lofty hymns which the bells of Christmas time bring back to us :

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

On Christmas Eve, 1842, a noble and zealous missionary (Doctor Hill) chanced to be going from Syros to Athens. The steamer was to reach the Piræus that same night. But the vessel was obliged to go into quarantine with all on board. That he might escape the quarantine the missionary asked permission to attach his little boat to the stern of the steamer. He took with him a pair of oars, placed all his baggage in the

boat, and, favored by a calm sea and a clear sky, his heart warmed with happy thoughts of wife and little ones, he watched the pure stars through all that long cold night, following the track of the tainted vessel. At dawn the Piræus was in sight. Casting off the rope by which his little boat was attached to the steamer, and plying his oars with a will, he reached the shore, and the brave missionary, "rejoicing with exceeding great joy," reached his home in Athens on Christmas Day. Forever blessed be that day which leads the traveler to his home, which bids the yule log sing its cheerful song, which stops awhile the noise of labor, and opens the heart to deeds of charity; which quickens the blood in the veins of age, garrulous of younger days; which makes the eyes of expectant children dance for joy; which recalls the touch of vanished hands and the music of silenced voices; which unites in one the men of every clime and race and tongue in the strong Christian bond of a good hope and exceeding great joy.

Here is an extract from one of his letters home which tells a little of his personal experience:

I find that a Greek winter is likely to have all the vices with few of the virtues of a winter in central New York. In November the weather was warm and most delightful. Now it is fickle and trying. The winds come down like roaring wolves from the mother hills, chilling and killing any Annabel Lee that may chance to be in their path. Greek houses are not built for comfort. It is astonishing how much perverted ingenuity a Greek will display in making a stove. It is most maliciously contrived to monopolize your attention and care, which is rewarded with the smallest amount of heat and comfort. If Talleyrand's statement is true that language was invented to conceal thought, it is equally true that a Greek stove was invented to conceal caloric. I am now sitting by an ambitious parlor stove, so walled about with massive brickwork that it looks like a mausoleum of dead and buried comfort. Yet the fire in it

is fragrant with most classic suggestion. It is made of crooked olive roots and gnarled olive billets that are—if we are to believe the guidebooks—old enough to have been seen by Plato and Paul. Shortsighted Socrates on his way to the Academy, and preoccupied with a new network of metaphysical questions, may have “stubbed his toe” over that humpbacked olive root that now sings to me so serenely in that fireplace that looks like the mouth of the great brick oven in which my blessed mother baked her Connecticut election cake about the time when these Greeks threw off the yoke of Turkish despotism. Wood is very scarce and dear; though green. Any day one may see donkeys in the streets of Athens laden with bundles of thyme and other shrubs that are dug up on the barren hillsides and sold for fuel in the market. If an old olive tree dies, every fragment of its roots is carefully dug up and sold for fuel.

Much of Doctor North’s time, while in Athens, was employed in translating the diplomatic correspondence of the legation; and in this work his thorough acquaintance with the French language stood him in good stead. But he found it necessary also to familiarize himself with the modern Greek pronunciation and idiom. This extract from his journal describes one of his experiences :

*Athens, December 6, 1871.*—I went by previous appointment to the house of Mr. Constantine, where I met Rev. Dionysus Latos, a distinguished Greek preacher, aged about forty-five, educated partly in Germany. He has spent six months in England, and speaks English lamely. In his own tongue he is eloquent. We talked about the modern pronunciation of Greek. He wished me to read a passage from Homer after the Erasmian style. I scanned the first paragraph in the Iliad as well as I knew how. He declared with energy that Homer never recited in that way, and gave the same lines with the modern pronunciation. I am bound to confess that his scanning was far more musical than mine. Yet he agreed



EDWARD NORTH IN THE 50'S.



with me that the modern Greeks had fallen from their ancient grace in losing the force of the aspirate, and in losing the distinction between  $\omicron$  and  $\omega$ . He declared that the Erasmian method could not be right, and Greek scholars ought to unite on the modern pronunciation, as a convenient and practical point for harmony.

After his return to the United States, Doctor North, in one of his lectures, wrote again upon this subject :

If an American is to use his Greek as a medium of oral intercourse with modern Athenians, he has no alternative but to accept their pronunciation, and make the best of it. You may ask them where is the good of retaining the breathings, as they are retained, when they are never recognized in speaking ; you may ask them where is the good of two  $\omicron$ 's, *omicron* and *omega*, when they are sounded precisely alike ; you may ask them where is the good of half a dozen forms for expressing the sound of  $\eta\tau\alpha$  ; you may ask where was the authority for rewriting Homer's Iliad, in order to bring it into subjection to the current pronunciation ; you may ask other questions that seem to you to be equally pertinent. Your questions will be laughed at by the modern Athenians. They have possession of the spoken language of Demosthenes by the right of inheritance, and possession is nine points of the *norma loquendi*, as well as the law of real estate. \* \* \* Language is a growth. A language is not built like a locomotive ; nor can its mysteries be solved like a problem in mathematics.

During this brief sojourn in Athens, Doctor North cemented many friendships which brought him much pleasure in later years. One of these was with Doctor Henry Schliemann, the German archeologist. The following extracts from his journal contain some interesting reminiscences of this famous and remarkable man :

*Athens, December 18, 1871.* — The day was pinchingly cold. The mountains about Athens — Hymettus, Parnes, and Penteli-

cus—are still white with snow. In the P.M. I called upon Henry Schliemann, a German archeologist, who for the love of Greek and Greek lore makes his home in Athens. His house is as beautiful as any in the city, and only lacks a cosy warming to make it complete. Mr. Schliemann was many years a merchant in St. Petersburg and then mastered the Greek language without a teacher. He removed to the United States; was naturalized in New York, and his framed certificate of American citizenship decorates the wall of his study. His property is invested in American bonds and stocks, and his love for the land of his adoption is only equaled by his affection for Greece and his young Greek wife, to whom he introduced me, as one who could talk in Greek and French.

Henry Schliemann lately returned from ancient Troy, where he made most fruitful excavations with the consent of the Sultan of Turkey. He brought home a large number of antique vases and inscriptions and reliques, that gave him material for learned speculations that will be of the highest value and interest. He has already published a valuable work on the antiquities of Corfu, Ithaca, and the Peloponnesus.

*Athens, January 15, 1872.*—Dined with Henry Schliemann, and spent the evening with him, reading the “Agamemnon” of Æschylus. He has a well-selected library of Greek authors, all richly bound, and he studies them with genuine enthusiasm. He says he reads Homer every night in his bed. His wife is heartily with him in love for Homer. At the dinner table, she repeated the Greek of Ulysses’s address to Nausicaa in the Odyssey, and Mr. Schliemann translated the passage into English with the greatest enthusiasm. Such impassioned, one-minded devotion to Homer on the part of man and wife is very beautiful.

In one of his later lectures Doctor North paid this fine tribute to Doctor Schliemann and his wife:

Among men of foreign birth, no one has done more for the honor and the spread of our mother tongue than Doctor Henry Schliemann. His name recalls many hospitable courtesies and



memorable winter evenings most charmingly spent with him over the pages of Homer and Æschylus, and Sophocles and Herodotus and Theocritus. A wonderful archeologist is this Doctor Henry Schliemann. His costly home at Athens, between the University and the king's palace, is a crowded repository of precious relics from Troy and Mycenæ that make it, to the scholars of all lands and languages, a center of most absorbing interest.

His busy life, as he tells it to his friends, reads like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights." Born in Germany, without even a pewter spoon in his mouth ; trained by travel and Russian experience to large business ventures ; naturalized in America, and wresting from California traders the magic art of transmuting enterprise into gold ; polished and petted in Paris ; lionized by the haughtiest lions of London ; married and domesticated in Athens, he has made his career equally splendid as a money-getter, as a restless traveler, and as an antiquarian explorer, always ready, like another Cæsar, to record by night whatever the day discovers, as a master of twenty languages, conquered during half-hours snatched from business or from sleep, and enthroning English, pure and undefiled, as the queen of modern tongues.

All that money can do for Homer and archeology is sure to be done by Doctor Schliemann. But millions of money would have left him only half successful, without that Teutonic enthusiasm, that Russian endurance, that American grit and courage, that Scottish passion for the higher learning, that English self-poise, that French suaveness and courtesy, that Greek quickness and love of glory, which are strikingly blended in his cosmopolitan character.

Doctor Schliemann loves the language of Shakespeare, and is proud of his American citizenship. His portrait of Lincoln hangs beside that of Homer. His large investments are made in American securities. Lord Macaulay's illogical croaking would never disturb Doctor Schliemann's faith in our republic's brilliant future. If his life is spared, he will one day revisit the land of his adoption.

The newspapers print most extravagant yarns about Doctor Schliemann's Greek wife. It is true that he followed a custom often observed by the Greeks, and selected his Maid of Athens by a photograph.

But, before he took the next step, he made himself sure that her winning face was the index to a beautiful soul. Her intellectual culture began with her marriage, and each year she conquers a new language as a new bond of union to her polylingual husband. She shared with him all hardships and dangers among treacherous Turks at Hissarlik. They are very domestic. They love each other to the verge of idolatry. They name their children after the heroes and heroines of the Iliad. They believe in Homer as devoutly as any Mussulman believes in the Koran, or any Chinaman in Confucius. To them Agamemnon and Priam are historical verities, as much so as Abraham and Moses are to you and me. When one of their guests, at a quiet dinner party, referred to Homer's faultless picture of wedded happiness, in a home where husband and wife are one-minded and one-hearted, and they themselves best know how good it is, Mrs. Schliemann, at the head of the table, repeated the original hexameters with a tender cadence that brought tears of delight to more eyes than two.

As revealing in some degree the impressions made upon this lifelong student of classic Greece and its literature, by his brief sojourn in the modern Athens, the following extracts are taken from Doctor North's lecture, entitled "King George and his New Year's Ball" — a lecture which he read many times before college classes after his return. Altogether characteristic is this account of the professor's introduction to the King of Greece :

Then looking behind the American minister, with just a suspicion of fun in his bright eyes and kindly dimples, the King asked if that was the Greek professor. The Greek professor was not there to deny his identity, what there was of it, or to

repudiate his Greek, such as it was. He thanked His Majesty for the honor of an introduction. His Majesty then asked if this was the Greek professor's first visit to Athens. Here was a splendid opening for a few brilliant remarks. The Greek professor might have replied that many years before, in fact before His Majesty had cut his eyeteeth or developed the witchery of dainty dimples, he had made several inexpensive aerial trips to the birthplace of dactyls and spondees, and that he had dreamed many a beautiful dream in the shadows of the Parthenon, the Museum, and the matchless Olympieum. That reply is suppressed. It was too vague, ambitious, and indirect for a Greek professor, conversing for the first time and the last time with the King of the Greeks.

The King next asked if there was any marked difference between the ancient and the modern Greek. The Greek professor was now at home. He had been asked that same conundrum fifty times, on either side of the Atlantic. In fact he had a dry old lecture in America that would have made it entirely needless for King George to ask that question. But time was on the wing. His Majesty graciously accepted an off-hand reply as all sufficient for a New Year's ball, and passed on to talk of something else with the *chargé* from Sweden. \* \* \*

While returning from the palace we wondered among ourselves how it came to pass that a New Year's invitation from the King of the Greeks, himself a son of the King of Denmark, brother-in-law to the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Russia, should have been sent out in the language of the dethroned and exiled Bourbons of France. Our wonder was still greater when we passed the Arsakion, a large female college, richly endowed by Greek munificence, where six hundred Greek girls are preparing for the high position of wives and mothers to a new race of regenerated Greeks, who glory as much in their language as in their descent from the comrades of Leonidas and Themistocles.

This wonder was in no degree lessened by our distant view of the Acropolis, that heart of Athens, as Athens is the heart of Greece, whose glory haunts the Athenian wherever he goes, like

a sleepless omnipresence, and bids him never to surrender his faith that the star of empire will one day return and stand over the Wingless Victory; that the destiny of Hellenism is to Hellenize that vast territory, inhabited by millions of Greeks, still in thralldom to an alien and detested tyranny.

Our wonder suddenly grew to the dimensions of an amazement, when we passed the grand National University, with its colossal statue of the poet Rhigas of Pheræ before it making a white fissure in the darkness, a free university still more richly endowed than the Arsakion, where twelve hundred students from all parts of Greece are aided by fifty professors and a hundred thousand books, in preparing to construct the Corinthian columns of a new Greek literature, even as the architects of Baron Sina, hard by the University, are chiseling from Pentelic marble a new temple to Wingless Victory.

If a New Year's invitation, couched in the glib phrases of Rousseau and Voltaire, could be sent down to the proud and passionate Æschylus, wouldn't he call it a barbarian indignity? Wouldn't he make Hades ring with the frenzied outcry of his own Cassandra?

Ὅτοτοτοτοῖ πόποι δᾶ,  
 Ἄπολλον, Ἄπολλον,  
 Ἀγνιδτ' ἀπόλλων ἐμός.  
 Ἀπώλεσας γὰρ οὐ μύλις τὸ δεύτερον.

Woe upon woe, ah, welladay,  
 Apollo, Apollo,  
 Wayside God, destroyer mine,  
 Thou hast ruined me now with ease the second time.

Forty-five years ago, the naval battle of Navarino secured the independence of a portion of Greek territory. Having thrown off the Turkish yoke the Greeks elected a president, and gallantly resolved to rebuild their national institutions, and prove to the world that, in their case, "Time's noblest offspring is the last." After the assassination of Capodistrias in 1831, they began the second chapter of their independent career, oddly enough, by importing a king from Bavaria, and a court dialect from France. King Otho was a gift-king from the three Pro-

tecting Powers, as the crowned heads of England, France, and Russia graciously styled themselves. If it had been courteous to look this Bavarian gift-king in the mouth, the modern Greeks would have found not a French phrase there that was worth the copying.

Yet from that day to this the capital of Greece has suffered the humiliation of French phrases and French fashions in all polite circles; French fabrics, French modes, and French modistes in Athenian shops; French nurses and French tutors for Athenian children; French names for their streets and squares; French plays, French *opéra bouffes*, and French music in their theaters; French newspapers in their French *cafés*; French morals in political and social life.

When a college president confers college degrees in the language of Cicero, we regard it as a graceful recognition of the fact that Latin was used for centuries as the common dialect of scholars throughout Christendom; and that the Latin literature is to-day a potent instrument and inspiration of generous culture. We rejoice in our allegiance to the stately Latin. But how is it with the modern Greek? He would fly into a towering passion were you to tell him that by using the language of France he is playing second fiddle in a ballroom orchestra, whose music but feebly echoes, or profanely burlesques the immortal harmonies of Sophocles and Pindar.

The French language has its uses. In the shops of Rue de Rivoli and Rue de la Paix, one of its uses seems to be to commend the doctrine of *Hudibras*, that

The pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat.

The French language is graceful, vivacious, idiomatic, and convenient, as the language of compliment, of diplomacy, of culinary science, of dressmaking and love-making, where the love, like the dressmaking, has to deal only with the surface of things, with outside conveniences and conventionalities.

The language of Voltaire and Talleyrand, so often used as an ingenious contrivance for concealing ideas and emotions, is not

the language best fitted for schooling the Greek nation to the habit of cutting their garments according to their cloth ; the habit of paying as they go, and of meeting each debt squarely at the rate of one hundred lepta for a drachma. What the Greeks need to learn is the agricultural, subsoil, mowing-machine acquaintance with that mother earth so devoutly worshiped by their ancestors. They used to be taught that thriving by the plow and the sweat of honest fruitful toil is better than shinning, kite flying, cornering, and precarious officeholding.

When the oak consents to grow and thrive as a graft on the elm ; when England, having paid her national debt, loans money to the Rothschilds ; when the robin lays her eggs in the oriole's last year's nest ; when "the hart worries the hound, and the screech owl outsings the nightingale," we may hope that Greece will regain her ancient strength and splendor, by using an alien language as much inferior to her own as Ohio sandstone is inferior to the granite of Scotland and Quincy.

The more the Greek mixes French with his native language, the more will the sugar of his daily talk be sanded with hypocrisy, the more pronounced will be his inborn fondness for embellishing facts with the drapery of fancy, of garnishing his business with flattering and insincere compliments, and of concealing his real sentiments while appearing to harmonize with those of another. The more the Greek practices the courtly phrases of Versailles, the less likely will he be to feel and to say with Homer's Achilles,

Who can think one thing, and another tell,  
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

The French language is not a good pioneer of that higher Christian civilization that would teach a mercurial, pleasure-loving people to welcome the sweat of productive industry ; to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy ; and to blot out from their false Julian Calendar about fifty saints' holidays now more sacred than the Sabbath ; to put their trust more in the Christ of the Bible, and less in the kissing of saintly pictures

and the prayers of an ignorant mercenary priest, who only prays for a price, always payable in advance.

If the Greeks are as slow to learn in the future as they have been slow to learn in the past, they will need the discipline of a sterner, wiser schoolmaster than the French language, before they are practically convinced that solid mahogany is more respectable in the long run than highly varnished veneering; that honestly to be is far better than daintily seeming to be; that the truest happiness clings to the fireside; that a well-behaved daughter is entitled to at least one vote out of four votes in the choice of a husband to be loved and honored and obeyed, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer.

The structure of modern Greek verse differs widely from the ancient classic models. Our familiar hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," as turned into modern Greek, and as sung by Greek Protestants, illustrates the docility and ductileness of the language in conforming to the exactions of rhyme and accentual meter.

Πλησίον Σοῦ, Θεέ,  
 Πλησίον Σοῦ,  
 \* Ἄν καὶ ὑψώνωμαι  
 Διὰ σταυροῦ:  
 Πλὴν θέλει εἶσθ' αὐτῇ  
 Ἥ πρώτη μου εὐχή,  
 Πλησίον, ὦ Θεέ,  
 Πλησίον Σοῦ.

This Greek hymn may be used to illustrate half a dozen characteristics of the modern Greek:

1. It shows that the iambic feet are organized accentually and not according to quantity. This makes a distinction between ancient and modern Greek verse, and shows how completely the modern English system of rhythm has gained the victory even in the land of Homer. If Theocritus could hear one of the modern Greek rhapsodists, he would exclaim, *λήγετε καὶ ἔρρετε, ὦ βάρβαροι!*

2. This hymn also shows the loss of the dative, which university scholars are trying to recover; *διὰ σταυροῦ* is used in place of the instrumental dative *σταυρῶ*.

3. It shows the use of *θέλει* as an auxiliary, to form the future infinitive — *Θέλει εἶσθαι* = *ἔσται*, shall be.

4. It shows that the modern Greeks have adopted the Romanesque method of rhyming.

5. It illustrates the modern Greek pronunciation.

Reading the signs over the shops in Hermes street is a pleasant pastime, when one is waiting to see the King on his afternoon horse, or to meet a friend at the railroad station, which the Athenians call the *σιδηροδρομοσταθμός*.

A barber's shop is *κορείον*, and the man of the razor *κορευτής*.

A common wine shop is *κρασοπωλείον*.

A spirits of wine shop, *οἶνοπνευμαπωλείον*.

A shoemaker's shop is *ὑποδηματοπωλείον*.

A pawn shop, *χρωματοπωλείον*.

A candymaker's shop, *ζαχαροπλαστεῖον*.

A tobacco shop, *καπνοπωλείον*.

A bazaar, *παντοπωλείον*.

Such names show how readily modern facts make themselves at home in new combinations of antique idiom.

The intimacy with Mr. Francis and his family continued after the latter's return to the United States, and until his death on June 18, 1897. Here are a couple of letters which indicate the relations between the two men :

HAMILTON COLLEGE, February 12, 1877.

HON. J. M. FRANCIS.

*My dear Friend:* Fortunately there are some things which fire can not touch. It consumes the wood and stubble, and even crumbles the brick and stone and iron, but it can not hurt the indomitable pluck that creates a newspaper, nor the honor that crowns the career of a hero in journalism. It brings a frog to the throat to think of that beautiful "Times" building devoured by flames, deluged by water, standing like the Parthenon, roofless and shattered. Now is the hour when hope and grit and work are powers that tell; and these are not wanting. If the regrets and good wishes of unnumbered



friends have any force, the last glory of the "Times" building will be greater than the first. With best love to Mrs. Francis and Charley,

Yours most heartily,

E. N.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, May 5, 1890.

HON. JOHN M. FRANCIS.

*My dear Friend:* I thank you for a copy of the beautiful memorial of Mrs. Francis. It builds a bridge from Now to the Long Ago, over the nineteen years that have slipped away since our first interview. It helps me to realize more fully the wealth of civic honors which have made your career a genuine inspiration to young men who begin the world with no other capital than cheerful industry, intellectual vigor, fixed integrity, and a good wife.

With most hearty good wishes and best love,

Yours very gratefully,

EDWARD NORTH.

His experience in Greece led to one of the most inspiring of Doctor North's poems, "The Wingless Victory," delivered at the forty-fourth convention of the Alpha Delta Phi, in Utica in 1876, a brief extract from which concludes this chapter:

#### THE WINGLESS VICTORY

*The Temple of Victory stood a little to the west of the southern wing of the Propylæa. The statue of Victory in this temple was sculptured wingless. The difference in the modes by which Sparta and Athens expressed a similar feeling is characteristic of both. To secure the permanence of his favor, the sterner Spartans chained their deity of War to his shrine; the Athenians, with more delicacy, relieved their victory of her wings. — Wordsworth's "Athens and Attica."*

#### I

The pilgrim scholar raptured stands at last,  
Where Attic glory mews its mighty past.

Yon temple fair of Nike Apteros,  
Rescued from rubbish, Turkish spite and moss,  
Still looks toward Salamis across Mars Hill.  
Type of a captured people sovereign still,  
Shrine of a gracious goodness, loved, adored  
By men not born to own barbaric lord,  
It looks toward Salamis, where hearts of oak  
Fortressed free homes from slavery's yoke.  
Across Mars Hill it looks, where God unknown  
Revealed Himself to worshippers of stone,  
And earth's strange tribes were taught that kindred blood  
Links all beneath one loving Fatherhood.  
The Pilgrim's heart thrills with a long-sought bliss,  
As climbing Athens' proud Acropolis,  
He reads that marble idyl deftly wrought  
To voice the triumph of immortal thought.  
Temple of Wingless Victory, it stands  
A pledge to Freedom's Sons in distant lands,  
That Power Supreme, while circling years endure,  
Will guard the True, the Beautiful, the Pure.

## II

Greeks had their fane of Wingless Victory.  
It was a victory that came to stay.  
It knew no use for wings. It lived in speech  
That lives to-day ; in deathless thoughts that reach  
Through all the bloody wars of Right with Wrong,  
Through all the fruitful years of Art and Song.  
With Art's unworded eloquence it spoke,  
When shapes divine from marble tombs awoke ;  
It spoke when thrice ten thousand freemen found  
Their freedom championed in Prometheus Bound.  
Breathing chivalric grace of Homer born,  
It nursed each true Athenian's lofty scorn  
Of plaudits won by bribe, of vulgar fame  
Without the perfume of a taintless name.  
It taught how centuries old and new conspire

To hymn his praise, who dares, with heart on fire,  
To fling defiance at the despot's chain,  
And die rejoicingly for freedom's reign.

## III

The hero's soul looks through Time's clouded sky,  
And girds its loins for wingless victory.  
It scorns the sudden, sordid gain that wears  
Impatient wings half hid by eating cares.  
It scorns the fevered rush for Fashion's freaks,  
The greed for office snatched by mousing cliques.  
It scorns to crawl through crooked, unclean ways,  
It waits for Duty's clarion and obeys.  
If calumny let loose its viper tongue,  
It stands unhurt in innocence of wrong.  
Let all the sky be black with lies hellmade,  
It walks triumphant in their harmless shade;  
And when the last of earth comes, it can fling  
Its mortal robes aside, and proudly sing,  
With martyred Paul, O death, where is thy sting?

## IV

We are God's temples, beautiful within,  
When prayer and holy purpose conquer sin.  
Not Athens' Nike Apteros could stir  
Such depths of love as Christlike character.  
Less charms had chiseled rhythms of Phidian frieze  
Than wisdom's words from sweet-voiced Socrates,  
Where shifting waters glide to sow good seed,  
While patience waits the fruit of righteous deed.  
Such spotless purity of love to wear,  
Temptation spreads in vain its baited snare.  
To trample out the fires of brutal lust,  
To accept the penalties of being just,  
Sooner be right alone than wrong with kings —  
This gives the victory that hath no wings.

## CHAPTER V

### SERVICES TO THE COLLEGE AND RELATIONS WITH THE STUDENTS

THE EARLY SECTARIAN COLLEGE AND ITS STRUGGLES — DOCTOR SIMEON NORTH, FIFTH PRESIDENT — EDWARD NORTH'S PECULIAR RELATIONS TO THE INSTITUTION — PROFESSOR HOPKINS'S EULOGY — AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY FOR TEACHERS — ROBERT COLLEGE — ALUMNIANA — HALF-CENTURY ANNALISTS' LETTERS — NECROLOGIST — ADDRESSES AT ALUMNI REUNIONS — TRIBUTE TO ALMA MATER — THE CHRISTMAS GREETING OF 1901.

WHEN he died in 1903, Edward North had known Hamilton College as student, professor, and trustee for sixty-eight years, out of the ninety-one years of its existence under the charter of 1812. No other man has had relations with the institution which approximate his service in length of time, or in intimacy and importance. Fully to understand these relations, and properly to measure the value of his service, it is necessary to realize the conditions surrounding the institution during the greater part of his connection with it.

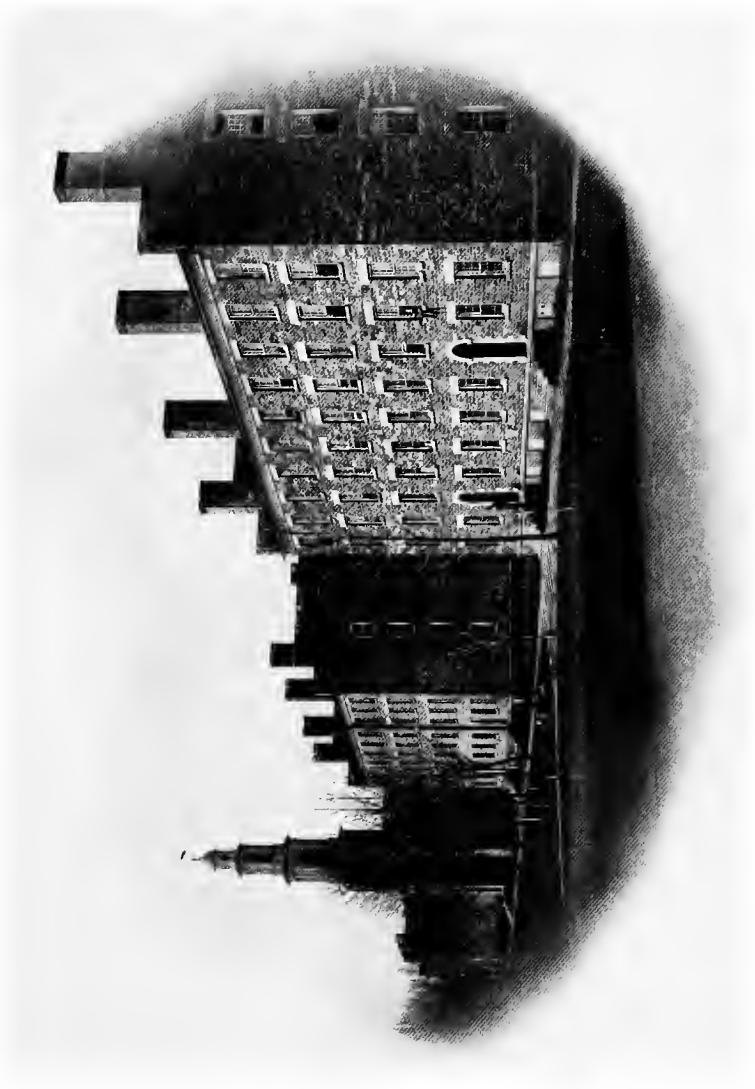
In his memoir of Doctor Mark Hopkins, President Franklin Carter speaks of the Williams College of half a century ago as "provincial," and describes the stress it was under, an isolated and sectarian institution, to maintain itself against the competition of larger, wealthier, and more aggressive institutions, which swept in the best class of young men from the centers of culture. His picture will fit in many ways the early situation at Hamilton. Its history has been an unbroken struggle

to maintain itself under adverse conditions that called for real heroism and self-denial on the part of the little body of earnest men who consecrated their lives to the work of building up an institution intended to promote "the reign of virtue and the kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer." It was founded in 1794 as the "Hamilton Oneida Academy," by Samuel Kirkland, a graduate of Princeton, who was then laboring as a missionary among the Oneida Indians in central New York. The government had given Kirkland lands in payment for patriotic services, and he donated three hundred acres of the grant as his first offering toward the establishment of the new institution of learning. The pioneer academy supplied an educational want in a section of the state which was rapidly increasing in wealth; and in 1812 it was converted into a college under circumstances full of promise.

It drew five of its first six presidents from Yale College; and was a literal transplanting to the soil of New York state of a New England college, the original purpose of all of which is indicated by the language of the Yale College charter, granted in 1700, and establishing "a school wherein youth may be instructed in the arts and sciences, who, through the blessing of Almighty God, may be fitted for public employment both in church and civil state." Denominational in character, primitive and austere in its surroundings, isolated in situation, far removed from the centers of business activity, limited in endowment and facilities, Hamilton College had little to offer the student outside of that which came from the personal instruction of its faculty, and the influences for good which dominated its atmosphere. It was "a place for health, and cheerful study, and kind feelings, and fine morals," and for little else. Those who went thither for an education were as a rule

the sons of the farmers of the surrounding counties, and they worked hard for their diplomas, not only with their books; they sawed their own wood and built their own fires, and endured bodily privations on that bleak hill-top; but they got something in return which was worth the getting, and they got it largely from personal contact with the little group of instructors whose lives were examples of good living, earnest purpose, and genuine self-sacrifice. One reason why so unusually large a proportion of the graduates of Hamilton have won distinguished places in all the walks of life is to be found in the habit of self-denial inculcated by their surroundings during the four years in college.

In his introductory note to Doctor Tyler's "History of Amherst College," Doctor Richard S. Storrs has described the college life and college methods of those days, in a way that perfectly fits the situation at Hamilton. "The relation of the faculty to the students in American colleges," he writes, "was at that time more nearly a paternal relation than it has been in late years, or is likely ever again to become. Possibly this was still more marked at Amherst than commonly elsewhere. The college community there was never a large one, embracing at most not more than two hundred and fifty students and teachers. The average age of those entering college was undoubtedly less than at present. The modern scheme of elective studies was wholly unknown; and the emulation in athletic exercise between classes and colleges, which now fastens such eager attention, was then as much a thing of the future as were telephones or typewriters. The governing aspiration of leading minds in the college was for success in studies, for enlarged thought-power, for a more facile and vigorous literary skill, and for ease and energy in debate. The aim of those to whom were committed the



COLLEGE RANGE FROM THE NORTH.





various offices of instruction and discipline was therefore largely a moral aim — not solely, or chiefly, to give particulars of knowledge in science, philosophy, or good letters, but to do this in constant subordination to the virile training of mental power, with the building up of symmetrical and strong character. As President Stearns indicated, I think, in his inaugural discourse of forty years since, the accepted purpose of the college was to produce the highest manhood among those who came under its tuition; and every teacher was expected, and was inspired, to do his best work for those set under him through personal contact—not only instructing them on themes and by text-books, but imparting from himself an immediate intellectual and moral vigor. Perhaps the earlier scheme was too narrow in comparison, and failed to put a just emphasis on important matters. But it had its own merits, and is still affectionately remembered by those who recall it, even while universities are becoming encyclopedic in character, and have it for their controlling purpose to give information on all sorts of subjects, with only slight occasional relations between the teachers and the taught. The distinct personal and moral effects of the earlier plan were certainly in some respects more significant than those now contemplated. Class fellowship under it became more intimate and more animating than it now can be. There was a common inspiring college life, which affected more or less each one brought within its range; while still the individuality of students was not destroyed or limited—was only, in fact, cherished and reenforced — by this prevailing but unseen force.”

The young man who dedicated his life to teaching in this small, struggling, isolated, straitened college, had courage and faith, a fine spirit of devotion to the teacher's calling, and small thought for material rewards.

He elected to share in the poverty of the college, in its cramped facilities, and in its limited opportunities. An illustration of this spirit was shown when Doctor Simeon North, the uncle of Edward, decided to cast in his lot with Hamilton College. He was elected to the chair of ancient languages in 1829; and he came to the college in the midst of the most trying experience in its history. In his annalist's letter for 1879, he has graphically described the situation of the college fifty years earlier; and the account is reproduced in these pages, as a necessary background to the life of Edward North. The college itself was but seventeen years old when Simeon North identified himself with it; so that the services of the two Norths cover all but those first seventeen years of its history, and seventy-seven years in time.

When the official notice of my appointment as Professor of Language in Hamilton College reached me, I had under consideration a call for settlement in one of the best parishes in Connecticut. Without hesitation, however, I decided to accept the professorship, although I had little knowledge of central New York, and still less of the history and condition of Hamilton College. This decision I made, because, while it seemed to open a field for useful labor, it also promised to gratify what in this time was with me almost a master passion, fondness for the pursuits and employments of academic life. With the official notice of my appointment, I received also a request, that in case of acceptance, I would attend the commencement exercises of the year, then to be held in the month of August, and deliver an inaugural address. I made my first journey up the valley of the Mohawk, in the stage coach of those times, and presented myself at the college on the day before commencement. It was with much surprise that I learned there was no senior class to graduate, and with still greater surprise that I heard an account of the causes which had driven most of the students from the college, and most of the professors from the



*S. North*

DR. SIMEON NORTH, FIFTH PRESIDENT OF HAMILTON COLLEGE.



chairs which they had occupied. These causes, it was stated, had arisen in a long and bitter controversy between the president, Doctor Henry Davis, on the one side, and prominent members of the board of trustees on the other. As stated by General Kirkland, then president of the board, "the captain of the ship and the crew could not agree, and it was therefore impossible to keep the vessel on her course ;" and as said and seriously maintained by another prominent member of the board, Rev. Doctor Lansing, in whose views other clerical members of the board were known to sympathize, "under the circumstances, it was impossible to keep the ship afloat, and they ought, therefore, to clear the deck, take in the sails, and let her drift under bare poles."

If allowed to carry out the figure used by these eminent gentlemen, I can truly say, that in my first introduction to Hamilton College it presented the appearance of a bark, which, on a voyage apparently successful and prosperous, had suddenly been overtaken by a tempest, which had swept her deck, and shattered her timbers, and set her afloat, as a dismantled wreck upon the waters. To dismiss the figure — I found that ten of the trustees of the college had resigned ; that of the permanent officers of the college, but two remained, viz., Doctor Davis, the President, and Doctor Noyes, the Professor of Chemistry ; and that of the students but nine were left, and these, members of the two lower classes — that *immortal nine*, as they have sometimes been justly termed, who held their places, and regularly discharged their duties, while others forsook the institution — the *nine* who thus made themselves a connecting link between the college as it was in the early times of its prosperity, and as it has since been, in the times of its later growth and advancement. I hold that among the friends of Hamilton College, these students are worthy of being held in perpetual remembrance, and as a means of contributing to this remembrance, I take pleasure in here recording their names. They were : O. S. Williams, Benjamin H. Caldwell, J. A. Woodruff, Daniel D. Pratt, Thomas T. Davis, John Cochrane, Huet H. Bronson, John Dean, and Samuel Eells.

The years 1829 and 1830 present a break in the regular succession of graduated classes. The reasons for this break may be found in the circumstances stated above. Those who may desire a more full and minute statement of these circumstances will find it in a pamphlet, now rarely met with, but doubtless to be found in the college library, entitled "Davis's Narrative of the Embarrassments and Decline of Hamilton College."

Without attempting to repeat what Doctor Davis in this pamphlet has given in detail, it may not be without use here to say, that after Doctor Davis had entered upon his office, as the head of the college, and while the institution was rapidly growing in public estimation, and in the number of its students, two great mistakes were made. The first was an interference on the part of the trustees, by means of a committee, in the internal management and discipline of the college, in a case of wrong doing among the students, which called indeed for discipline, but which should have been managed and disposed of by the faculty alone. This interference, though it did not at the time interrupt the progress of the college, left in the minds of many connected with it seeds of dissatisfaction which years after bore fruits of bitterness and discord. The second mistake was a decision of the trustees, with the concurrence of the faculty, to expend in the erection of new college edifices the permanent funds of the institution — funds which should have been kept intact and in reserve for the support of the college instructors and for the other current expenses. This, indeed, is a mistake often repeated in the history of American colleges, and destined doubtless still to be repeated as long as colleges shall be multiplied in the land, as if accumulations of brick and stone and mortar, piled up in the form of tasteful edifices, could make a college worthy of the name, without adequate support for a board of instruction and other helps for students in the form of libraries and apparatus.

To this moribund institution, Simeon North did not hesitate to dedicate his life ; and the period of its slow

but steady revival dates from his coming. Upon the retirement of President Joseph Penney, in 1839, his ten years' service as a professor won for him an election as the fifth president of the college. This office he held until 1857, when he resigned, after a peaceful and prosperous presidency, having given diplomas to six hundred and sixty-one graduates and honorary alumni in nineteen classes. The fifty-five years of his service as professor, president, and trustee cover a period of greater relative growth, in endowment, in facilities, and in number of students, than any corresponding period in the annals of the college.

It is the purpose of this chapter to describe the unique relation to the college which Doctor Edward North established in the course of his fifty-eight years of service, and the methods and instrumentalities upon which he relied. It was a relationship resembling that which many other professors have held in other colleges, in greater or less degree; but never of quite the same kind. It differs in one most important particular from that of Doctor Mark Hopkins of Williams College, of whom President Carter truly says that "his career as administrator, teacher, author, and example, leading the college to success and honor for thirty-six years, stands without a parallel in the history of American colleges." During that thirty-six years Mark Hopkins was the responsible head of Williams College, with the prestige and the initiative power which the position carried, and his remarkable personality augmented. Doctor North reached the summit of his usefulness and influence as the occupant of a professor's chair; and from that subordinate post he radiated the influence which dominated the institution and determined its character in the mind of those who knew it intimately. The length of his service was undoubtedly an important element in creat-

ing this influence. The entire personnel of the board of trustees changed at least twice, between his election and his death. The roll of the faculty was rewritten many times, with his name the only one remaining of those in whose company it had long appeared. Thus it naturally came to be true, as one after another of the earlier men connected with the college passed on to the roll of the *stelligerents*, that the alumni learned to look upon Edward North as the link which connected the college of this day with the college of their day. But it was his singular personality which led them to think of him also as typifying the college — as its soul, its guide, its hope, its strength. The best epitome of his career and influence in the college and upon the students and alumni, came from the pen of Professor A. Grosvenor Hopkins, in 1887; and I shall rely upon this, and upon other tributes from the alumni to furnish the eulogy of this memoir:

Professor North's professional career covers considerably more than half the period of the entire life of the college. He has served under four presidents — Doctors North, Fisher, Brown, and Darling — and his recollection as a student goes back to the time of Doctor Penney, who was fourth in office from Doctor Backus. He has held office for a period longer by nine years than any other officer who has ever been connected with the college. He has been identified, therefore, with all that is best in her history; with the period of her greatest growth and expansion. He knows her history and embodies her traditions and spirit more thoroughly than any other alumnus of Hamilton. He has known and lived and labored with some of the self-sacrificing men who stood by the cradle of our Alma Mater. The campus has been beautified, new buildings have been added, the course of instruction has been enlarged and modified, the constitution of the corps of instructors has been entirely changed; while Professor North,



still in the vigor of life, remains, connecting the present with the past, and giving a sort of permanence and continuity to the college history. He is the most prominent figure in the foreground. His life has long run parallel with her life. She has had no more steadfast friend and servant. She has no better exponent of her culture. The alumnus who thinks of the college thinks first of him. These two pictures—the school of learning and the loyal instructor—are seldom separated in the consciousness of the graduates of Hamilton.

\* \* \* Professor North's services to the college have been inestimable and varied. His work as an instructor has had a pronounced and permanent value; yet this is but one of the many lines of activity in which he has done good service to the college, to its graduates, and to the general cause of education. In public addresses, in contact with schools and teachers throughout the state, in the work of the convocation at Albany, his influence has been quietly but deeply felt. He has often been the unknown power to whose influence or advice were due many of the movements in the academic world. A quasi power of appointment to many of our New York schools has for many years resided in his hands, and the long and successful line of instructors in Robert College found its origin, and in many cases its continuance, in consultation with him. A more subtle influence, contributing positively to the strength of the college, has been found in Professor North's constant and varied correspondence with our alumni. The stroke of his pen has started a throb of interest in the almost fossil heart of many an alumnus beginning to be oblivious of his Alma Mater. Through the medium of these numberless letters the tide of sympathy and affection has been kept moving to and fro between the college and her widely scattered sons. Not merely in the line of sentiment has this labor been of value. It has furnished us statistics of a most interesting sort. It has kept us informed as to all matters of importance in connection with the lives and labors of our alumni. The contributions under the head of "Necrology" and "Alumniana," in the "Hamilton Literary Monthly," have cost much time and labor;

and, though often overlooked by those in search of "literature," will be found hereafter to have a positive and permanent value.

Professor North's skill and success as an instructor have been founded upon his painstaking fidelity, his untiring patience and his inexhaustible sympathy with young men, even with the dull and indolent. Doctor Arnold once blazed out in wrath upon a pupil who was making bad work of a passage in Greek, but was silenced at once by the reply, "I am doing as well as I can, sir." Our modern interpreter of Thucydides is not provoked, even by dullness, to the language of satire or anger. The patience which assisted the feebly equipped of thirty years ago over the perplexing archaisms of Homer, or through the bewildering forms of the dialect of Theocritus, is still unexhausted and still finds ample room for exercise. But above and beyond all this there is another fact which may serve to explain the success and the charm which have attended upon the instruction of Professor North. There is a subtle power, it is said, in every foreign language, which eludes and defies an attempt to transfer a masterpiece from such a language to our own. It is at least true that it requires a poet to translate a poet. In Professor North the power of imagination and of poetic expression is highly developed. His style of composition in prose has an indefinable element of music and rhythm. Though often using polysyllabic words, his language is always melodious. His ventures in song have given proof of a power to array thought in a graceful and poetic garb. His power of expressing truth in striking and epigrammatic forms is rare, and is witnessed in the list of class mottoes running through more than a quarter of a century. These mottoes, if collected, would form a series of maxims, inspiring and practical, equal almost to those of Cato or of Benjamin Franklin. They illustrate a power of felicitous expression, in Greek as well as in English, which few men possess. This happy faculty appears in the classroom interpretation of the Greek poets. The flavor of the original is not lost in the English version. The musical Greek is also musical English. The Greek compound, which, in the hands of a novice, contains nothing but a crude jargon, becomes, in

the hands of the master, smooth and melodious. The poetic rendering, the happy collocation of words, the apt phrase, the coinage even of new expressions to meet the demands of the original, are all familiar to those who have studied under Doctor North. He is permeated with the spirit of Greek life and letters, and his style of thought and composition is quite as much Attic as English. But we must leave memory to do the rest of the work, and to add the finishing touches to this very inadequate and fragmentary sketch. These few words will serve to start lines of thought which will call up in many minds pleasant recollections of the past. May the sons of Hamilton long find it their privilege to study the masterpieces of Greek literature under the guidance of a scholar so genial and so wise as Doctor Edward North.

Beyond question the explanation of the feeling which Professor Hopkins describes was the personal relationship which Doctor North established with the individual student — a relationship possible only in the environment of the small college. He knew them all; he welcomed them all to his home; he became their confidant and adviser in their discouragements and ambitions. His personal feeling towards the individual student is shown by an extract from his journal, written on the occasion of the death of one of the students, as the result of an accident in sliding down College Hill:

*November 28, 1855.* — To me the death of young Ferrin is the loss of a personal friend. I examined him when admitted to college, and formed then a high opinion of his talents and character. He often called at my study, and talked over with me his plans for study, and writing, and future usefulness. We have met each other in the classroom, almost every day for more than six college terms. There is something in this abrupt conclusion to pleasant and intimate relations and intercourse that is like shutting out sunshine from one's daily path. The eye will grow misty and swim as it runs over a

list of associated names, and meets with that of one whose accustomed promptness and fidelity are now replaced by vacancy and silence. The mind will sadden and weary over its wonted book of Doric verse, when every page recalls the familiar tones of one whose voice in the classroom will be heard no more. The very landscape that has lost an admirer seems to put on mourning; and the trees that skirt the walks he used to tread seem to look at each other sorrowfully and with gloomy whispers.

This personal relationship between Doctor North and his students did not terminate with the four years in college. He followed the young men out into the world, and kept in touch with them wherever they went. Thus he became the medium through whom the alumni kept up their relations with the college, and their interest in Alma Mater. As secretary of the Alumni Association, he carried on the correspondence of the college with its graduates. His daily mail, of this kind, resembled in volume that of the manager of a large business corporation. The amount of physical drudgery he underwent in this correspondence was prodigious, and difficult to realize in these days when letters are dictated to stenographers and transferred by the typewriter. At one time, on visiting "Halfwayup," a classmate of mine was distressed to observe the unnecessary physical strain which all this labor involved; and a little later there arrived at the homestead a beautiful Remington typewriter, with the loving suggestion from Henry Harper Benedict, that the professor could easily write upon it after a few days' practice, and it would save his strength and increase his usefulness. Some effort was made to profit by Mr. Benedict's kindly suggestion; but not much. The professor could not overcome the feeling that a typewritten letter lacks the flavor of individuality. It was a feeling similar to another he had — one of

abhorrence for the postal card. He likened the user of this modern time-saving invention to the man who carries his heart on his sleeve, and posts his private thoughts for the public eye — never in his life did he use a postal card. Instead, in that large, distinct, characteristic chirography, which, as Doctor Johnson says, “was unlike any other that ever put a thought into words,” he wrote out every letter and addressed every envelope.

Some entries in his journals indicate how much drudgery all this involved :

*April 17, 1877.* — Wrote all day, without making a very large hole in the big pile of unanswered letters.

*June 10, 1877.* — Addressed two hundred envelopes to alumni with blank ballots for election of trustees.

*June 18, 1877.* — Addressed three hundred and fifty circulars to alumni, with blanks for voting.

*November 10, 1877.* — The days are too short for the endless work that presses to be done. Wrote letters until midnight.

*January 23, 1878.* — Received four petitions signed by all the students in the four classes, asking for a lecture in the village course. How can I undertake it?

*March 4, 1878.* — Began the preparation of a list of published books written by alumni of Hamilton College. The list will be more than respectable, if it can be made complete.

*April 23, 1878.* — Declined to read at the Irving Club next Thursday evening. Declined to read a paper at the next meeting of the University Convocation — what can one do, who can neither eat nor sleep?

*March 16, 1880.* — Oh, that I had the strength to do the good work that is waiting to be done.

Out of the personal friendships of the classroom, sprang the intimacies which continued between Doctor

North and the graduates of the college. The professor kept in constant touch with his boys. It was his rule to leave no letter from a graduate unanswered, and no appeal for assistance failed of acknowledgment. He had a habit of following them up, as perchance they moved from one place to another, with a letter or a catalogue, or a commencement scheme; and the chirography on the envelope told them that they were not forgotten at the Alma Mater. It was this persistent following of the graduates that led one of them, at a recent commencement, to this allusion in rhyme:

No son of hers, whatever be his lot  
Need fear his name or he himself's forgot.  
For him there waits no monumental stone,  
Bearing the dismal epitaph "unknown."  
A gentle soul, whose placid life has been  
A poem written on the hearts of men,  
Views the whole field with quickened vigilance;  
Marks every change with sympathetic glance;  
Notes when the summons comes to every one,  
And drops upon each grave a benison.

This interest in the graduates was not sentimental but practical; and it took on its practical form chiefly in the service he rendered in finding opportunity for the graduates to begin their career as teachers. It is safe to say that Doctor North found schools for a thousand graduates from the college during the period of his professorship. His study was literally an employment bureau for teachers, and he was written to from all parts of the country to supply instructors. Nothing in life gave him greater pleasure than the laborious detail involved in this locating of teachers.

To understand the importance of the service thus rendered, it must be recalled that it began before the

days of the teachers' agencies, when there existed no business medium through which the teacherless school could be brought into contact with the seeker after a teachership. For more than forty years Doctor North regularly and continuously discharged all the functions now assumed by the teachers' agency ; and he did it all without money and without price. From all over the country came requests to him for teachers ; these were docketed for reference, and the graduates of each class were sent to the institution for which their qualifications seemed to best fit them. It was chiefly through his influence that so large a proportion of Hamilton graduates are found in the teacher's profession.

He sent his roots deep into the soil of the place, for he knew that the best life could only be nourished by permanent relations. But his love for Hamilton College was not exclusive or selfish. He was wide and magnanimous in his interests, and rejoiced in the prosperity and progress of other colleges. Especially solicitous was he for the success of the young and struggling colleges and academies in which he located his own boys and inspired them to do their best work. The number of these institutions which looked to him for advice and suggestion was surprisingly large. Perhaps the one that appealed most strongly to his sympathy was Robert College in Constantinople. This institution was founded in 1863, by Christopher R. Robert, of New York city, who found in Doctor North his most trusted counselor in all his plans for the development of that unique and hazardous educational experiment. Thither Doctor North sent, from year to year, graduates of Hamilton — the pick of the classes — to take each other's places in the college faculty, and there has been more than a score of them on its catalogue. In one of his lectures on the English language, Doctor North

eloquently alluded to the location and the mission of Robert College.

On the European side of the Bosphorus, seven miles above the Golden Horn, stands the castle of Roumeli Hissar, where it has sentineled the dominion of the false prophet upward of four centuries. Into the thick walls of this strong fortress the broken pillars of Christian churches were built by Mahomed II, in 1451, two years before Constantinople surrendered to the Turks. Æschylus tells us in the "Prometheus Bound," that here the frenzied Io made the crossing that gave to the Strait of Bosphorus its legendary name. Herodotus puts it into his history that here, where the Bosphorus is narrowest, was built, 500 B.C., the famous bridge over which Darius led his forces into Scythia. Here, seated on a throne, hewn out of rock, Darius proudly reviewed his army on its march to defeat. Here he ordered two marble columns to be inscribed, in Greek and Assyrian, with the names of the many nations that obeyed his scepter.

The planting of an American college on this historic and beautiful spot, where two continents meet, and where the history of civilization is epitomized, honors the sagacity of its American founder. Here the traveler sees the stars and stripes floating above a large stone structure, that dominates the view of the Bosphorus almost from the Black sea to the sea of Marmora. The founder of this college had read history with something of prophetic vision. He believed, and gave a generous practical expression to his belief, that the best way to rejuvenate the East was to introduce the English language, inspired with the best American ideas. On this theory Robert College is to-day a prosperous and growing institution. It is recognized by England, France, and Germany as a seat of liberal culture, making good all its professions, and modestly yet positively being what it seems to be. Under the presidency of Doctor George Washburn, it is prosperous and growing, though surrounded by hostile Turks, whose ignorance it rebukes, and drawing its support largely



from peoples desolated by war or by Moslem despotism. Seventeen nationalities are represented in Robert College, yet all are taught to speak and write the language of Milton and Webster. The English Bible is a text-book for all classes. English hymns are sung at morning and evening worship. Each graduate becomes a teacher of the English language, and an apostle of American thought, in his home circle, whether it be in Armenia, or Bulgaria, or Wallachia, or the Isles of Greece.

In this way Robert College, founded by the sagacity and munificence of a New York merchant, represents the best American ideas of liberty with loyalty to law, and that truest chivalry which honors woman as man's intellectual peer. Officered mainly by Christian scholars from America, fortified by the prayers of all Protestant churches, it is planting many a handful of corn on the banks of the Bosphorus which shall one day shake like Lebanon. Darius, 500 B.C., thought to conquer by the force of arms and numbers. His marble columns have disappeared, with their lying record of conquests never gained. In their place, later by upward of twenty-three centuries, stands an American college, drawing its life from sources four thousand miles away. A stalwart youngling, born only sixteen years ago, nurtured amid the convulsions of war, it has already won for itself an intellectual and moral supremacy, that promises to live so long as the English language and the Golden Rule perpetuate the brotherhood of nations.

Edward North was the confidential friend and adviser of four college presidents — Doctor North, Doctor Fisher, Doctor Brown, and Doctor Darling—and the loyal supporter of each in the troubles which each in turn encountered. In like manner he was the friend and confidant of every member of the faculty. Whatever factions might exist in the faculty, whatever misunderstandings might arise between individual professors, Doctor North was never one of either faction, and was always the

peacemaker whose counsel was sought by both sides. Scattered through the diaries which he kept regularly for twenty-five years, are frequent references to these internal troubles, which reveal him always as the "father confessor." While it is impossible to reproduce these personal memoranda, it is proper to say they reveal the fact that at many critical and trying periods in the history of the college, Doctor North played a part which justifies the statement that his service to the institution was even greater than is commonly believed, and that his personal influence was a factor of vital importance for peace, charity, and brotherhood.

He was the college editor, so to speak, and devoted many hours to the duty of keeping the institution before the public, and in touch with the outside world. He had an abiding faith in the efficacy of printer's ink; and sustained every local newspaper, not only with his subscription but with his pen. He put his feeling on the subject into rhyme one day, and tucked it away among some loose papers, to be forgotten until found after his death; here it is:

The dollar spent with least regret,  
That best rewards the forehead's sweat,  
Best cheers the evening hours of winter,  
And best directs the farmer how  
To turn up money with the plow,  
Is that which goes to pay the printer.

It appears that Doctor North was once actually an editor. In the garret at "Halfwayup" are files of a weekly paper published at Clinton for several years in the early fifties and entitled the "Oneida Chief." I did not know how these newspaper files got there, or why they had been preserved, until I came across the fol-



EDWARD NORTH IN THE 60'S.



lowing undated letter in Doctor North's handwriting, after his death :

HAMILTON COLLEGE, Clinton, N.Y.

MY DEAR SIR : I have undertaken, in connection with Rev. A. D. Gridley, to edit the "Oneida Chief," now published by Mr. F. E. Merritt. We are making an united effort to give to this paper a literary and practical character that shall be worthy, in some degree, of the place where it is published. My own work upon it will be mainly spent in preparing "Alumniana," or personal notices and items more especially interesting to the graduates, students, and friends of Hamilton College. We shall be glad to publish, from time to time, such letters and articles as you may be willing to send us for this purpose, either anonymously or otherwise. It is hoped that the friends of Hamilton College will aid us in our endeavor to bring them into a closer sympathy with each other, by means of published correspondence. Books, pamphlets, and periodicals, when sent to the editors, will be appropriately reviewed or noticed.

Very respectfully,

EDWARD NORTH.

He prepared the copy for the annual catalogues during the administrations of Presidents Fisher, Brown, and Darling, and for how many years before it is impossible to say. He was the compiler of eleven triennial catalogues of the college, and the last that has been published. It was one of his regular duties, for many years, to "Latinize" the names of the graduating class, in order that they might receive their diplomas at the hands of the president on commencement day in true classical style. His services as the bibliographer of the college were not less constant or conscientious than those of John Langdon Sibley to Harvard University, and they extended over a much longer period of time.

He contributed the "Alumniana" for every issue of

the "Hamilton Literary Magazine," from the first number, published in 1866, down to the June number, 1902, the year before his death. This work represents several thousand pages of printed matter, and how many hundreds of hours of patient reading of newspapers, and letters, and wearisome preparation of copy!

In a brief sketch of the history of the "Hamilton Literary Monthly," contributed to that magazine in March, 1904, Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford, '67, one of the founders of the magazine, declared that "the one feature which has distinguished it, among all similar publications, has been the work of Professor North. No one ever undertook such service with more affection, and no one ever discharged the duties of such a position with more sympathy or ability. He will never be forgotten by the alumni, whose names and achievements he has treated so sympathetically, and whose failures he so mercifully allowed to be forgotten."

He originated and prepared the "Hamilton Mail Book," of which he published three editions. Once at a meeting of the Western Association of Hamilton Alumni in Chicago, the graduates present were minded to send Doctor North a token of their good will; and they put it in the form of money (\$200) in order that he might himself select the gift that would best please him. Back came a grateful answer in which his friends were told that they had lifted a load from his mind, for they had provided the funds for printing another issue of the "Hamilton Mail Book." The friend to whom this decision was written, sent back the reply: "No, we shall not quarrel about your disposition of our gift. \* \* \* I can not imagine anything more characteristic of Professor North, than this turning of our Christmas gift back to us, in the shape of something for our benefit, instead of keeping it for his own."

It is difficult to convey an adequate conception of the volume of Doctor North's newspaper contributions in the interest of the college. During the fifteen years that the writer was associated with the "Utica Morning Herald," no event occurred in the college history, of interest to the public, which was not promptly and fully written out and forwarded for publication. Often this involved night trips to Utica, and the preparation of copy long after midnight. Literally he made himself the slave of the college; but his love was so deep that the slavery was a joy.

The series of half-century annalists' letters at Hamilton College was Doctor North's conception. The series began in 1865, with a letter from George Bristol, of the class of 1815, the first class to graduate, and has continued since without a break. Doctor North himself furnished the letter in 1891, when he wrote that "the position of a half-century annalist holds out no summons to loud merriment. It is more in the nature of an invitation for one who 'lags superfluous on the stage' to make his farewell deliverance, to detail his personal reminiscence, and to say his cheerful good wishes to the younger graduates before he takes his final sleep." He wrote the introduction to Mr. Dodge's published collection of annalists' letters, in which he said :

Whenever the history of Hamilton College comes to be fully and worthily written, the historian will find himself largely and gratefully indebted to the half-century annalists, who have presented successively many dates, hints, impressions, and personal sketches that will be duly focused and elaborated in a continuous narrative. The half-century letter is believed to be an original, autochthonal product of Hamilton College. Its beginning was with the first class that was graduated, and each successive class, on reaching

its fiftieth anniversary, has left a record, more or less complete, of its undergraduate experiences. If any other American college has been equally fortunate, it is to be congratulated on its wealth of unorganized history.

What is here said about the history of Hamilton College is true: it is all, except the inner, unwritten, unwritable history, contained in this series of forty odd annalists' letters. It explains partially why Doctor North never carried out a plan which many alumni had near at heart, and which was often spoken of at the alumni reunions, that he should write this history,<sup>1</sup> on the order of Doctor William S. Tyler's "History of Amherst College," published in 1871, and again in 1895. All that he ever did in that direction is the brief sketch of the college, written in 1877, and published in a volume called "The College Book," edited by Henry F. Clark of Cambridge. Brief extracts from this sketch appear in this volume. Once, in his later years, I asked him why he did not continue and extend that sketch so that we might have a complete and continuous history of the college. His answer was: "It would be a history of a series of tragedies; think of Doctor Fisher, Doctor Brown, Doctor Darling — not to go further back. It is history that were better not written by one who knows so much about it as I do." That such a history was long in Doctor North's mind, and was reluctantly abandoned, may be inferred from this entry in his diary under date of May 18, 1850:

<sup>1</sup> Doctor North prepared and read before the Irving Club a collection of facts and dates relating to Hamilton College, which he described as "an unorganized procession of historical events, giving the order of their occurrence, from year to year, and reaching through a period of more than a century. No effort has been made to weave these facts into a narrative form or to frame them into a philosophy. No attempt has been made to explore and elucidate causes, motives, and remote consequences." This paper was published in the "Hamilton Literary Magazine," October and November, 1904.



On the 20th of last February, I walked to the grave of Jesse Curtiss with Doctor Dwight. We conversed about the affairs of the college, and I disclosed to him a purpose, which I had half formed, of writing the history of Hamilton College. He seemed to be pleased with the project, and gave permission to consult his books of record for such facts as I wanted. At my suggestion he promised to compile a financial history of the college, when he found leisure for it. He prided himself very much, and very properly, on the success which had attended his management of the college funds.

But there is another kind of history from Doctor North's tireless pen — that contained in the long series of necrological sketches of Hamilton alumni, as they passed from month to month and year to year into the ranks of the stelligerents. The number of graduates whose life data he thus gathered was many hundred, and they were complete for the period during which he occupied the post of necrologist in the Society of Hamilton Alumni — nearly fifty years. They ought to be collected and put into a volume, like Franklin Bowditch Dexter's "Yale Biographies" and John Langdon Sibley's "Harvard Graduates." There could be no more effective memorial of the greatness of a small college than these collected sketches of the lives and services of the Hamilton alumni would furnish. Doctor North's feeling on this subject is shown by the following letter, which he wrote to a prominent alumnus of the college, under date of November 22, 1869:

November 22, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR: I have been repeatedly urged to prepare and publish a biographical catalogue of all who have ever been students in Hamilton College. I have already made good progress in collecting materials for such a work, but I can see no chance for its publication, except through the liberality of some one of our alumni. To publish such

a work would cost at least \$1,000, and probably more. I make the first appeal to you as one of the earlier alumni, who may feel an interest in an undertaking that promises to bind together in closer brotherhood the scattered children of a common mother. All that I desire in this matter is the payment of printer's bills. My own reward would be the pleasure of doing another service for the college and its alumni.

With the highest esteem,

Yours very truly,

EDWARD NORTH.

The endeavor has been to present, in what has gone before, the reasons why Doctor North occupied so unique a place in the hearts of the Hamilton boys. Still further reasons are given in the chapters which treat of Doctor North as teacher and scholar. This is as good a place as any to garner some evidences of the relationship which seem worthy of preservation. Always, when there were reunions and gatherings of the Hamilton alumni, in New York city, Chicago, and elsewhere, he was a guest of honor when able to attend; and memoranda of the brief addresses he made on a number of these occasions have been found, some of which are presented here. Much of the effect of these speeches came from Doctor North's personality, and their influence was largely due to the light in his eye, the quaint smile on his lips, and the singular quaver in his voice, as they were spoken. They are reproduced without exact knowledge of the place where or the chronological order in which they were delivered. The first extract is from an address made very early in his career as a professor, and is a tribute to Alma Mater:

We hear a vast deal said, on occasions like the present, about Alma Mater. So much we hear said, that if a backwoodsman — innocent of Latin honors — should chance to be

present, it would be quite natural for him to ask, "What this Alma Mater was, about which he heard so much talk, and witnessed so much enthusiasm." I fancy that the question would be differently answered by different individuals. One who had always lived within sight of college walls, yet who was in the literary sense a *filius nullius*, would reply with promptness, "Why, Alma Mater is only metaphor for college. They mean those four-story limestone buildings on the hill yonder, with the whitewash peeling off, and with long woodsheds in the rear." But put the query to a true-hearted alumnus, and possibly he might hesitate before giving his answer. Possibly he might feel that an eloquent silence is better than empty speech. If he should try to give utterance to his thoughts, possibly it would be with swimming eyes, with a choking voice, and with a heart brimful of emotion. To him Alma Mater are sacred words. They are words of magic power. At their bidding the churchyard of memory yields up its saintly dead. At their bidding he is translated from the cold, calculating cares of manhood back to the sunshine, the hilarity, the hopefulness, and the freedom of his earlier years. Alma Mater! blessed words! Words of comfort and of healing are they to the faithful graduate. They carry him away from the present, and leave him at the knee of maternal fondness. They restore him to the sacred solicitude of his mind's mother. If, while out upon the dusty highway of life, he has tasted the waters of political strife, and found them, like those of Meribah, bitter and disgusting; if the honors of professional toil have proved to him a mockery and a weariness; if he has realized that the friendships of the world are but too often interested and selfish, the mention of Alma Mater is to him like the thought of Erin to the exiled Irishman. It recalls the happy hours which he can live over again only in memory, in dreams, and in social interviews like the present. It recalls the season when the sweet, sparkling waters of Castaly leaped welcome to his lip — when his mind lifted its first aspirations after greatness, and rejoiced with a fearless, unspeakable joy in its antici-

pated triumphs, when he associated with friends who carried their hearts in their hands, and who gave their companionship with no thought of self, with no Iscariot motives. And what alumnus is there who will not take delight in cherishing for his mind's mother an affection similar in kind, if not in degree, to that which he feels toward her to whom he owes his existence? What alumnus is there here who will not respond heartily to the sentiment with which I resume my seat?

"Alma Mater—the Gentle Mother to whom we are indebted for many richest enjoyments and many priceless benefits—at all times, and under all circumstances, we will exhibit ourselves her faithful and sustaining children."

The following address is an effective statement of the advantage to the locality that springs from the existence of a college in its midst:

The good of having a college among us is partly seen in what it has already accomplished for our own young men—our own as distinguished from those who come to us from abroad. I was surprised lately in looking over a triennial catalogue, to find that more than ten per cent of the graduates of Hamilton College belong to Clinton families; while upward of twenty per cent belong to Oneida county families. Here is a fact for us to look at. The college has now upward of a thousand graduates, and more than a hundred of these are members of Clinton families. If these home graduates had been sent to an eastern college, their education would have cost from \$100,000 to \$150,000. It is then a moderate estimate to say that the college has already saved to the place that sum of money. Besides this it has brought into the town upward of a \$1,000,000. But this is only a partial view of the case. It gives no full and just idea of the good of having a college among us. In one sense, every graduate from the college is a Clintonian, and represents the character of the place, wheresoever his lot in life may be cast. Spending three or four years in our midst—three or four of his most

impressible years — mixing with us, in our daily life and walk and enjoyments, meeting with us at our firesides, in our places of worship and of business, a student becomes attached to Clintonians, and remembers them to their advantage, as long as he lives.

The next extract tells of a practical way in which graduates can help a college, even though they can not open their purses for it:

We are all anxious to help the college, and there are a dozen ways of doing it. We can help the college by setting an example of educated manhood and intelligent, upright citizenship. We can help the college by giving money to its treasury, or books to its library, or portraits to its art gallery, or samples to its hall of natural history, or trees to its campus, or sons to its classes. We can help the college by speaking a good word for it on the street, or the platform, or in the pulpit, or through the press, or in a womanly postscript. Last but not least, we can help the college by praying for it, and the prayer of the righteous graduate availeth much. The real trouble with our college is that so many of its alumni are Micawbers, waiting for a million to turn up, and bring in millennial glory. I fell in with a graduate the other day who believes in doing something beyond this easy Micawberizing. He preaches the Gospel in a small rural parish where they pay him \$500, with a donation party thrown in. That is good enough, what there is of it, and enough of it, such as it is. This rural pastor told me he owed the college a large debt, and wanted to pay the interest on it, if the college would take what he could offer. His salary all went for his living, and his children were all girls. But he prayed for the college every Sunday in the pulpit. He believed in special providences, and that the Lord might be sure to understand his prayer, he prayed for Hamilton College in particular, and by name, as well as for higher education in general. His prayer for Hamilton College had been answered already. Coming down from his pulpit one

Sunday, he met a sturdy cheesemaker with his little wife beside him, who wanted to know about the college he had prayed for. Said he, "Wife and I have a boy at home, who is all for books, and wife thinks he ought to go to college. But we can't spare him yet, for he's mighty handy at milking cows." The minister saw his chance there, and went on to tell how he was drilling that boy twice a week in his Greek and Latin. Said he, "I'll have him ready for college in two years, and I mean he shall capture a key, if not the valedictory." That is the kind of loyalty that will build up Hamilton College.

Extracts from a number of these brief addresses are given below, without exact knowledge of the time or place where they were spoken :

In this centennial year, Dominie Kirkland has very decided advantages over any half-century recruit. In one particular Dominie Kirkland has a very positive advantage. He is allowed to sleep quietly in the college cemetery, and is not called upon to do any after-dinner speaking.

If I should have the joy of meeting Dominie Kirkland on the celestial hills, I shall be apt to tell him how reverently and gratefully his name is mentioned by Hamilton alumni ; that his cottage on College Hill is kept in good repair ; and that all he planted on College Hill is doing well, except the Lombardy poplars. Even the homesick Lombardy poplars keep on pointing heavenward, when they have nothing but dry sticks to point with.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have had serious thoughts of running away, on my last legs, from this eighty-first commencement, and hiding myself for the week in Saratoga, or Nantucket, or Chicago. But I am here to-day, what remains of me, after attending fifty-six commencements in the Old Stone church. I can honestly say that the deepest feeling of my heart to-day is a feeling of gratitude to God and gratitude to friends for the privilege of the last fifty years. It has been a priceless privilege and a most delightful duty, to be permitted to give instruction

to two thousand young men in fifty-six successive classes. If any of these two thousand students have been impressed with the beauty and power of the Greek, as the best language ever spoken, next to our mother tongue, as the language selected by God himself for the revelation of gospel truth, that is so much good fruit for fifty-six years of imperfect labor in Hamilton College.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am glad to see that my friend, Rev. Doctor Holbrook of Sing Sing, is here to-night. He will be pleased with a little anecdote I heard not long ago, about his godly father, Deacon Holbrook of Whitesboro, who was very familiar with Scripture, and who used to pray that the Lord would "send us neither poverty nor riches — especially the poverty." On College Hill, it seems to make no great difference whether we pray for poverty or for riches. We get the poverty all the year round. Sometimes we get it very severely. But we keep on doing good work for church and state, and we are prospered up there on College Hill, in spite of our poverty and isolation. We have a stronger faculty than we ever had before, and each man aims to make his own department one of the driving wheels of the college. We never had a brighter, brainier, manlier body of students — present company always excepted. We are so thoroughly Presbyterian that we have introduced the doctrine of election into the college curriculum, and it takes wonderfully with the students. Perhaps it was one of the things foreordained that our college should show the world what large results can be reached, without the embarrassment of riches.

Perhaps we shall have some money some day, when our ship comes in. Meanwhile we are learning how to use it with economy. We have a splendid line of Lombardy poplars, each pointing upward to one of Doctor Peters's asteroids. Doctor Peters calculates that his forty-two asteroids contain a surface upward of 268,000 square miles. Only think of it — more than five times as many acres as we have in the whole state of New York. When all that celestial real estate

comes to a good Wall street market, won't we have a booming time of it — we and Doctor Peters ?

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Translated into] simple and modest Greek it seems to amount to about this : that I am arraigned, on a sort of drum-head indictment, for the atrocious crime of abusing the patience of the college for the period of forty years. In the presence of all these witnesses to this obstinate shortcoming or longstaying, the best thing I can do will be to throw myself on the mercy of the court. If it please the court to be merciful, I promise to be out of the way before the end of another forty years. Forty years make something of a load for a mortal man to carry, but it strikes me that the immortal Greek is younger and livelier, more significant and meatier, than it was forty years ago. Calling the Greek "a fetish," does not quench its deathless inspiration, nor kill its vital roots that are intertwined with whatever is highest and most progressive in the nineteenth century. I am sure the Greek is going to hold its own so long as its descendants live among our English words, so long as our college keeps its lighthouse on the hill :

Students come and students go,  
But Greek goes on forever.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

It is now fifty years since I enjoyed the reputation of being the "Old Greek," and twenty-five years since I became one of this Association of Hamilton Alumni. On the 17th of December, 1868, this Association of Hamilton Alumni was quietly organized in the lecture room of Professor Dwight of Columbia College. The first symposium of the association was held January 21, 1869, in the historic banquet hall of the Astor House. Of the fifty-four alumni who sat together at the first reunion, exactly one-half are still living. It is pleasant to meet here to-night a few of the famous fifty-four who cheered the opening address of Hon. Charles P. Kirkland, '16, the oldest graduate then present, and the presiding officer. We have not yet forgotten the stirring response



of President Brown, of Doctor C. H. F. Peters and his generous friend, Edwin C. Litchfield; of Daniel Huntington, the world-renowned artist; of Professor T. W. Dwight and his classmate, Doctor H. A. Nelson; of General Joseph R. Hawley and his classmate, Colonel Emmons Clark; of Judge Alexander Spaulding and Doctor Henry B. Millard, who sleeps now in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is a grateful fact that in its upward evolution from the Astor House to the Waldorf, death has kindly spared the graduates who were most actively engaged in the founding of this association. Since 1868 New York has found out that such live graduates as Doctor A. N. Brockway, Doctor Isaac H. Hall, and Hon. Elihu Root are essential to its growth and glory. And what they do for the growth and glory of New York is so much done for their mother college.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am grateful to our president for selecting a topic with such a broad and comprehensive horizon. Perhaps I am expected to explain what sort of an outlook each Hamilton graduate has for length of days. As the necrologist of our Hamilton alumni, the astrology that I have to deal with is mostly of the post-mortem variety. In necrology we get our horoscope of the future by studying the past. By analyzing the vital statistics of our stelligerent alumni, I find that twenty-six per cent have lived sixty years and become sexagenarians; I find that fifteen per cent have lived seventy years, and become septuagenarians; seven per cent have lived eighty years, and become octogenarians; one per cent have lived ninety years, and become nonagenarians. Two of the nonagenarians are still living, and are classmates.

As Doctor North grew older and feebler, his addresses took on a cheerful pathos:

I have only to report, Mr. Symposiark, that I am on my perilous way to that last one of our college honors, the headship of our living Hamilton graduates. I find that there are now only fifteen names — not counting stelligerents — only fifteen names

between me and the oldest Hamilton alumnus. To-day it looks like a sort of "nip-and-tuck" struggle between Doctor Miller<sup>1</sup> and myself. To-day both of us have a son and a grandson among the Hamilton graduates. When we reach that Happy Land where commencement joys are endless, Doctor Miller will have a good long talk with President Penney, and I will have the comfort of locating that long-lost graduate who defied all efforts at finding his post office address in this mundane sphere.

The following was his response to a call of greeting from a class holding its reunion on the campus in 1900 :

I thank you most heartily for this most agreeable greeting. As you already know, I am not now in the working harness. But I have all the consolations that live in the memories of fifty-seven years of activity in the work of teaching Greek to patient and appreciative students. It is one of the comforts in the life of a faithful teacher that he gains something like a parental interest in the success of his students. Although his students come to be classed as graduates, they never cease to be fondly remembered as sons and alumni. From this point of view age and retirement have golden compensations. To find on the mail book only fifteen graduates older than yourself has its funereal suggestion. But this funereal suggestion is obliterated by the long line of working graduates who in fifty-six classes are making this world a lovelier place for people to live in. Aristophanes, in one of his comedies, says that "old men are boys twice over." This allows me to count myself one of your number to-day. May God bless you, and make each of you a blessing.

His greeting to President M. Woolsey Stryker, at the first alumni reunion after the latter's election follows :

The old Greek mythology had its nine muses, each presiding over her chosen branch of the beautiful in art. Our college

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Dr. L. M. Miller of Ogdensburg, New York, class of 1840, who died October 7, 1901.

history has now its nine presidents, each distinguished for some special gift. As the ninth muse presided over Harmony, in all of its varieties, so our ninth president will inspire and direct all harmonies in the building up of our Mother College. We have firm faith that President Stryker will give us a new interpretation of Milton's "L'Allegro," and that he will discover for us

Good notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
Notes paid at sight, with no discount,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

Thus is shown, in his own language, through a long series of years, Doctor North's feeling for the college and his pupils. It remains to present some of the evidences of the rare and touching manner in which this feeling was reciprocated. It often found expression in rhyme, like the following, from the pen of an admirer whose name is unknown :

\* \* \* \* \*

Steadfast star of the north !  
Thro' all vicissitudes of earth  
It points unerring to the pole ;  
While planets in their orbits roll  
And newer worlds are given birth,  
Its faithful light shines forth.

Here in our little world,  
Where hand clasps hand for common weal —  
Each knowing best by what hard way  
Back to this shrine his journey lay —  
And where we rest, for here we feel  
Our rival ensigns furled.

Lo, here our fixed North Star !  
Thro' forty years of gracious toil  
His lines unwavering have run,  
And every Alma Mater's son,

'Mid life's vexations and turmoil,  
He greets, both near and far.

Safe guardian he of youth !  
Years have not dulled his lasting prime,  
Nor checked the generous outward flow  
Of sympathy kind hearts bestow,  
Wordless as love's own pantomime,  
Or love's unplighted truth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Strong, gentle, loving arms,  
Where'er our lots in life be cast,  
Reach toward us with solicitude ;  
And whether peace or troubles brood,  
Their impulse is to hold us fast  
And shield us from all harms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alcinous, we say !  
Whose doorpath has no moss nor gate ;  
Of fruitage from whose trees and vines  
Each coming guest abundance finds,  
And, parting thence with simple state,  
Goes well sped on his way.

Peace to yon hillside home,  
Where faith and love and labor dwell !  
Heaven grant our prayer may come to pass —  
*Serus in coelum redeas* —  
And may all blessings rare fill well  
Thy days that are to come.

A tribute in verse came to him on Christmas day,  
1901, from Charles S. Hoyt, of the class of '77, accom-  
panied by this letter :

OAK PARK, ILL., December 12, 1901.

The heart of every Hamilton man beats in love and grati-  
tude for you ; for your scholarship, which has helped to make

Hamilton a city set on a hill ; for your devotion to Hamilton and unfailing interest in the welfare of her sons ; for the worth of your Christian manhood and the width of your Christian influence. May God bless you, as He has made you a blessing, and make your evening time light ! Will you accept the inclosed sonnet with my hearty Christmas greeting and wishes ?

Faithfully,

CHARLES S. HOYT, '77.

#### TO PROFESSOR NORTH

What pæan shall I sing thee, noblest "Greek" ?  
 Thy blended Attic wit and wisdom praise ?  
 Some strong and simple Doric shaft upraise,  
 To mark thy manhood rare, thy life unique ?  
 Oh, could I hear thee scan with liquid voice  
 The flowing measures of Theocritus ;  
 Translate those Idyls, as mellifluous  
 As honey from Hymettian fields, and choice !  
 With thee we climbed th' Acropolis, to see  
 That panorama from the Parthenon,  
 Imagine Salamis and Marathon  
 And Athens — all that gorgeous pageantry.  
 Thou madest Greece a fair, enchanted land,  
 By simple virtue of thy scholar's wand.

From among the hundreds of letters in Doctor North's files, revealing the feeling of his students, two are here reprinted ; they are types of all :

POUGHKEEPSIE HIGH SCHOOL, '  
 POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y., March 1, 1901.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR NORTH : In the waning days of the previous century, about sixty of Hamilton's alumni who had been permitted to listen to your voice during their recitations of Greek lunched together. This occurred during the Principals' Holiday Conference at Syracuse, December, 1900.

After the lunch it pleased our fancy to think aloud some

thoughts of former days — of days when we were students at old Hamilton. It was my privilege to respond to "Old Greek." The boys — though men grown and some of them accompanied by sons who are now students at Hamilton — knew well who was meant by that title expressive always of loving thoughts for the man whom all alumni of Hamilton would ever honor.

I can not recall what I said, nor could I immediately when I had concluded. I know that I am daily conscious of great indebtedness to you for the influence of your life upon my character, nor does that influence wane.

As I spoke, I simply thought aloud my indebtedness to the various and the combined influences at Hamilton, and it seemed to me that "Old Greek" was more nearly the personification of the best for which Hamilton is known among her alumni than any other man whom I have known. And my thoughts met with such cordial response that one of our number graciously proposed that Mr. Winne be requested to write Professor North a letter, expressing the love of Hamilton alumni for dear "Old Greek."

When we were boys at college, we were shy — and had not learned to express to our most dearly beloved our heart's secret. Nor have we wholly outgrown our shyness. Still we would express to you our gratitude for your benign and stimulating influence upon us when at college. How we did wish for your presence — to see you, to greet you, to look you frankly in the face and to say to you in tones and greeting — if not in bungling words: Professor North, I love you because you inspired in me a desire to do my best and to realize in my life what God has made possible.

Of course, my words are inadequate. There is so much that my brethren would have me write that I am confused by their many expressions of gratitude. Would that I could tell you all!

I know our wishes would include for you the same beautiful and youthful life when you have grown great in years, that you ever manifested to us in days of yore.

I am grateful for the opportunity to communicate to you the wishes of my companions.

Most cordially,

JAMES WINNE, '77.

PRINCIPAL JAMES WINNE.

*My dear Friend:* To-morrow, if life's lamp holds out to burn, I shall have reached my eighty-first birthday, and it can bring me no richer blessing than your fraternal letter of March 1. That brotherly letter does the work of instantaneous photography, and brings into living reality forms and faces and voices and gifts, some of which have lived in memory alone for twenty-four years. Yours was a wide-awake, genial class, with such a variety of wholesome gifts that each recitation brought its special suggestion of coming power in some chosen field of intellectual effort. Each year brings some new fulfillment of undergraduate prophecy, or some new revelation of intellectual power. Yes—the earnest teacher, whose heart is in his daily duties, has joys which he alone can understand. As an earnest and competent teacher, you will understand what I but feebly express. With hearty thanks to you and your fellow alumni at Syracuse,

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD NORTH.

One of the painful chapters in the college history was the “bolt” of the class of '84. The following letter, written seventeen years later, is a reminiscence of that episode.

July 10, 1901.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR NORTH: For a long time I have been hoping to see some one of the class of '84 do something toward leading the class into closer touch with our dear college. I do not for a moment question the loyalty of the class. We were unfortunate in leaving things as we did. And while I yet believe the lamented President Darling made a mistake in dealing with us, I long to see and know

that every vestige of that unfortunate "bolt" is removed, and something put in its place that will help Hamilton. Allow me to say that this never will come to pass unless it be while you are with us. '84 loved Doctor North; everybody does. I am no "Moses"; but I propose to get at something that will test this matter. What I want now is your help. Can you give it? Will you forgive us, and suggest something that the college needs; something that you would like to have the college get; something that will cost, say, about \$500; something that will take the place of our "class stone"; and something that will appeal to our men? I am asking this of you because I propose to use *your name* in my attempt.

Very affectionately,

W. P. MILLER, '84.

The most striking testimonial that ever came to Doctor North of the affectionate regard of his former pupils, was on Christmas day, 1901, after illness had overtaken him, and he was shut out from the companionship of his friends. It was planned as a surprise for him by President Stryker, on the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Lewis Ray Foote, Brooklyn, '69, and Franklin A. Spencer, '82, who joined with other graduates in sending this circular letter to every alumnus whose address was known:

FELLOW ALUMNUS: It has been suggested that it would be a graceful thing to remember "Old Greek" with a greeting on Christmas morning. Won't you join this greeting? Take a moment, right now, then you won't forget it. Write on a piece of paper, your business card will do, if no more appropriate sentiment occurs, the two words, "Merry Christmas," sign your name and class in college and date it December 25. Place in the inclosed envelope and mail it at once. Doctor Stryker has agreed to receive and keep unopened all of these letters, and hand them all together to Professor North on Christmas morning. Let's throw a little sunshine across the path of the old man "half way up the hill" just for Christmas.



This circular elicited a response from more than seven hundred alumni, and the bushel basketful of letters, accompanied by a large bouquet of roses, was delivered to Doctor North by President Stryker on Christmas morning. With the letters was a scroll, extending Christmas greetings, which had been prepared by the undergraduates, and signed by every student and every member of the faculty. As was said by the college paper at the time, it was the most unique and the most significant Christmas greeting that ever came to a college professor. These seven hundred letters were an unbroken panegyric of affectionate regard, unstinted admiration, and avowal of personal indebtedness to "Old Greek." Many of them were couched in terms of eulogy so beautiful in diction and so effective in phrase, that they should have been reproduced here, as a part of this tribute to Doctor North, and as essential to a full understanding of the place he won for himself in the hearts of his students; but there are so many of them, and they are all alike so genuine, that selection is impossible, while to print all would extend these pages too far. Instead of the letters, here follows the professor's response: the last words, of any length, written by the hand that had finished its work.

Yes, it was a right merrie and grateful Christmas, with its hundreds of kindly greetings, a merrie Christmas with greetings from forty states, in six languages, with holiday reminiscences lasting through the week, and lapping over this happy New Year. Salutation to the long procession of forms and faces that comes trooping out the misty past, still in the student's youthful vigor, not yet burdened with the coming cares of church and state, of family and school, of office and duty, and all saluted with the hopes of happy New Years still to come. Hearty thanks and a happy New Year to one and all who have gladdened the heart that still finds

joy in memories of the dear delightful days with Homer, Theocritus, Æschylus, and Socrates, and who rejoices that he surrenders the cares of college to younger and wiser guardians, who will see that the Mother on the Hill is a worthy guide and guardian of the sons of the sons who have so graciously gladdened the heart of the "Old Greek"!

## CHAPTER VI

### REMINISCENCES OF THE COLLEGE

THE KIRKLAND COTTAGE — A TRIBUTE TO SAMUEL KIRKLAND —  
SKENANDOA — SAMSON OCCUM — TRADITIONS OF PRESIDENT  
AZEL BACKUS — A BACCHANAL BALLAD — PRESIDENT BACKUS'S  
SPECTACLES — THE OLD HOMES ON COLLEGE HILL.

FROM the beginning of his connection with Hamilton College, Doctor North was interested in its traditions; they grew and grew upon him, and it became his constant pleasure to preserve and perpetuate them. He missed no opportunity to revive the memory of Samuel Kirkland, the devoted missionary to the Oneida Indians, who was the real founder of the institution, and after whom it should have been named. His addresses make frequent reference to Kirkland's career and services. His long and finally successful effort to preserve the original Kirkland cottage, and transplant it to the college campus, to be sacredly cared for as a priceless heirloom, illustrates Doctor North's regard for the traditions of the college. To the work of saving this cottage he devoted himself for several years. In his diary for May 2, 1877, appears this entry: "Walked to the village after tea, and made calls for the Kirkland cottage. It is perilous for a man to express an interest in anything that requires money. Yet I mean to work out the saving of the Kirkland cottage!" And so he did. Some months later, at a meeting of the Clinton Rural Art Society, Doctor North read a paper which sketched the history of this cottage, paid tribute to

the heroic missionary who built and lived in it, and ended with an appeal for its preservation. This appeal was immediately successful. Mr. Edward Smith of New York, the father-in-law of Professor Chester Huntington, happened to be present at the meeting, and immediately volunteered to pay the price at which the building was offered for sale. The paper which won this generous response from Mr. Smith was in the main as follows :

#### THE KIRKLAND COTTAGE

A man is known by the house he lives in, as well as by the company he keeps. The paper to be read this evening is the result of an effort to write out a chapter of local history from the standpoint of the fireside. It has been written with the hope that facts with which some of us are already quite familiar may renew their interest when they are looked at in connection with the homes of the men of intellectual greatness who have set fair copy for later generations in the work of building up and enlarging Hamilton College.

At the foot of College Hill lives the owner of a humble structure, well known through the community as the Kirkland cottage. The owner is aware that this cottage was once the home of Samuel Kirkland.

He seems to be aware that the sons and friends of Hamilton College feel toward its founder and the roof that sheltered him a deep interest. Yet he is so intent on securing an affirmative answer to the question Does farming pay ? that he proposes to remove the Kirkland cottage to a new location and compel it to do duty as a hop house, after adding to its length and its height, and so changing its form that it will no longer be recognized as the home of the missionary. Perhaps it is not yet too late to save the Kirkland cottage from this indignity. Perhaps an imminent peril of this kind was necessary to wake up our own slumbering sentiment, and prompt us to ask whether we are not, after all, negatively guilty of the same kind of insensibility to immaterial values and historical monuments. The

owner of the Kirkland cottage attaches no value whatever to its history and the traditions that cling to its hewn rafters, its cedar shingles, its broad fireplace, its narrow bedrooms, its whitewood clapboards, its worn threshold, its narrow windows, its low ceiling; but he estimates that the entire structure is worth \$140, because it would cost him \$140 to purchase timber and lumber for a new hop house of the same size. Accordingly he has agreed to sell the Kirkland cottage for \$140, on condition that the money is paid within twenty days, and the cottage removed from his land before the end of next April. Perhaps a brief sketch of this cottage may help us to place a right estimate upon its historical value.

In the year 1788, when George Clinton was governor, the state of New York united with the Oneida Indians in making a grant of valuable lands in Oneida county to Rev. Samuel Kirkland. This grant embraced about 4,760 acres, and has since been known as Kirkland's Patent. Its eastern line runs from the northwest to the southeast, along the historic "Line of Property," which divides Coxe's Patent from the Oneida reservation. It stretches from Oneida Lake, through a large poplar tree planted as a landmark about one hundred feet northeast of where we are now seated, on to the Unadilla river. This line of property was originally fixed by the Treaty of Fort Stanwix, made between the British government and the Six Nations in 1768, and is probably the oldest mark of civilization in Oneida county.

Dominie Kirkland took possession of a part of his patent in 1789, clearing a few acres and building a log house east of the present Kirkland mansion, now owned by Mr. L. S. Harding. A year or two later, probably in 1791, he built a small framed dwelling near the log shanty. This was the first sample of clapboard architecture in the Kirkland Patent, two years after the first framed house had been put up in the village of Clinton by Colonel Timothy Tuttle.

At this time Mr. Kirkland held an appointment from the London Missionary Society whose American commissioners resided in Boston. At the same time our own government at

Washington sought the aid of Mr. Kirkland in its efforts to win the confidence and loyal attachment of the Indians. It was mainly through his influence, while living in this humble home, that the Six Nations remained firm in their adhesion to our government.

These services were of the greatest value to the government at a critical period of the war for independence, and they will be likely to receive, as they well deserve to receive, still more honorable recognition during the Centennial Jubilee of 1876.

Twenty-three years ago, the late Judge Chittenden of Watertown, who was one of the "Hamilton Oneida Boys," related an anecdote of Dominie Kirkland, which I have never seen among other memorabilia of his life and character. It was given by Judge Chittenden as an illustration of the Dominie's remarkable talent for making eleemosynary appeals and collections. He was in the habit of going out among his neighbors to solicit alms for the Indians, among whom he labored as a missionary. Sometimes he took with him one or two good-looking and well-behaved Oneidas, to emphasize his appeals. He once called upon Mrs. Barnabas Pond, who lived on the place now owned by S. W. Gunn, to ask an alms for the poor Indian. Mrs. Pond happened to be out of sorts that day, and not in a charitable mood. She had nothing to give. Money was scarce and provisions could not be spared. The Dominie persevered. He assured her that any sort of gift, no matter what, would be acceptable. Mrs. Pond was willing to soften her refusal. If a bite of cheese would be of any account, she wouldn't refuse to cut a cheese. The Dominie was quick to see his opportunity. The Indians were very fond of cheese, and a present of this sort would not come amiss. The good housekeeper brought out one of her large cheeses, placed a knife upon it, and asked the Dominie to cut it. Thoughtfully he took the knife, and after a preliminary flourish, he asks:

"Where shall I cut this beautiful cheese, Mrs. Pond?"

"Oh, just where you please, sir."



CAMPUS SCENE.





“ Thank you, Madam, with your kind consent, it will please me to cut it *at home*.”

And he walked off with the cheese under his arm, leaving Mrs. Pond somewhat astonished and puzzled, but not at all offended.

One can see the devoted missionary, of a Sabbath evening, as he sits by the cottage door in the presence of his swarthy, uncounted Bible class, some of whom had walked thirty miles to hear him. One can see the interchange of question and answer, as he struggles to convey to benighted souls some just idea of the only true God — a Spirit infinite, eternal, unchangeable in wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth. One can see him unappalled, serene, and cheerful, in the midst of dangers, thick-set on every side, with his faith in the power of the Gospel never weakened, not when tried for his life on the charge of being a malignant sorcerer ; not when he sees a musket aimed at his heart by a skulking savage ; not when he wakes up in the morning to find a bloody tomahawk driven into the door of his cottage, possibly the cottage now in danger of sinking to a baser use than

Cæsar dead and turned to clay,  
Stopping a hole to keep the wind away.

One can see the patient missionary, skillfully, prayerfully instructing those dull, indolent savages, by word and by example, in the peaceful arts of plowing and sowing and reaping and grafting and weaving and building and reading and writing. One can see him holding back those fierce warriors, when they were panting like bloodhounds in the leash to league with the forces of England, and exterminate our infant settlements in central New York.

In the still hours of the night one can see him in his cottage writing long letters on religious subjects to good men in London and Boston, and other long letters, on political and educational matters, to men highest in national and state authority—to President Washington, to General Knox, to Alexander Hamilton, and to George Clinton. When weary

with writing, one can see him kneel by his bedside, and gather new strength where he had taught his dusky converts to find it, by "talking with the Great Spirit."

One can see him with his bright children about him, one of whom was to be a graduate of Dartmouth; another the first wife of the greatest Biblical scholar of America, Edward Robinson; a third the mother of his gifted biographer, Samuel Kirkland Lothrop; a fourth most eminent among the sons and presidents of Harvard College.

One can see the dignity and gracious simplicity that ennobled the hospitalities of his narrow home, when he receives frequent calls from the Chieftain Skenandoa; from James Dean, the fearless interpreter; from Kunkepot and Onondago and Samson Occum, the Indian orators; and those most memorable visits from Governor Clinton and Baron Steuben; from Timothy Dwight and Jeremiah Day, after their long ride on horseback from Yale College.

One can see him laying out and maturing his plans and benefactions for a new seat of Christian learning, that shall be to New York what Harvard and Yale and Dartmouth then were to New England: an eminent means of diffusing useful knowledge, of enlarging the bounds of human happiness.

When one sees all this, and other such sights, is it strange if that weather-beaten, unpainted cottage at the foot of the hill, with its crumbling chimneys, swells into a sacred pile, with something of the grandeur and hallowed inspiration of an old cathedral?

Is it strange, if I sometimes dream that cottage will one day be transferred to the choicest spot on the college campus, and roofed over with a spacious pavilion, and that in it will be collected the letters which the good missionary wrote and received; the Bible and the books that he loved to read; the bloody tomahawk that was driven into the door of his cottage; the old Puritan musket that refused to go off, when aimed at his heart by a skulking Indian; the chair that he sat in when he received a visit from President Tim-

othy Dwight and Tutor Jeremiah Day, who came all the way on horseback from Yale College ; the chair that his wife sat in when she taught the alphabet to the coming president of Harvard ; with portraits of himself and President Wheelock, his preceptor, of Skenandoa, who sleeps beside him in the college cemetery, of James Dean, the heroic interpreter, of Kunkepot and Onondago, the Indian braves, of his tried friends, Baron Steuben, Doctor Backus, and Doctor Norton ; and lastly, that deed of trust giving three hundred acres for the beginning of Hamilton College. These, it seems to me, will be a fitting monument to "The Memory of Samuel Kirkland."

With the name of Dominie Kirkland is always associated that of Skenandoa, the Christian chieftain of the Oneida Indians. One of the earliest of Doctor North's poems, delivered before the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, was a fine tribute to the character and services of this remarkable man. Several extracts from this poem are here reproduced :

#### SKENANDOA

[A poem pronounced at the Anniversary of the Alpha Delta Phi Society of Hamilton College, July, 1843.]

A blind and garrulous old man, his name  
Tradition, far removed from noisy towns,  
That put on airs and flaunt ambitious hues,  
Lives in a cavern weird and shadowy ;  
And leaning on his staff, rehearses tales  
Of wild adventure in those former years,  
When Superstition, by the hearths of rude  
Simplicity, nurst shivering Dismay.  
With pious care, Historians gather up  
The sibyl leaves that stray from that weird cave,  
And build them into books. And Orators  
Go there to borrow those strange sorcerous spells,  
Which linger in the spirit's haunted ear,

Like voices in the shell. Shy children climb  
The knees of that blind, garrulous old man,  
And vex him for recitals, such as freeze  
The blood in infant veins, of deadly fray,  
And visits of white ghosts. But most of all,  
Conceited children of the tuneful craft,  
Imagine that unearthly eloquence  
Lurks in his language, and it yields them joy  
To seize its echoes, as they roam about  
In that weird cave, and weave them into song.  
Often beside the weary plow at noon,  
And the good evening fire, is mention made  
Of Skenandoa. It was his gladness, years  
Ago, with plumed tiara clad, to breathe  
The lusty air of the Oneida hills.  
In moccasins of curious workmanship  
He trod the warpath with a kingly step,  
That awed his dusky liegemen, and disdained  
A meaner sealing of his royalty  
Than that which conscious prowess and felt worth  
Imprint on noble brow. The pleasant homes,  
Where our intrepid sires have planted vines,  
And reared tall trees, beneath whose murmuring boughs  
Unscared by dreams of Rapine, we repose,  
Look upward to the same far sky, which stooped  
To clasp within its blue embrace the broad  
Dominions of his tribe.

That gallant tribe  
Is gone. Through its long graveyard, mournfully,  
As if bereavement made them heavy, move  
Those streams, upon whose margins Enterprise,  
That can persuade the elements to earn  
Its wealth, hath summoned into busy life  
The hum of spindles, and the clang of looms  
Innumerable.

The Sagamore had roamed  
The woods until they knew his voice. His step

Had grown as wonted to the tangled passages  
 Of swamps, where daylight never came,  
 As is a weaver's shuttle to its path.  
 He had run races, when a black haired boy,  
 Before his maiden war club had received  
 The nick of his first battle, with the swift  
 Oriskany ; had bathed him in its tide ;  
 Been led by it, when lost, as by a clew,  
 Until his bent ear caught the distant ring  
 Of the samp-pestle at his bark-built home,  
 And after years had nurtured in his breast  
 A solemn love, born of the boy's wild whim,  
 For its low music.

\* \* \* \* \*

At length undaunted Kirkland came and reared  
 God's altar in the woods. The savage raised  
 His hands and stared in mute astonishment.  
 The mild instructor stood alone, yet strong  
 In faith ; unarmed yet fearless. The good news  
 Of the Atoning Word stole welcomingly  
 To those fine chords of sympathy which long  
 Had rusted in the Sachem's heart, and woke  
 Supreme rapture. From his eyelids fell  
 The seals of darkness, wretchedness, and guilt,  
 The hallowed light of a soft morning bathed  
 His spirit, which the dews of penitence  
 Had moistened, and to his rapt sense revealed  
 A world so freshly beautiful it seemed  
 A new creation. Those stern qualities  
 Which made the warrior terrible, were merged  
 In love ; and in the room of that serene  
 Contempt, which sat throned on his rigid lip  
 Was seen the smile of a believer's hope,  
 As if it were a metaphor of peace.

How like vast billows, yearning for the moon,  
 Are the fierce passions of the natural heart !

Each with its fellow waging sullen war,  
 And all combined to work the general ill.  
 Yet when the example of a holy life  
 Comes with its blessed influence they cease  
 Their conflict and, like heaving tides, reach up  
 To clasp the Pure, the Lovely, the Serene !

Thus lived the Sagamore, a stalwart elm  
 Hugging the soil that gave it nourishment,  
 And therewithal content : that asked no hymn  
 At morn's approach, or twilight's dewy hour  
 Sweeter than that which the red hangbird trilled  
 From its suspended nest, through lattices  
 Of leaves that fidgeted on their slight stems ;  
 That pined for no exotic fragrances,  
 So long as wild forgetmenots, that loved  
 Its shade, with a sweet bashful gratitude,  
 Turned up their eyes.

Time hurried on, and shook  
 The moments from his wing. The stalwart elm  
 Grew old. The tempests of an hundred years  
 Had whistled through its branches, and it fell  
 Prostrate and broken.

Near those trysting walls,  
 Where Science and Religion meet and kiss  
 Each other, and within that precinct, where  
 Remembrance goes to mourn the Piety,  
 The Eloquence, the Learning that expired  
 With Backus, Maynard, Norton, sleeps the dust  
 Of Skenandoa.

He left no wealth to bribe  
 The turgid chisel. Yet the memory  
 Of his endearing character survives  
 In marble. By indecent haste his grave  
 Is never trampled. Thither, as the sun  
 Drops down the western sky, prone shadows creep  
 On noiseless knees, like pilgrims, travel worn,

And longing to behold their prophet's tomb,  
Ere life goes out.

The stranger, as he bends  
Him o'er the spot, with lowly daisies pranked,  
And reads, in his unboastful epitaph,  
The record of a sainted Sachem's life,  
Admires how one, who sleeps so peacefully,  
Could rouse, with summons of his tocsin voice,  
His liegemen from their lairs, with quivered backs,  
Or bid them slink to lazy dreams again  
With but a gesture.

Death strikes not to please  
A whim, nor are his doings meaningless.  
The truest lessons that we learn of Life  
Come from the speaking silence of the Grave.  
Then veil thy text, fond scholar, and awhile  
Forget the hoarded wisdom of the schools.  
Why shouldst thou delve forever in the shaft  
Of dark and sunken Ages, with the lamp  
Of thy lit genius on thy brow, for those  
Dim pagan truths, which, when dragged forth to light,  
Only result in demonstrated doubt?  
Come home, pale Roamer from the shadowy Realm  
Of Dream and Fable, through its ivory gate,  
And kneel by the hushed grave of Skenandoa.

The turf is fragrant with embalmed Rebuke :  
And by the memory of a true life,  
A life which glided to its final rest,  
With no rude snapping of the silver cord,  
And went to heaven, as the still dew goes up,  
When it hath told its errand to the flower,  
Let those strong aspirations it were sin  
To quench and madness to abuse, be warmed  
With holier zeal ; and learn a higher aim  
Than the astute Philosophy, which walked  
The groves of Academus, ever dreamed.  
There learn, with what sublimest joy the heart

Is filled, when it hath starved the brutal Lust,  
 And crushed the proud Disdain, and bowed itself  
 At Jesus's feet, as humble as a child.

The Stagirite was cunning, and had wit :  
 But the bruised heart, that well nigh broke with grief,  
 Vainly implored his creed for medicine.  
 Beside the passion of the bleeding Cross,  
 The veil of his hypocrisy is rent  
 In twain, and in the blaze of Gospel Truth,  
 His learned bubbles are ashamed to live.

What is Ambition, but a Sisyphus  
 Forever tugging at the impending rock  
 Of its great agony? Could it but win  
 A glorious name, and carve it deep and large  
 On the high pillars of Eternity,  
 How gladly would it hug the hottest bed  
 In Hell, and deem it but a rosy couch !

Yet, from the bosom of the grave, a voice  
 Whispers : That glory shall go out in night,  
 Which borrows not its luster from the skies ;  
 That friendship is a foolish moment's whim,  
 Which hath no hope to be renewed in heaven.  
 Just when the Dream hath built its house, and made  
 It cool with fountains leaping to the lip,  
 Just when the Toil hath harvested its sheaves  
 Of plenty, and invited in its guests,  
 Just when Desire hath won its bride, and wove  
 Its wedding garment, and perfumed its bed,  
 Then comes the Dread Intruder, with a grip  
 Of ice, and leads away his prisoner.

CLINTON, July, 1843.

A third among these Christianized Indians, whose names are so closely associated with the early history of the college, was Samson Occum ; and the following



letter tells what Doctor North sought to do to perpetuate his memory :

HAMILTON COLLEGE, October 5, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR : I send you the report of a unique memorial service on Paris hill, in which you may possibly feel an interest. You will not blame me, if I think of you among all the distinguished sons of Oneida county, as the one from whom the gift of a monument to Samson Occum would be most appropriate and most graceful. All the more appropriate and graceful would be such a gift because you are most familiar with the history of the Brothertown Indians, and would be looked to as the one best fitted to tell the story of Samson Occum's wonderful career. The cost and style of such a monument should be left to the taste of its donor. The feeling that something should be done in this matter so constantly oppresses me that I shall have no peace of mind until I have made this appeal to your generous sympathy. Kirkland and Skenandoa and Backus have their monuments side by side ; but no inscription in marble or granite rescues the name of Samson Occum from "dumb forgetfulness." Must it be so always ?

With the highest esteem,

Yours very truly,

E. N.

Next after Dominie Kirkland, Doctor North was interested in the traditions of Doctor Azel Backus, the first president of Hamilton College. Some of these traditions he was tempted to perpetuate in rhyme ; and the best of these rhymes was the "Bacchanal Ballad," written for the semicentennial anniversary of the college :

#### A BACCHANAL BALLAD

AIR — *Litoria*

#### I

Prex Backus was a jovial Prex,  
The roughest, kindest of his sex.

His lips let fly full many a joke,  
And jests he woke that others spoke.

## II

One night he caught a freshman tight,  
And helped him home, with wrath and might !  
In other words, a freshman drunk  
He shouldered, like a traveler's trunk.

## III

The freshman's plucky *Mater* wit  
Gave back this saucy, saving hit,  
" *O quo me, Bacche, plenum te :*  
*O magne Prex, quo rapis me ?* "

## IV

When the tired teacher shuts his book,  
When pastors rest, by hook or crook,  
When city bankers seek to know  
A bank whereon wild violets grow ;

## V

When doctors, lawyers, editors,  
Would sharpen up their ancient saws,  
When half a century's uncorked wit  
Floods the gay board where brothers sit ;

## VI

And drunk with frolic, titled men  
Grow back to college boys again,  
Then good Prex Backus's jovial soul  
Fills up for each the brimming bowl ;

## VII

Each mother's son grasps by the hand  
And wrings from each the old demand,  
" *O quo me, Bacche, plenum te :*  
*O magne Prex, quo rapis me ?* "

Here is another skit in humorous verse, prompted by traditions of President Backus :

PRESIDENT BACKUS'S SPECTACLES

[NOTE. — Many years ago a pair of iron spectacles was received from an aged citizen of Clinton, one who had known Dominie Kirkland, Moses Foote, Doctor Norton, Doctor Seth Hastings, and Doctor Backus. He declared that these spectacles were worn by Doctor Backus, when he preached the sermon at the funeral of Skenandoa, in the old church on the village green. These spectacles seem to be made of magnetic iron. They thrill the blood of one who holds them. They have furnished a text for a contribution to the "Hamiltonian." In the early days of the college, morning prayers were held before breakfast, and in winter time the chapel was lighted — though dimly lighted — with homemade tallow candles.]

I

"Helps to see must be seen to," quoth President Backus.  
"To read his own Latin would pose Poet Flaccus,  
With eyes blurred like mine from smudge of damp fuel.  
(That load of green basswood was atrociously cruel :)  
Reading Paul's fervid Greek by dim candle ray,  
At 6.30 A.M., on a bleak winter's day,  
To freshmen uncombed, half-dressed, and frost-bitten,  
Gives worship the blues and devotion the mitten."

II

Helps to read must be had, and where is the bold smith  
With boldness enough? Where the silversmith, goldsmith,  
Where the blacksmith, or tinsmith, plumber, or glazier,  
With courage and skill for the president's pleasure?  
College Hill is astir, and with winking and humming,  
The tall poplar trees wonder what now is coming.  
The Spectacles come. They are built on the square :  
No scrimping of iron or enterprise there.  
All the curves have the true Grecian bend, to a hair.  
The lenses are wrought into well-polished faces,  
And with beeswax cement are kept in their places.

The rivets are solid ; the hinges are pliant,  
And the *tout ensemble*, a trifle defiant,  
Gives the orthodox look for philosophy's giant.

## III

The spectacles come, with their double commission  
To sharpen and lengthen the president's vision.  
No prouder when arms for Achilles he brought,  
Was Vulcan of old than the blacksmith who wrought  
These wonderful helps for eyesight defective.  
Had they saddled the nose of a New York detective  
Long since he had dragged by his aftermath hair  
The millionaire thief from his innermost lair,  
Unless Justice forgot art's bright luminary,  
That genius was laureled "A. M. Honorary."

## IV

A committee of two — all the class of fourteen —  
The first class and smallest our Mother has seen —  
Seek the president's study, and solemnly pray,  
"Please excuse us from speaking commencement day."  
The president peers thro' his spectacles slyly,  
And smiles his consent with a joke thrown in dryly,  
"A pair of bright lights shirk their mission to shine,  
Yet your prayer is allowed both for your sakes and mine,  
Lest your dear Alma Mater should look like the dickens,  
A fussy old hen scratching round for two chickens."

## V

With slow shuffling gait of orang-outang,  
A senior wit brings his chapel harangue.  
"Would President Backus the matter review  
And please let him know will the pleasantries do."  
After wiping his glasses the president read  
Jokes old as the mummies and equally dead.  
Then he cleared his throat to mildly remark,  
"These four-footed puns must have come from Noah's ark."

Attic salt I enjoy, when the article's pure,  
But Joe Miller shad-brine I cannot endure."

## VI

Helps to read we all need, both in earnest and joke,  
Helps to read what was clear when the president spoke;  
Helps to wear with his grace the garlands of beauty  
That wait to reward valiant doers of duty.  
Had we eyes to discern the heritage fair  
So largely and brightly revealed to his prayer;  
Could we see as he saw pure rivers of healing  
Flow out from the fount of Kirkland's unsealing,  
Could we read with him sweet charity's lore  
On the grass-grown grave of the brave Skenandoa,  
How his homespun raiment, transformed to our eyes,  
Would glow with a light from the bending skies,  
And our hearts would burn with a love all divine  
As we walked with our guide from the olden time !

This letter to the late Hon. Gerrit Smith recalls another service which Doctor North rendered to the memory of Doctor Backus :

HAMILTON COLLEGE, April 22, 1872.

HON. GERRIT SMITH, LL.D.

*My dear Sir:* I reached Clinton last week, after an absence of eight months in Europe. One of my first walks was to our college cemetery, where I always find some good inspiration.

I was pained to see that the monument to President Backus is falling to pieces. It is a cheap and hollow structure, made of thin marble slabs. If it were durable, it would be wholly unfit to stand by the grave of a man whose solid greatness can only be symbolized by solid stone. How shall this wrong to the memory of our first and greatest president be righted? The college is so needy that the grave of its founder, Dominie Kirkland, is still without an epitaph in

marble. The monument to President Davis was erected by his son, Hon. Thomas T. Davis. It is massive, costly, and permanent.

The monuments to Doctor Noyes and Professor Catlin were erected by their executors. You see whither I am drifting? I write to ask if you could make a worthier use of \$500 or \$1,000 than to perpetuate the memory of Doctor Backus in marble or granite? The inscriptions on the marble slabs now broken and crumbling are very appropriate, and these could be transferred to the new monument. Then all who visit the cemetery would be spared the pain of seeing in the Backus monument a crumbling satire on the Scriptural promise that "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

If I seem to be rude or intrusive in what I suggest, I beg you to forgive me, and place it to the account of my reverence for one of the few immortal names that were not born to die.

With the highest esteem,

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD NORTH.

Another anecdote regarding President Backus appears in a history of the homes on College Hill, which Doctor North wrote for the Irving Club. The history of the old president's house, still standing on the campus, is preserved in this record :

#### HISTORY OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

The first president's house has seen more changes, and — if it had a tongue — could reveal more secrets of domestic life than any other on College Hill. Until the year 1853, it stood opposite Professor Root's, where it was probably erected as a boarding hall for students, previous to the chartering of the college. Doctor Azel Backus was inaugurated December 3, 1812, and sometime during the next year his family took possession of this house. Here his only daughter was

wooded and won by Gerrit Smith. As it belongs to the common law of Clinton never to speak of Doctor Backus without repeating one of his memorable sayings, here is the place for an anecdote, never yet printed, that will illustrate one of his housekeeping experiences. One of the farmers living westward from the college brought down a load of green basswood, on a cold, nipping morning, and invited Doctor Backus to make a purchase for his fireside. The sticks were all straight, carefully split, snugly packed on the sled, and with their white insides turned out, made a goodly sight to an eye as green as the basswood. Doctor Backus asked what kind of wood it was. The farmer, thinking it all right to quibble with so learned a man, said it was "Not walnut." "Not walnut," echoed the Doctor; "that is a kind of wood I never heard of in Connecticut. But it looks very well, and I will give it a trial." The basswood was unloaded, and paid for. The next morning when the fires were started at five o'clock, the president's mansion was suddenly converted into an ornamental smokehouse; and Doctor Backus may have wept some of those tears, of which he once said, "There is no religion in them." Meeting the woodseller a few days later, he said to him, "Neighbor, couldn't you bring me a couple of cords more of that 'not walnut'?" "Not walnut, ah?" said the farmer, a little puzzled, "you like that kind of wood, then?" "Why, yes," said the Doctor, "I like it for some purposes. It's a good thing in its place. If I had two or three cords, I think I could put out hell fire with it."

\* \* \* Doctor Backus died in 1816, and in 1817 his mantle fell upon Doctor Henry Davis, whose physical, intellectual, and social characteristics formed a striking antithesis to those of the first President. Built like an Englishman, Doctor Backus was bluff, brusque, and brawny. Doctor Davis was a leaning tower of Pisa; slender, courteous, and the owner of more strength of purpose, more power of making resistance than a chance acquaintance would be apt to suspect. \* \* \*

In 1833 Doctor Davis resigned the presidency and retired to that convenient hermitage "over the gulf," which had been

built by the Western Education Society, as a boarding hall for its beneficiaries. It was a capital mistake for the officers of the Education Society, whoever they were, to board their candidates for the ministry, apart from other students, in a place that came to be ignominiously known as "Charity hall." Thus managed, the society lost favor with the public; fell into debt, and its property was sold at auction for \$500, about the time Doctor Davis retired from the presidential mansion.

Doctor Sereno E. Dwight, a man of brilliant gifts, came in 1833, and boarded for two years in the president's house with Mr. H. G. Buttrick. Doctor Joseph Penney came in 1835, and for four years the president's house was a center of generous and refined hospitality. Professor John Finley Smith's brief enjoyment of wedded life was under this roof in 1841-1842. Professor Mandeville had his home here for eight years. Here he elaborated the system of elocution that brought glory to his name and great advantage to the college.

Doctor Mandeville was succeeded by Professor James R. Boyd in 1850, and in 1853 the curators of the college grounds gave the order, "Westward, march!" and the president's house obeyed. By its removal to another locality, it lost much of its dignity and historical prestige; but it sheltered Doctor Fisher's family during seven years of his eventful presidency, and with it are associated the far-reaching plans and brave efforts of a master worker, who gave a vigorous impulse to the growth of the college.

\* \* \* "Happy is the people whose annals are dull." Apart from the activity and occasional excitements created by the presence of students, the annals of College Hill are full of the dull narcotism that belongs to a peaceful and happy community. No traditions are told of fire, or flood, or burglary, or drunken violence. No barroom tempts the young. The nearest approach to a barroom was a queer something called a "buttery," kept in the basement of Commons hall, sixty years ago, with its temptations limited to raisins, nuts, beer,



and cider. One of the keepers of this college buttery was Stephen W. Taylor, valedictorian of the class of 1817, afterwards president of Madison University, father of Benjamin F. Taylor, author of "The River of Time."

\* \* \* A semidaily walk up and down the hill has a rhetorical potency. It gives the indispensable sanitary basis for effective elocution. It gives the discipline that made Demosthenes strong winded, clear headed, and heroic in eloquence. With its complete freedom from malaria, the atmosphere of the hill is a dry and wholesome tonic. It commends itself nimbly and sweetly to the senses. It is a slander to say that the temperature of the hill is unusually changeable. Its thermometers unite in testifying, that in extremes of heat and cold, the mercury rises five degrees higher and sinks five degrees lower on the banks of the Oriskany than on the hillside.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Amid gradual changes which have taken place so noiselessly that they make no impression upon us, until the look reaches backward over a decade of years, throughout this silent lapse of three quarters of a century, the college itself remains unchanged in its loyalty to the grand purpose of its founder. Students come and go in regular succession; teachers are called away by other interests or by death; families are gathered and broken up; seedtime and harvest and winter follow each other, but the college stands, with its eternal youth consecrated to "aid the reign of virtue and the kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer."

His regard for tradition underlay Doctor North's profound interest in the celebration of the semicenten-

<sup>1</sup> Doctor North's opinion of the Clinton climate is shown in the two entries from his journal which follow :

"Our northern winter has its list of blessings. It brings a time to remember the poor; and a time to enjoy the plants in the window; a time to repent of the sins of the summer; a time to repair the parsonage; a time to read Whittier's 'Snow Bound'; a time to thank God for the shifting drama of our beautiful seasons."

"Clinton is as beautiful in her summer loveliness as she is ugly in her winter repulsiveness."

nial anniversary of the college in 1862. His journals reveal the days and nights of anxious and enthusiastic labor which he devoted to the preparations for that event; they show also that the whole burden of editing, publishing, and paying for the memorial volume which records the proceedings fell upon his shoulders.

Part and parcel of his love for the traditions of the college was Doctor North's intense affection for its surroundings; the buildings, the campus, the trees which he had helped Doctor Root to plant, were all dear to him. Somewhere in his writings he spoke of them in this wise :

In describing the royal parks which he saw on the march to Babylon, Xenophon used the Persian word *παράδεισος*, a word that would not misrepresent the summer surroundings of Hamilton College.

It hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto the gentle senses.

To be intimate for four years with the shifting delights and constant inspiration of a broad landscape like that bounded by Paris hill on the east and the more distant Trenton range on the north, is itself a liberal culture to one who loves the beautiful. Plato's academy was a grove of olives, and the sons of Hamilton find philosophy's best nutriment in the open volume of nature. Their daily walks are skirted with trees and shrubs of every name that can bear the winters of central New York. Each class plants its memorial tree with festive addresses, and calls itself the elm class, the oak class, the hickory, or the magnolia class, according to its chosen emblem.

These reminiscences of Hamilton from the pen of Doctor North close with a whimsical tribute to Alma Mater, in his best vein of humor :

## A TRIBUTE TO ALMA MATER

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she knew not what to do,  
She had hundreds of hearty, invincible boys,  
Far out in the world, and weaned from their toys,  
Making money and fame, while lengthening the cords,  
Of church and of state with their eloquent words.

At home she had Seniors, all quick with oration ;  
And Juniors impatient to startle the nation ;  
Belligerent Sophs, giving Fresh tribulation,  
And filling her shoe with wild perturbation ;  
While she sounded the depths of self-abnegation.  
These stout boys at home, a turbulent crew,  
Plagued the soul of the Dame who lived in a shoe,  
They plagued her at night with bonfires and horning,  
They plagued her with " fizzles " and " bolts " in the morning.  
What with breaking of doors and windows and benches,  
Her patience was tried with such violent wrenches,  
Once a year she forgot what her tongue was about,  
And uttered D.D.'s with the dashes left out.

Who can wonder the Dame had no end of surprises,  
That gifts so sublime should wear such disguises,  
That high-soaring boys their ballooning should ballast  
With names from a language deadlier than Sallust.  
Her children were hungry as colts out of clover,  
They clamored for dinner ere breakfast was over,  
She gave them some broth, and of bread all she had ;  
Thick broth for the good, thin broth for the bad,  
Broth seasoned with conics and classical manna,  
With logic and lectures and chemistryana,  
With prizes and medals and sheepskin diplomas,  
Pledging Latin renown more lasting than Homer's.

Then she whipped them all round, for duty was first,  
That great-hearted Dame, her heart ready to burst.

She whipped them with fines, called "extra contingent,"  
And six-shooter "warnings," remorselessly stringent.  
When whipping produced but a slight titillation,  
She spanked them at last with a sound "dissertation."  
Then she sent them to bed in those snug, breezy stalls  
Named "Kirkland," and "Dexter," and "Hamilton" halls.

All hail to the Dame so plucky and true,  
Who gives every inch of her pinching old shoe,  
Every sip of her broth, of her bread every roll,  
To the wide-awake boys that worry her soul.  
All hail to the Dame, whose voice on the Hill  
Makes her sons to survey thought's kingdom at will,  
And arms them to wield, in their glad, golden youth,  
Ithuriel's spear and the falchion of Truth.  
Then crown Alma Mater with honors forever,  
Let her plenty and peace flow deep like a river,  
Let her names be all sweet, Homeric and tender,  
Bright-throned, silver-footed, fair Learning's defender.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE TEACHER

A TEACHER OF TEACHERS — THE CLASS FAREWELLS AND THE PROFESSOR'S RESPONSES — HIS METHODS OF INSTRUCTION — CRAMMING — THE CLASS LECTURES — CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL TEACHING — THE SEVEN LAMPS OF THE TEACHER — THE TEACHER'S SOURCES OF POWER.

It was as a teacher that Edward North left the impress of his character most strongly upon the constantly changing community in which he lived and worked. The purpose of this chapter is to make record of the sources of his power in the classroom and over the individual student. There are hundreds of professors in our American colleges as earnest, as enthusiastic, and as successful in their work as was Doctor North. There are many among them more widely known in the world of science, of literature, and of scholarship. There are none whose lives reveal a longer service of undeviating fidelity and of constantly augmenting personal influence. There are none who have left behind them a fuller account of the sources of a teacher's power, as revealed by their own experience or evolved from their own conception of the dignity and the possibilities of the profession. Whatever value this volume may possess to the teachers of the country is imparted by Doctor North's abundant delineations of the sources of the teacher's power, the inspirations to his endeavor, and the elements of his success.

Doctor North was a great teacher; but as a teacher he was greatest in teaching others how to teach, how to make the most of their opportunities and to impart the greatest usefulness to their profession. In this respect his influence will longest survive, and his service to education be most enduring.

If we look about among the world's educators to find the best type of teacher with whom to compare Doctor North, we shall find him in a combination of Doctor Thomas Arnold of Rugby and his eldest son Matthew. Doctor North possessed the scholarship and the industry, the passionate love for his work, the constant search for higher standards for the guidance of students, and the personal traits which distinguished the head master of Rugby as a teacher. Professor Finley says of Doctor Arnold, that "The final value to be set on Arnold's life is in the example of a thoroughly righteous man, a picture of sincerity and truth; a man, also, who was not content to be righteous for himself, but was inflamed with zeal in the cause of righteousness,"<sup>1</sup> and this is equally true of Doctor North. The influence of Doctor North's character and of his methods of teaching was equally potent, in his more limited field, in shaping the character of his pupils. But he also possessed what Doctor Arnold lacked — certain mental qualities which have made Matthew Arnold a power in the world of letters. Like the latter, Doctor North was unusually gifted in the use of the English language; there was a singular charm about his methods of expression. He was a poet of no mean order, and he possessed a rare critical instinct which he exercised with a delicate and playful humor all his own. Through the agency of these gifts, Doctor North won the admiration of his pupils, and this cemented his influence over them. The chapters which precede and fol-

<sup>1</sup> J. J. Finley, "Arnold of Rugby," Cambridge, 1897.

low indicate certain other qualities which, while they bore no direct relationship to his success as a teacher, were important factors in contributing to it. His scholarship commanded the admiration of his pupils; his enthusiasm kindled their interest in the work of the classroom; and his personal attitude toward the individual student inspired to greater effort through love for the instructor. Undoubtedly this last was the most potent of all the factors in his success. The personal equation is the final test of success in every walk of life.

On one occasion, Doctor North put into words his feeling toward the college boy: "I am sometimes accused of being too much in sympathy with the troublesome college boy. I frankly acknowledge that atrocious crime, and propose to be a sinner to the end of the chapter, for I find no place for repentance. The college boy is a problem we have been trying to solve for about two and a half centuries in this country; and if any progress has been made toward the solution, it is by the men who have had the wit to see that the college boy can be reached and shaped and saved most surely through his social instincts. Science and literature are of small worth, without the elements of friendship, of sympathy, of confidence, of cooperation, between teacher and pupil."

He knew better than most teachers "when to look, and when to see nothing," as some one has said of Arnold. He could discriminate, instinctively and sympathetically, between harmless fun and innocent jollity on the one hand, and vicious and depraved disorder on the other. He could share in the one, but he could set the seal of his righteous indignation unerringly upon the other. All this the boys came to know and to understand; and so they felt that they had in him a personal friend. They found in the classroom a pro-

fessor who was not at all averse to a joke — whether made by himself or by a student. Laughter was not tabooed in his exercises, but rather encouraged; and if the laughter was at his expense, it was felt that the time would not be long before it would be adroitly turned upon the class as a whole, or some member of it.<sup>1</sup> But it must be good, genuine wit, and not mere brutal vulgarity, which could interrupt for a moment the orderly progress of a class exercise. Perhaps the distinction between the two is hard to preserve; and at all events it is a dangerous liberty for a college professor to allow. It was only possible in Doctor North's case, because he never permitted any encroachment beyond the border line of propriety; and the boys knew him so well that they never attempted it. Probably not one professor in a thousand could venture on such delicate ground with a class of college boys. With Doctor North it was never even dangerous. He was always in perfect tune and touch with the class; and if any individual member attempted to take advantage of the situation, the whole body was instantly on the side of the professor.

Something of the depth and the genuineness of this student feeling toward the professor was boisterously and ardently expressed in a student poem which appeared in one of the college periodicals on the occasion of Doctor North's resignation, and which is reproduced here as conveying in the most effective way the feeling of the boys for their professor:

Every mother's son stand up,  
Send around the loving cup;

<sup>1</sup> In one of his diaries appears the following entry: "Doctor — preached in the college chapel. He was very angry because the students laughed when he closed a rhetorical climax with the word 'fresh.' It was one of those unexpected turns to which students always respond, and how can we blame them? Yet Doctor — chose to regard it as an insult, and refused to attend the evening prayer meeting, nursing his wrath at Professor —'s house."



Old or young we are all his boys,  
 Tell him so with a joyful noise —  
 Old Greek!

Seven and fifty summers he  
 Shook the boughs of the Attic tree.  
 All that he knows he'll never tell;  
 Give him another Hamilton yell —  
 Old Greek!

'37, that was the year  
*Kaì γάρ* was a freshman here;  
 Long has he plodded the upward trail,  
 The way he has blazed shall never fail,  
 Old Greek!

Fifteen hundred men alive,  
 All the A.B.'s in the hive;  
 Fill him with honey up to the brim;  
 He knows us all, and we all know him —  
 Old Greek!

Gray and grizzled, full fourscore,  
 Just the Prof. he was of yore;  
 The boys come in and the men go forth,  
 But there never is but one Edward North —  
 Old Greek!

Relations of personal intimacy thus sprang up between the professor and the entire class—relations strengthened and continued outside the classroom, and in the hospitable study at "Halfwayup," where every student knew a welcome awaited him, and whither they turned with their troubles, their hopes, and their ambitions, always to find a friend and a sympathizer.

In the later years of his service there grew up the practice, on the day of his last meeting with the juniors—the day on which he read to them the lecture on the

"Old Greek Lexicon" — for some member of the class to rise and bid the Greek professor a formal and affectionate farewell. In his diaries are several references to these occasions, which reveal how deeply they touched him :

*March 28, 1877.* — The snow was deep, and kept growing deeper from morn to night. Heard the freshmen in Homer. Read a farewell lecture to the juniors. After the lecture E. W. Lyttle, one of the juniors, made a pleasant address, suited to the close of the Greek curriculum. He expressed the satisfaction of the class with the quality and method of instruction received in Greek, and said many flattering things. A brief reply was made to this unexpected address, and with three cheers and a Hamilton tiger, the class of '78 ended their Greek study, with a pledge of loyalty to the "Old Greek Lexicon."

*March 27, 1878.* — Heard the freshmen in Homer. Read a farewell lecture to the forty juniors at 10.45. At the close of the lecture, James W. Morey, in behalf of his classmates, made a very pleasant and graceful farewell address, and at its close proposed three cheers and a tiger for the Greek Professor. To this a response was made that was most kindly received, and another class was sent forward to higher studies. I have never had to do with a better class.

*March 25, 1879.* — Read a parting lecture to the juniors at 10.45. Charles A. Gardiner, representing the class of '80, made an address, in which many pleasant and complimentary things were said. Replied briefly, as well as I could. Then three rousing cheers were given, with a tiger. It is the thirty-fifth junior class from which I have parted, and each year the parting brings warmer expressions of generous and hearty friendliness.

*March 20, 1883.* — Read a closing lecture to the juniors. After the lecture a parting address was made by John A. Dalzell, who in the name of his classmates presented a gold-headed cane inscribed with the class motto, etc.

Among his papers were found the notes of several of the responses of the professor to these farewell words from the class. Here is one of these addresses, and the professor's reply :

PROFESSOR NORTH : There is one more exercise before the class of '84 passes from its last recitation in Greek. Another year has rolled around, and another class stands ready to bid you farewell. Customary as it is on occasions like this to say pleasant things, I know I but feebly voice the sentiments of this class when I say that it has always been with pleasure that we have entered your recitation ; and not a single unpleasant circumstance has ever occurred there. Dealing gently with our blunders and mistakes, you have led us through the complications of Greek structure and given to all of us strength in the mastery of the Greek language.

Your lectures, as eminently the one of this morning, have interested and instructed us. Your zeal and devotion for the college and the work have summoned our best efforts. By your felicitous touch you have made delightful what is usually dry and irksome. By your profound scholarship you have inspired in us a respect such as seldom exists between professor and student.

And now in behalf of this class I present you with this cane, not for the intrinsic worth of the article, but that when you look upon it or chance to use it, you may think kindly of the class of '84 and of the loving feeling that goes out towards you from every man of us, adding the hope that many active years may yet be before you ; that succeeding sons of Hamilton may reap the benefits of your instruction.

To which the professor responded :

Many things are wonderful : nothing is more wonderful than the Æschylean astuteness and the Sophoclean large-heartedness of junior Greekists in selecting a memorial gift for one who has lived so long on Greek that it will never be

melted out of him, or frozen out of him. I thank you most heartily for your generosity. Yet it really was not called for. I shall not forget the Greekists in the class of '84. We have spent so many pleasant hours together, have untwisted together so many hidden ties of choral harmony, and I have so many large hopes invested, that I shall be sure to remember you with a friendly watchful interest so long as I remember anything.

Sometimes these farewells were put into rhyme. This was his response on one of these occasions:

THE GREEK WE LEAVE BEHIND US

With gladness and sadness we sever forever  
 The stout Greekish bonds that so long have linked us,  
 And leave it to others, with clever endeavor,  
 To unrivet the chains of *Prometheus Vincitus*.

And this his farewell toast to the class of '91:

When '91-sters reach the year of 1941,  
 May many grandsons grace the groves of Hamilton!

When the farewell meeting of the class of '91 came, the fiftieth anniversary of his own graduation suggested to Doctor North some thoughts that stirred deeper than usual; and he spoke to the boys these solemn and memorable words:

On a former occasion I mentioned the fact that the graduation of this class will be fifty years after the graduation of my own class. That is a long stretch of years that separates the class of '91 from the class of '41. While we are so far apart in our years of graduation, I trust there is no untruthful extravagance in saying that we have kept near to each other in friendly sympathy, near to each other in our loving study of the Greek masterpieces, near to each other in loyalty to our common college mother.

She break we leave behind us.

With gladness and Sadness we sworn forever  
She stout Greekish bonds that so long have linked <sup>us</sup>  
And leave it to others, with chosen endeavor,  
So uninvolved the chains of Prometheus Vinctus.



In so far as the parting words of this morning are personal, I shall not try to express the gratitude, which I certainly feel most deeply. After parting with forty-four classes in the study of Greek, one comes to the forty-fifth parting with something like a cumulative regret. If it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, it is the last recitation that breaks the teacher's heart, if he be a true and worthy teacher. Henceforth we are friends and fellow-explorers in the vast fields of Greek scholarship. If you have disappointments hereafter, be sure they are mine as well as yours. Whatever honors you may win in the future, they are to be mine as well as yours. Yours to bear the burden of, mine to enjoy, so long as I live to enjoy anything. And of all possible honors, be sure that none are more to be desired than honors gathered in the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The second secret of Doctor North's success as a teacher sprang from his methods. It was his constant study to *interest* the students in their work. With this end in view he adopted many unusual methods of varying the monotony of the classroom. He was a great believer in the blackboard, as an aid to the class in deciphering the intricacies of Greek grammar and syntax. He encouraged the students to regular attendance even if they were not prepared to recite. Here is a remark he used regularly to make to each succeeding class:

I am grateful for the full attendance this morning, and would be also grateful for a full attendance at each morning recitation. The habit of regular attendance at every duty is a good habit to cultivate, and worth all the effort it may cost. It is a habit that will bring dividends after graduation. Even if one is not prepared to recite, it is far better to be at the post of duty, and thus to keep in touch with the daily progress of our work.

He encouraged his students to depend upon their memory, rather than upon notes, in reporting his lectures.

This morning's lecture is presented for an exercise in reporting from memory. In former years the better results have been secured in reporting, when the reports were made from memory, rather than from elaborate notes. The taking of notes is a mechanical process, that is a distraction to close undivided attention, and often hinders more than it helps. A report from memory should be made at once, before impressions have been wiped out or obscured by other intellectual efforts. These reports should be correctly written and returned not later than next Monday. Credit will be given for these reports according to their deserving.

He varied the method of instruction, and it will be interesting to other teachers of the classics to learn some of his methods in this respect. They are revealed by these extracts from his diaries :

*May 23, 1878.* — Heard the freshmen read the entire 6th book of the Odyssey as a narrative exercise. Yesterday ten lines were assigned to each member of the class. To-day each freshman was called upon to read his ten lines, without scanning. No questions were asked in syntax, and only a few corrections were made. It seemed to be a popular exercise. It may be worth repeating, occasionally, by way of variety, and for a fair sample of Homer's narrative skill.

*January 15, 1881.* — Heard the juniors in Sophocles. A new feature was inaugurated in the classroom. Two juniors, the first in the catalogue, were called to translate the advance Greek for the next recitation. They had notice of this call yesterday, and the next two juniors were notified of a similar call at the next recitation. No criticism is to be given on these prelections, unless in the case of a serious error that may lead others astray. One grows more and more in love with teaching as he hits upon new methods of deepening and quickening the interest of a class.



*March 10, 1881.*—Heard the juniors recite from the *Œdipus Tyrannus* without the use of any text-book. The recitation included two strophes and two antistrophes, which had been memorized. The juniors called out repeated the Greek, and gave formulæ for scanning, gave translations, and analyzed sentences and words.

*February 14, 1883.*—Made a second experiment with the class in reading Greek at sight, and was greatly pleased with the results. To each three or four juniors, three or four lines were assigned, and three pages were recited during the hour. By giving a single sentence to one student, for which he is alone responsible, the task is made more attractive, and all are deeply interested.

Doctor North's general theory of classroom work differed radically from that which ordinarily obtains among college professors. He believed in leading rather than in driving his pupils. By some of his associates he was sometimes thought to be too lenient in dealing with his classes; but he was well content, in reply to such criticism, to point to results. He sought a golden mean between overforcing the student and allowing him too much leeway. He believed that the teacher should be "a leader and a guide, not a driver with whip and spur."

In an informal address before a body of local school-teachers, he once described his whole philosophy of teaching, in a discussion of the evil commonly known as "cramming," which leaves its vicious trail on the educational systems of most of our American colleges and universities. It sums up the experience of fifty years of observation and experiment:

#### CRAMMING

A friendly letter received last week from a college graduate of very high rank in personal and professional work, asserts

that colleges ought to provide a remedy for what is called cramming. The evil that goes by this name is so seriously hurtful to moral and intellectual character, that no effort should be spared to find out and apply the remedy. As cramming at the dinner table results in dyspepsia, paralysis, Bright's disease, and death, so cramming at the study may lead to insanity, dementia, and all the ills that intellect is heir to. Cramming is feeding the mind with ten or twenty meals at once, and so overloading its powers that they give up in despair, and utterly refuse to undertake the work of assimilation and digestion.

What specific remedy can be found for this great evil? To give up examinations because cramming is sometimes resorted to in preparing for examination, has been seriously proposed, but this remedy is like giving up regular meals to keep clear of gluttony, and the glutton's penalties. What we need is a system of daily study and daily recitation that shall remove all temptation and motive for cramming. This would give us the only specific remedy that is worth considering.

If a teacher would put an end to cramming, he will see to it that the regular every-day tasks assigned to his classes are suited to the average ability of his students, and that the work of each day is thoroughly mastered. A skillful teacher will be a leader and a guide, not a driver with whip and spur. He will be very careful not to lay burdens on younger intellects which he is unwilling to shoulder himself. He will be independent of his text-book, and have opinions of his own which he is ready to support with good and sufficient reasons. \* \* \*

Cramming for examination can be most effectively prevented, as it should be prevented, by frequent reviews that shall give to each daily exercise all the significance and value of an examination. The evils of cramming are impossible in the case of students who realize that they are liable any day to be tested on their knowledge of any previous exercise, when each recitation is conducted on the theory

that each foregone recitation has been thoroughly mastered by all in the class.

The golden fruits that gladden the eye in autumn orchards have not gained their tempting ripeness in a single day of shower and sunshine, nor will the tree of knowledge ripen its richest fruits without repeated ministrations from all the kindly aids of conversation, illustration, explanation, application. Thought gains strength and confidence by frequent expression. Thought once delivered is the world possessed.

Teaching we learn and giving we regain. It takes time to do all this, and time is the stuff that life is made of. No better use can be made of life than to convert it into wisdom. If a student falls into an error, time would be saved by simply correcting the error and then passing on to something else. But that would not be teaching. It would be simply dogmatism, and dogmatism is as bad as cramming. If the student's attention is called to a principle that enables him to see his mistake and make his own correction, he is thereby strengthened in self-respect and independence, and he is helped to become a genuine thinker and scholar. The teacher is fully authorized in thus taking time to teach, by remembering that he is teaching not for time alone but for eternity.

Cramming is overloading the memory with undigested materials for impossible thinking. But the proper and legitimate functions of the memory ought not to be neglected. One who is to live the life of a thinker and an intellectual worker needs a trained and trusty memory, a memory that can carry great burdens and be loyal to its duty in vital emergencies. Next in importance to the power of thinking on the legs, in the face of contradiction, is the power of saying open sesame to vast treasures of hoarded wisdom.

All science is based on accurate definitions, that embody the results of the world's best thinking, in each department of study. Accepted definitions should be permanently lodged in the memory, with their lamps trimmed and burning. The same may be said of choice aphorisms and extracts from

classic writers, ancient and modern, that embody vital and imperishable truths.

The chief instrumentality through which Doctor North sought to vary the monotony of the classroom, and to enlarge the vision of his students beyond the pages of the text-book, was the lecture. A record in one of his diaries indicates that he planned to deliver twelve lectures a year to each class. On these occasions the classroom was always full; and these lectures are remembered by the alumni as among the most enjoyable and instructive of their college experiences. Several of these classroom lectures are preserved in this volume. Some were read to twenty or thirty classes, as indicated by the record of dates attached to the manuscript. Others were read only once or twice. Evidently these latter did not please him, either in topic or in treatment, or in the manner of their reception by the students. It was his practice to constantly rewrite parts of these lectures; and some of the manuscripts are composites difficult to symmetrically rearrange, the changing handwriting indicating that parts of them were written or rewritten forty years apart.

The third secret of Doctor North's success as a teacher was his enthusiasm in his work, or his devotion to teaching for the love of teaching. This enthusiasm he had the singular power of imparting to his students. In his "Memoirs of Yale Life and Men," Doctor Timothy Dwight pays a tribute to another famous Greek instructor, Professor James Hadley, which might have been written with equal truth of Doctor North: "Professor Hadley contributed largely through his personal influence, as well as through his teaching, to the development of the true life of the academic community. He appeared before his students as a genuine and almost

ideal scholar, and his every presentation of himself had a certain stimulative force in the awakening of their mental energies and the exciting of their best desires for knowledge and culture."

Doctor North left certain memoranda which fully explain his own theory of the requisites for success as a teacher. Here is one, which names the four conditions essential to success in teaching :

1. Knowledge and aptness to teaching.
2. Self-control.
3. Sympathy with the young.
4. Enthusiasm.

Here is another, in which he enumerates the stimulants to study on the part of the student; and it is worthy of note that in the order of their importance he regarded love for the teacher as the first :

1. Love for the teacher.
2. Love of knowledge for its own sake.
3. Love for the rewards of knowledge : honor, prizes, etc.
4. Fear of degradation and punishment.

These memoranda are extended and elaborated in another, the concluding section of an address before a teacher's association, in which Doctor North described what he called "The Seven Lamps of the Teacher," that "give brightness and glory to a toilsome path of duty." There is not to be found in literature a more inspiring creed for the teacher :

#### THE SEVEN LAMPS OF THE TEACHER

But after all, gentlemen, you and I know that state patronage and colleges and institutes and books are all impotent to produce a single successful teacher, without good material to begin with, and a conscientious purpose to magnify the teacher's office. Iron sharpeneth iron, but soft dull lead can neither hold nor

give a polish or an edge. There are Seven Lamps of Teaching that give brightness and glory to a toilsome path of duty ; that quicken the birth of flowers and richest fruits, to take the place of gloom and barrenness.

1. There is the Lamp of Knowledge. The teacher should have a thorough knowledge of that in which he undertakes to give instruction. He should be a positive character, competent to do his own thinking independently, and not a tame enclitic in the syntax of society. He should scorn to be in bondage to a text-book. Least of all will he try to live without books. They must furnish the food on which his intellect grows and renews its vigor. Books he will use as ministers to his hunger for knowledge. He will gratefully use them as products of human skill ; as auriferous quartz to be crushed and forced to surrender whatever of pure ore they contain.

2. There is the Lamp of Law and Order. There must be fidelity in the observance of all necessary regulations. Nor is it to be forgotten that in a school, as in a state, "that government is the best which governs the least." A teacher whose heart is in his work, will make his own life an inspiring example of loyalty to law. He will know how to secure good order and studiousness not so much by loud demonstrations of authority, as by an unseen, quiet magnetism that captivates all hearts and wins them to studious and orderly habits. Like Livy's Evander, he will control his pupils less by official power than by personal influence and "fair allurements to learning."

Jeremy Bentham's doctrine in regard to the enforcement of civil law is still more truthful when applied to the discipline of a school. "Government ought not to do everything by force. It is only the body which submits to that. Nothing but wisdom can extend its empire over the mind. When a government orders, it but gives its subjects an artificial interest to obey. When it enlightens, it gives them an interior motive, the influence of which they cannot resist."

3. There is the Lamp of Patience. The duties of the teacher ought never to be discharged in a hurried, careless, or petulant manner. He should feel that he presides over

vital processes that call for the utmost watchfulness and patience. He should sit like a refiner of silver, gazing intently on the precious ore in the crucible, and be always vigilant to keep away each evil influence and to eliminate each grosser element. To make known truth by a simple, straightforward statement may be the easiest way for the teacher, but not always the best way for the pupil. Ideas that come without research and cost but little of time and labor in the getting are apt to take as little time in the leaving. Ideas that cost severity of thinking become embedded in the mind, grow to be a part of its substance, and are as prompt to obey the owner's will as are the muscles of the hand. In place of being hurriedly and transiently recorded, as with a walking stick on the tide-washed shore, they are graven as with a chisel on everlasting granite. This patient mode of instruction is in keeping with the meaning of the word education, which is a drawing out and a development of what is within, rather than a mechanical pouring in of ideas from without.

4. There is the Lamp of History. This throws its light backward, and reveals sources of strength and comfort and guiding inspiration in the lives of great, good teachers gone before ; in the kindly, searching severity of Socrates, to whom the hearts of his pupils were like the leaves of an open book ; in the fair humanities of the poet Archias, with a Cicero by his side, to twine his brow with grateful laurels ; in the contagious enthusiasm of quaint Roger Ascham, the tutor of Princess Elizabeth, who read with her Cicero and Livy, Plato and Sophocles, and the Greek Testament ; in the vast learning of John Milton, whose outward blindness only sharpened and purified his inner vision ; in the moral and intellectual nobleness of Thomas Arnold, who was a great schoolmaster, because he was a great man, whose pupils loved him with all the joy of like-minded brothers, chastened by the reverence of obedient children. Nor can it be out of keeping to find an illustration of the teacher's power nearer home, in the useful, uneventful life of a man like David Prentice, whose fifty years of whole-hearted consecration to classical teaching were partly given to

the youth of this city, who left abiding impressions on many of the best intellects of our state, and whose last years were sweetened by receiving a generous annuity from a few of his early pupils—two of them distinguished residents of this neighborhood, after they had gained professional and political eminence.

5. There is the Lamp of Prophecy. This throws its light forward and helps the teacher to forecast a good career for his pupils. It helps him to shape the future success and character of the man. It should be a part of the teacher's creed that every boy is good for something ; that his duty is to find out in what pursuit he is best fitted to succeed ; to help each pupil to make the most of himself and his native gifts ; to wake up and encourage what is good in his nature ; to furnish nutriment and stimulus for his finer powers ; and to lead him forward by kindly incitement to the dignities of a genuine manhood.

6. There is the Lamp of Enthusiasm. One has no business to be a teacher, unless his heart is in his work, so that he will do it lovingly and with his best faculties fully enlisted. If a teacher goes to his work as a criminal would go to the pillory ; if his daily routine of duty is a weary treadmill, and never ennobled by flashes of hearty enthusiasm ; if there is always a feeling of distance and dislike between himself and his pupils ; if in moments of confidence when they would come near to him, and speak to him of their griefs and pleasures and plans, an invisible wall of ice suddenly represses them ; if he is so irritated and exasperated by outbursts of innocent frolic that he has a bulldog's chronic hunger for fight : of such a belligerent teacher it is safe to say that his proper place would be in the regular army with a rifle on his shoulder.

7. Finally, there is the blessed Lamp of Christ's Example, to guide the meek in judgment, to illumine what is dark in the ways of Providence. No failure need be feared for the well-trained, well-furnished, and patient intellect that looks for help to the Supreme Teacher ; that reverently accepts the Bible as its guidebook to the only knowledge that can satisfy and save



the soul ; that lovingly and prayerfully leads the way to that highest wisdom, whose beginning is the fear of the Lord ; whose paths are pleasantness and peace ; whose end is life eternal.<sup>1</sup>

Doctor North did what he could by pen and by example to dignify and ennoble the profession of the teacher. In his view, the teacher, instead of holding a makeshift position, good enough to keep the wolf from the door while looking about for some better opportunity to get a start in the world, was already at the point of greatest opportunity for good. He never missed a chance to exalt and to glorify the mission of the teacher. The extracts which follow are illustrative of this feeling on his part :

#### TEACHING

The genuine teacher is also an uncommissioned prophet, and if he holds his position long enough to read the fulfillment of his predictions, he reaps a reward of skilled fidelity which he alone can fully appreciate. To witness the struggles from day to day of a youthful, vigorous, aspiring intellect over the tangled perplexities of Demosthenes, or Sophocles, or Plato, is to read intimations of the coming orator or author ; and when these prophecies are fulfilled, the teacher enjoys an addition to his salary which trustees can neither bestow nor withhold. Thanks to the men of broad and generous culture in fifty-seven classes who have taught us

How to make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

\* \* \* \* \*

If there is truth in the apothegm first put into Greek by Thucydides that history is philosophy teaching by examples, it must be equally true that the philosophy of teaching may be learned from examples of teachers who have honored or dishonored their chosen calling. Looking back through the

<sup>1</sup> Address before the Oneida County School Commissioners.

long vista of sixty busy years, the teachers of distant schooldays stand out in vivid prominence that distance cannot obscure. As the years slip away, and life becomes more and more a reminiscence, each day's experience brings new regret for the teacher who betrayed his trust, and new gratitude for the teacher who was true. \* \* \*

It is now fifteen years since I first became a college instructor, yet I never look upon a collection of youth engaged in studious pursuits without throwing my thoughts forward, and feeling that I am in the presence of power, wisdom, and eloquence. Coming events cast their shadows before. In this case the shadows are tinged with bright and cheerful hues. I can sympathize with the enthusiasm of John Trebonius, one of the instructors of Martin Luther, who, according to D'Aubigne, never entered his schoolroom without lifting his cap to salute his pupils. In those pedantic times this was looked upon as an excessive condescension. It pleased the boys, but it offended the men. Some of the friends of Trebonius took him to task for treating his pupils with such civility. His reply to their censure is worth remembering: "There are those in my school whom God will one day make burgomasters, chancellors, doctors, and magistrates. Although they are not yet seen with the badges of their dignity, it is right to treat them with respect." Such a remark should teach young men to respect themselves; to see to it that no one shall hereafter speak ill of their youthful days; to prepare now, in their golden school-boy days, to quit themselves like men—men of wisdom and conscience—in whatever position they may be called to occupy. \* \* \*

You have all heard of that famous Greek artist who had such skill in the practice of his art that the deluded, keen-sighted birds were attracted to his studio by a cluster of grapes which he had represented on canvas. You remember how the rich and powerful, following the example of the birds, came to express their reverence for this wonderful artist; how they brought such abundant rewards for his creative skill, that Zeuxis was surrounded with all the luxuries and pomps that ingenuity

could suggest and wealth procure. You remember the little anecdote told in the Greek reader, about a jealous rival who once found fault with Zeuxis because he spent so much time upon his paintings, and never seemed to know when they were done ; because he was so slow to execute his orders, and had so many last little touches to add, when the money was waiting, and his patrons were angry with his delay. Zeuxis's reply — so prompt and memorable — to this captious criticism you can not have forgotten, most certainly not, if it ever fell to your schoolboy lot to dig it out of the original Greek, "I take time to paint, and I paint for eternity."

There is a good sermon for teachers in the sentiment and spirit of this reply. The teacher is — or ought to be — an artist, not a mere mechanic. He is an artist in the very highest meaning of the word. He has to do, not with dead colors, or cold, lifeless stone, but with throbbing, warm hearts and with immortal souls. I shall not then be thought to have misunderstood the purpose of this meeting, if I try to bring it home to the conscience of every teacher present, that it is not less his duty than his interest, to "take time to teach, and to teach for eternity."

#### IS THE TEACHER'S LIFE WORTH LIVING?

The thoughts and suggestions now before us might be framed into an answer to the question, "Is the teacher's life worth living?" It rests mainly with the teacher himself to determine whether his pay shall be anything beyond the wages named in his contract. If he choose, he can teach for \$8 a week, and grumble to his heart's content. Or he can teach for rewards that scorn to be reckoned in dollars and cents, and have food for the heart that the world knows nothing of. There is no good reason for belittling the amenities and dignities that wait on skillful and conscientious teaching. No calling can be named that holds out higher incentives to unselfish effort and fidelity.

There is no calling in which industry, learning, skill, perseverance, and generous character can count on returns more sure and

satisfying. If there are melancholy failures, it can generally be seen that the public should not be blamed. The lower rounds in the long ladder of promotion are not difficult to gain. It is one of the attractions of the teacher's calling that its first returns are immediate, with no long period of exasperating uncertainty. The new graduate from school or college passes without delay to the control of the schoolroom, and each success in teaching helps to prepare the way for a higher trust.

The teacher's days are spent with the young. As his own years increase, he learns to reckon this among his higher rewards. It helps him to resist the deadening influence of routine work. The fault will be his own, if the teacher drinks no elixir of life, no draught of undecay from the exhaustless overflow of youthful enthusiasm that surrounds him. If he keeps clear of the dangerous ruts of a schoolroom hack, his own knowledge and culture and force of character will increase from year to year. If he shuns a wretched bondage to textbooks, he will be himself a constant learner. By freely imparting what he knows, he will grow daily in wisdom, in self-reliance, in power to impress himself upon others.

It is true, and always will be true, that few men and fewer women are content to be teachers for life. Not less than thirty thousand teachers are now doing duty in the public schools of this state. Yet next year thousands of new recruits will be needed. This may be a misfortune for the state, which pays \$150,000 a year for the support of its normal schools, but for the individual teacher it has no unwelcome meaning. It means that there is always a chance for promotion.

Admit that the teacher's career often culminates in another profession; admit that many of our best lawyers, preachers, editors, authors, physicians, were formerly teachers, that fact should be placed to the credit of the teacher's vocation—the fact that work well done in the schoolroom has opened for so many a door to the grandest possibilities of life. If it be true that all the world is a stage, and all the men and women are players, then the schoolroom is often the place where leading actors rehearse their parts. If there is anything in prece-

dents, the live teacher may be said to have the world before him where to choose.

The fourth secret of Doctor North's success as a teacher was his ripe scholarship, and his thorough knowledge and appreciation of the Greek language and literature. An appreciation of his attainments in this field appears in the following chapter, prepared by Professor Edward Fitch, his successor in the Greek chair at Hamilton College.

This chapter concludes with Doctor North's message to teachers, born of his ripe experience and prompted by his great heart—a message that stands unrivaled among his public addresses for the wisdom of its suggestions, the beauty of its language, the aptness of its illustrations, and its splendid outlook upon life. This lecture was first delivered before the New York State Teachers' Association in Buffalo, New York, August 2, 1864, and subsequently several times repeated before smaller bodies of educators:

#### THE TEACHER'S SOURCES OF POWER

And, after all, the great struggle of this life—as well with teachers as with others—is a struggle for power. That is just the truth, and why should not the truth be frankly owned? Disguise it as we may with professions of disinterest; with well-turned phrases of self-denial, plausible to others and delusive to our own hearts, each living soul is avaricious of power. Away back in his secret thought is a guarded shrine where each one sets up a veiled image, and whispers in private litany his aspirations for power.

Yet there need be no such concealment. It is divinely intended and ordained, that man should be the owner and the user of power. His whole nature fits him for it. Himself a noble piece of workmanship, in faculties infinite and cunningly contrived, in form and motion admirable, he was sent into this

world on a mission of power. He was sent hither to earn the right to influence others ; to conquer the ability to enjoy life's blessings in all their fullness, and to ward off its ills. He was sent hither to create history, as well as to write it. Made a little lower than the seraph, in God's likeness, his business here is to prove the likeness, by asserting his personal power, and by shortening the apparent distance between himself and his omnipotent Creator.

God intended that every man and every woman should be a center of power, to which all other centers shall yield something of deference and tribute ; from which long lines of vivid influence shall ray out through all time, all history, and the fathomless depths of eternity. The powers that belong to genuine manhood and womanhood are ordained of God. He alone is true to himself who religiously searches for all the elements of strength that lie within him and without him ; who appropriates to himself all the influence he honestly can, and then uses it for high and generous purposes. Power is manifold. In this great life struggle for its possession, there need be no clashing of hostile or envious weapons. Each true man goes into partnership with every other true man.

While each thus doubles his capital of power, neither loses his individual ownership, or enjoyment, or responsibility.

Look at the infant in its cradle. So complete a sample of inarticulate helplessness, we call it not a person, but an *It*. Left alone, it would soon cry itself to death. It has hands, but it can not handle. It has feet, but it can not walk. It has lungs, but it can not talk. Its only language is a shriek or a wail. Yet this helpless, powerless, infantile *It* will grow up to stand before kings ; to be himself the occupant of a throne—that throne erected and defended by his own resources. He will learn to subjugate the elements. He will force the winds, the waves, the lightnings, to do his bidding.

He will nurse within himself a subtle energy that shall pierce the wide universe like light. He will subsidize to his own advancement all history, all knowledge, all prophecy. He will league himself with his fellows ; fortified with the vast re-

sources of society and friendship, of science and art, his name shall brighten out into a symbol of strength and authority. The infant will become a Luther or a Washington; a Garibaldi or a Grant; a Bunyan or a Thomas Arnold; a Horace Mann, a Mary Lyon, or a Francis Wayland, whose beneficent power will be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Nobody doubts that there is power in property. It is admitted in Holy Writ and in pithy proverbs. The multitudinous hum of business proclaims that money is power. From the broad fields of the farmer; from the artisan's shop; from the breasts of ocean and lake, vexed with laden keels; from the wild mountains, eviscerated by greedy miners, comes up the voice that money is a great and a coveted power.

One can not pass the sumptuous college halls, built out of the careful earnings of a Stephen Girard, a Peter Cooper, or a Matthew Vassar, without feeling that the maker of shrewd bargains, the creator of material values, may exhibit more of genuine, unselfish heroism, and invest his name with more of authority, than the bold usurper, who wins empire in one battle, only to lose it in another.

But I am not so fond of the refinements of irony as to dwell on the admitted power of property, in the presence of a body of teachers, most of whom may be in a few months desperately striving to bring the financial ends of the year within dunning distance of each other.

Passing from property to personality, and looking about for the means of influence that lie within the teacher's reach, that are part and parcel of their owner, we first encounter the stout fact that there is power in physical health. It has been recorded in a book by a shrewd analyst of womanly character (herself a woman), that few qualities are more captivating to woman, than bravery and athletic vigor. Whatever their reasons for prizing sound health in their natural protectors, they are right in their preference. If we adopt Emerson's definition that "character is that which makes resistance," when other things are equal, one who eats and sleeps and laughs heartily, is a teacher of more character and more power in the schoolroom

than the one whose doctor's bill is bigger than his butcher's bill. He can stand up longer, and exhibit more pluck in face of bolts and rebellion ; " he can utter valiant *noes*, where timid dyspeptics would have spoken ruinous *yeas*." In the inevitable conflicts of discipline with ignorance, disorder, and faction, he can hold up his own hands, without help from the Aarons and Hurs of a school committee.

If need be, he can keep school till the going down of the sun, without regard to hunger or ventilation. To all having a teacher's work to do, good health is so much invested capital. It underlies and befriends every other personal power. Around it hover cheerfulness, hope, and enthusiasm. It brings confidence, patronage, troops of allies. It puts money in the purse, gives spring and snap to the intellect, and braids laurels for the forehead. The want of health is a perpetual detriment and discount of power. Many a teacher has been rashly censured as petulant, morose, vacillating, capricious, cowardly, when the truer diagnosis would be that he was bilious, gouty, rheumatic, asthmatic, neuralgic.

When a fickle, pluckless teacher is said to have the spinal complaint, or to lack backbone, the phrase shows how quick is the popular mind to associate mental and physical infirmity. Such phrases justify the old Greeks in ranking the stalwart Hercules among their canonized heroes.

While indoor gymnastics are worthy of all the attention they receive, as promoters of health, the teacher can find no substitute for unharnessed recreations out in the open fields, the woods, and the garden. Exercise taken unconsciously, without thinking all the time of muscles, nerves, arteries, and gastric juice, is what the teacher needs. We are in such weary bondage through the day to headwork and heartwork, that we long for moments of entire freedom from thought. At times the intellect should be allowed to lie fallow in the vacancy of cheerful outdoor amusements.

Hard work is a monster that oppresses us ; that keeps us awake nights ; spoils our digestion ; turns the hair gray ; digs premature hollows in the cheeks ; summer-fallows the forehead ;



and winter-kills the poetry of life. Hard work rides us, and rules us like the old man of the sea. But every now and then, we like to slip away from the clutches of duty, and rush for the garden or the woods, as unyoked tired steers scamper off to the cool spring and the clover. Once out beneath the blue arch, where the pulse of nature can be heard to beat, we grow back to giddy boys and girls again. We forget schoolroom cares, the troublesome classes, and the indigestion. We forget the little duns that annoy ; the crushing calls of fault-finding committees ; the small scandals that irritate ; and the great troubles that convulse the nation. We gladly exchange the heated drama of the schoolroom for the fairylike opera of the months. The fable of Antæus is no longer a fable, when the delicious smile of Mother Earth renews our youth and gives us fresh courage for the duties of life.

O joy to us in such retreat,  
Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
To drink the cooler air, and mark  
The landscape winking through the heat.

O sound to rout the brood of cares,  
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

But the power that lifts the teacher to a high vantage ground, whence he can survey and control a broad field of action, lies in his effective skill at organizing knowledge, at educating principles from facts, and giving to his thoughts a fit and forcible expression. The difference between the sane man and the lunatic, the scholar and the child, is summed up and epitomized in the statement that the sane man and the scholar can organize knowledge and thought, the lunatic and the child can not.

It marks a bright era in the history of popular education that by means of what are called object lessons, children are now taught how to use words with precision and accuracy as symbols of thought. Formerly children were allowed to fall

into habits of vague phrasing and ridiculous exaggeration. No effort was made to teach the right use of words and the golden mean of temperate, exact expression, until the pupil had so far advanced that his habits of speech were fixed, for better or for worse, and hard to be corrected. Now the very process of crystallization is directed by the skillful educator, and his pupils are taught to make their language an exact mirror of their ideas.

This world of ours has many wonderful powers, but none more wonderful than the power that resides in words fitly spoken, as exponents of organized thought. The power of the torrent, the battle ship, the bannered army, and the steam engine, is a power not to be questioned or trifled with. Only to look at them is to feel awed and humbled by their inspiring strength.

Not so is it with the power represented by words. When spoken, they are viewless, intangible, evanescent: mere percussions of the air, dying at the moment of their birth. When written or printed, they have the veriest look of innocence and feebleness: mute strokes of the pen, tiny type tracks, wherein are they more significant than quail tracks? What energy can they possibly put forth?

They wear no badges of authority, yet words are endowed with a power beside which the iron-clad, populous battle ship, the thundering torrent, the million-footed army are but emblems of weakness.

Words can build up and pull down dynasties. They have done it. Words can half revoke the fiat of omnipotence. They can say to man, "Dust thou art, yet out of the dust I will rescue the memory of thy deeds." Words are the elements of history, of tragedy, and song. They are the brick, the stone, and the mortar, with which oratory erects its arches of argument, and builds its eternal pyramids of thought. Send your poor, worn-out words to the poet,

And with these create he can  
Forms more real than living man,  
Nurslings of immortality.

Words give life and light to friendship and social culture ; to traffic and commerce ; to civilization and art. Man dies, but his words are deathless. They live in tradition ; in marble ; in books ; in their impress on society. Without them, the past were a blank ; the present a confusion ; the future a despair.

For words are things,  
And a small drop of ink,  
Falling, like dew upon a thought, produces  
That which makes millions think.

And these little words — so little, yet so mighty — are the ready tools with which the artist teacher does the work of the schoolroom. These everyday words, often so flippantly tossed hither and thither, are the sharp burin with which he graves on the tablets of youthful hearts, as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond.

These badges of our spiritual dignity and our elevation above the prone, dumb brute, that lives without speech, are the open sesame that gives to the teacher access to the vast treasures hoarded in the interior nature of his pupils.

We have all heard somewhat of the doctrine of an apostolic succession. Whatever of skepticism there may be about this article of faith, there need be none about the doctrine of an intellectual succession, which teaches that thought begets thought ; that mind may exert through continuous ages the power of impregnating and impelling mind ; that words of wit and wisdom are reproduced in endless echoes along the corridors of time.

This mysterious agency Plato likens to that of the load-stone, which not only attracts iron rings, but gives them the power of doing the thing itself does ; so that one may see a long series of iron rings depending, as in a chain, the one from the other.

By this law of intellectual succession, Homer's thinking has quickened the birth of ideas and emotions in souls separated from him by centuries, and, it may be, ignorant that he ever lived. Seated in a quiet corner of a rural schoolhouse,

a wide-awake pupil takes into his soul a little thought from the lips of his teacher, a thought that proves a mainspring of righteous living, and generous endeavor, a thought that makes him heroic in the Senate, or the pulpit, or on the battlefield. The teacher's thought was suggested by Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Tennyson borrowed almost unconsciously from Goethe; Goethe was indebted to Milton; and Milton's thought was simply a loan from Dante; but Dante's thought came straight from Virgil; and Virgil's thought can claim a father in Theocritus, and grandfather in Socrates, and a great-grandfather in Homer, the oldest of epic singers who shuffled off this mortal coil more than twenty-five centuries ago. Reflect for a moment that each vigorous, true thought, once clothed with right words, and dropped into a pupil's mind, becomes there a deathless dynasty, the living head to an endless series of thoughts, the beginning to whole eternities of thinking, and the dignity of the teacher's office, as a user of words, will take to itself something like an appropriate realization, and put on glorified vestments.

There is another power, closely allied to that of ideas, which springs from the sympathy of the thinker with his thought, and the worker with his work. It may be called the power of personal enthusiasm. Some teachers do their work at arm's length, as if they felt above it or hated it. As a class, teachers have less of professional pride, enthusiasm, and *esprit du corps* than the members of any other liberal calling. Too many have pitched their tents for temporary purposes, wishing to attract as little notice as possible to a condition they look upon as servile and degrading. Having taken to teaching with no higher motive than to mend a shortness of funds, (alas! for their double delusion): these interloping predatory schoolkeepers, who have crawled in by some other way than the normal school, the academy, or the college, propose, at the earliest convenient season, to fold their tents like the Arabs, and as noiselessly steal off into some other vocation. Such temporary teachers can have no full sense

of the joys that belong to the true heroic life. We pity them when we see them going to their weary treadmills of hateful duty. We wonder in our pity what unseen scourge keeps them from deserting the tasks that are never quickened, or ennobled by a single flash of hearty enthusiasm.

D'Israeli tells us why we are so often saddened and sickened by the blundering inanity of teachers who have no business to call themselves by that sacred name. He compares society to a table pierced by a multitude of holes, each hole having a pin made to fit it exactly. But as these pins are stuck in hastily and without selection, chance leads to the most awkward mistakes.

For how often do we see the round schoolmaster crammed into the three-cornered hole! How often do we see the man in a teacher's chair who ought to be in a chair factory! How often is an excellent seamstress spoilt to make a third-rate schoolmistress! As soon look for grapes upon thorns, as for the power of enthusiasm (which means a divinity stirring within) in such a tragical comedy of errors as is sometimes enacted, in the presence of wronged pupils, by teachers who are unsuccessful and unhappy, simply because they have mistaken their calling.

No man has a right to be a teacher unless his heart is in his work, so that he can do it with the might of enthusiasm. If one goes to his daily duty as a criminal would go to the pillory; if there is always a feeling of distance between himself and his pupils; if, in moments of childish confidence, when they try to come near to him, and speak to him in simple phrases of their little griefs and pleasures, an invisible wall of ice suddenly pushes them back; if he is in the habit of saying or feeling that boys and girls are a nuisance; if he is so irritated and exasperated by their irrepressible play of emotion, and outbursts of innocent frolic, that he has a bulldog's hunger for fight: of such a belligerent teacher it is safe to say that his properer place would be in the army with a musket on his shoulder.

A teacher whose heart is in his work knows how to secure

good order and studiousness, not so much by open and loud demonstrations of authority, as by an unseen, gentle influence that pervades all hearts and wins them unconsciously to the love of himself and the duties of the schoolroom. Like Livy's Evander, he rules rather by personal influence than by official power: *auctoritate magis quam imperio*. You may be sure that he makes it his first study to gain the confidence of his pupils; that he seeks to find out some chord of sympathy by which he can attract each little heart in his school to the heart of its presiding genius.

You may be sure he is tender with the stuttering boy who always knows his lesson well, yet never can say it smoothly; that he sometimes speaks a cheering word to the fatherless boy, with such great, sad eyes, whose mother is ill, and whose garments are threadbare; that he heartily enjoys the triumphs of the ambitious boy, who takes home his books at night; that the lazy, brilliant boy is gently plied with ingenious irritants to activity; and that he even extenuates the endless rogueries of the callow Hogarth, whose ludicrous caricatures have a provoking trick of getting pinned to the backs of his classmates. You may be sure that such a teacher will be all alive, and not a dead fossil. In place of sitting among the assembled magnates of the future, like his grandfather cut in basswood, he will be wide-awake and earnest. As iron sharpeneth iron, so the magnetism of his features will quicken the wits of his pupils. When the day's indoor work is ended, he will not think it beneath his dignity to play a game of ball with his pupils, or to take a stroll in the woods with them, or to set copies for them on the glib ice; and then you may be sure the laugh strings of his countenance will be always out, and the dry fuel of his ready wit will be added to the flame of their roaring merriment.

It will be a part of his creed that every boy is good for something; that never yet was an urchin born into this world whose work was not born with him; and that his duty, as a teacher, is to discover the peculiar talent hid away somewhere in the depths of each undeveloped character; to wake

up and encourage whatsoever is good in the pupil's nature ; to furnish nutriment and inspiration for his finer powers ; and to lead him forward by kindly incitements to the dignities of a true manhood.

This power of sympathy and friendship is none the less, but all the greater, because it springs from a pure, unselfish sentiment. No human power can be complete without the supplement of friends — and enemies, too, if the truth be all told.

In this imperfect, disciplinary life there is a certain good in having what are called enemies — provided they are honestly come by. There is worldly wisdom as well as divine inspiration in the command to love your enemies. We can afford to love our enemies. It pays handsomely. Many a modest hero of the schoolroom has been helped by his persecutors into the chariot of public favor, and drawn up the rugged steepes of fame, without being so much as asked for a "thank you." Enemies act as a constant spur to industry and effort. They make the teacher vigilant, self-critical, self-reliant. They prevent indolence and arrogance. They give flavor and seasoning to expressions of praise, otherwise invidious and wearily monotonous.

Aristides might have been saved from ostracism had he set out in his public career with a few carping gossips to dog his footsteps and deny that he was "Just." When we read of men only known to be loved, and never named but to be praised, don't we suspect the one fault of negativeness in their unruffable amiability? Can we believe they are straight-worded, out-acting heroes, born to beard the devil in his den?

But the blessing of enemies is liable to abuse. There is good in them only so long as they are witnesses to duty manfully discharged ; only when they are honestly come by, and are kept in the wrong.

If there is good in having enemies, much more is there blessedness and power in friends, whose generous sympathy shall double all the joys of life, and divide the burden of its

sorrows. We are divinely fitted for the interchange of social amenities and mutual kindnesses. "How many things," says Bacon, "are blushing in a man's own mouth, yet graceful in a friend's!" Without friendship to lean upon, we are crippled from the cradle. We go hobbling to the grave, to be buried by stranger hands, and to lie unwept and unremembered.

We moderns flatter ourselves that we know something about friendship. We philosophize upon it glibly enough; and in practice we almost reduce it to an exact science and a fine art. We make war upon home life by organizing clubs with reading rooms. What we call the public, or society at large, is but an aggregation of fraternities, brotherhoods, and sisterhoods, with badges, passwords, grips, and paraphernalia. We issue rectangular bits of ceremonious pasteboard, and worry through the sumptuous entertainments of the ball and the reception. We have no end of pleasant acquaintances and delightful associates. I would not speak harshly of them. For they seem to be an essential part of the nineteenth century.

But if we are in haste to find a genuine friendship, one that has stood the test of fire and flood, of the rack, the gallows, and the calumny; one that is an index and an instrument of power, it will be an easier search to go back to a century, when a friend was known and recognized, not by his pasteboard, or his broadcloth, but by his life, his character, and his unselfish devotion to another's good.

The lives of Socrates and Xenophon tell us something of the power of mutual friendship between the teacher and his pupil. The details of their intimacy form one of the most delightful chapters in the history of social and literary culture. The whole range of modern biography has little to be compared with it. In the partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher, who spent ten years together in writing dramas, there is little of interest, for the reason that in literature their duality is hardly to be recognized.

The case of Johnson and Boswell might be called a resemblance, but not a parallel. Johnson, with all his real



goodness of heart, was boorish, opinionated, overbearing. Though capable of unselfish and strong attachment, in his half-civilized way, it is doubtful if he felt it toward one whom he often ridiculed for a miserable Scotch toady. As for James Boswell, with his utter ignorance of blushing, either as an art or an instinct, with his everlasting stick-tightedness, his boundless vanity and his fathomless presumption, he would no sooner be compared with the unpretending author of the "Memorabilia," than would the rouge on an actor's cheek be mistaken for the seal of modesty.

Socrates and Xenophon give us the wholesome reality of two souls Siamesely twinned, and shrined in veritable flesh and blood. It must have been an honest linking of heart to heart, with bonds stouter than hooks of steel. There were no outside affinities to unite them, on the theory that birds of a feather seek the same perch. Xenophon was young, handsome, graceful, courted, well-to-do. Socrates was poor, wrinkled, with eyes glaring defiance at each other, and in other respects looking like a bleached contraband; yet Xenophon's sincere attachment is confessed in the conscientious exactitude with which he followed the precepts of his revered teacher, throughout the whole reach of his eventful career, keeping always before him those Socratic maxims as verily as if they had been graven on the palms of his hands: never once forgetting them, or their application to instant emergencies; not when Treason dug pitfalls at the door of his tent; not when Temptation beckoned him to pillage; not when Frost and Famine, with hideous eyes, stared him in the face; not when chances for grasping at empire and enormous wealth were thrown palpably before him; so palpably and coaxingly that one not rooted in his Socratic self-control, not grounded in his Socratic love of integrity for its own sake, would have yielded as a thing of course.

From the day when Xenophon was stopped in the streets by the staff of Socrates, and told to "follow and learn," his sincere attachment is confessed in the painstaking fidelity with which he attended his chosen instructor, through the

market place, the gymnasia, and the quiet olive orchards of the Academy; listening to his conversations with eager, undivided ears, and keeping a full and accurate diary of his notable sayings. Finally, after the judicial murder of Socrates, Xenophon signalized the power of friendship — both its subjective and its objective power — by braving the scorn and danger incident to the defense of an executed criminal, and publishing the inimitable “*Memorabilia*,” wherein he dared to vindicate the memory of his slain teacher from the calumnies of Athenian bigotry.

Our knowledge of the Socratic philosophy is thus a pointed illustration of the power of friendship. Unlike most of the master thinkers of his age, Socrates never aspired to the laurels of authorship. Genuine teacher as he was, he chose to act upon society at large and the distant future, through the friendly agency of his pupils. Drawing into his charmed circle the young statesmen, poets, artists, and social magnates of the day, he filled their souls with his high philosophy, and sent them forth to be its expounders, missionaries, and practical exemplars. Socrates must have had ambition — that last infirmity of noble minds — yet he was content to be an oral teacher, and to cast the bread of his all-but inspired wisdom on the shifting waters of the age he lived in.

He did this with a firm faith that through its own vitality and the power of friendship it would be the means of promoting right thinking and right living among his countrymen. Though repaid at the outset with odium, persecution, and death, he felt sure that the sentiments he uttered from day to day would insinuate themselves into the diseased and corrupted morals of his age, and commend the choice of something better than a life of mere animalism, vanity, and self-seeking.

And the prophecy of his faith and hope was fully realized. No sooner was the light of his daily teachings and kindness extinguished than a chilling, remorseful darkness brooded over the hearts of his countrymen. Hardly was he cold

in death before his native city so far recovered its senses as to bewail the unsphering of its brightest luminary. It even tried to atone for its fatal error by rearing marble to the memory of its illustrious victim.

Thus was fulfilled the calm assurance that softened for Socrates the agony of death: partly in the sharp sorrow awakened by his loss; partly in the tardy honor done to his ashes; fully in the brimming measures of admiration and reverence accorded to his genius and worth as a teacher by thousands of later disciples who have found nutriment, inspiration, and delight in the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon.

There is a lesson well worth heeding in the life of such a teacher as Socrates. His career speaks to us with a double voice; yet the two voices are in perfect harmony. They tell us with all the impressiveness of an oracle how we may magnify an office second to no other in moral dignity and intrinsic honorableness. The life of Socrates tells us to be earnest in the study of books, and to question narrowly the records of the past. It tells us also to act in the living present; to be closely studious of society and of nature. Be it ours to obey each injunction; to be alike lovers of books and lovers of pupils.

The highest success in teaching is not possible to one who denies himself, or who is denied the aid and comfort of wholesome books. A large share of what contributes to his efficiency and permanent influence is to be found in books. On these his mind should be fed with as much care, system, and frequency as he ministers to the daily wants of his body. Books are always waiting to befriend the forsaken and faltering teacher. They bring us into intimate friendship with deathless sages, who instruct us by their wisdom, charm us by their wit, refresh us when weary, and sympathize with us at all times. Deprived of his books, the teacher may be valiant as Achilles; but he will be an Achilles without the divine armor, and vulnerable at every point.

At the same time, the true and conscientious teacher will

feel that one of his properest and most profitable studies is boyhood and girlhood. Many a teacher has been compelled to give up in despair and disgust, who might have gathered bright laurels had he taken the trouble to make friendship with his pupils. There never was a teacher so strong and rich in intellectual resources that he could afford to incur the hostility of his pupils. Their friendship is needed both for their good and for his own comfort and for defense. "The sweetness of the lips increaseth knowledge," and what can be sweeter than words of kindness kindly received?

Calumny, with its hundred foul tongues, can not successfully assail the good name of the teacher, whose own pupils are his hearty champions. The teacher's life is one of constant hardship, weariness, and self-restraint. He can not often hope to lay up wealth for old age, yet if he gives freedom and generous play to his social nature, he may look to have that which should accompany life's sere and yellow leaf, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Of such sort are the compensations of life in a world where abounding wrong is partially righted in ways most unlooked for. Even if denied a fair pecuniary recompense for his labor, there is a sense in which the teacher is the glad recipient of most bountiful wages. However light his purse, if he but win the friendship of his pupils, his heart avenges itself on society, and conquers a reward which he that has it can alone fully appreciate, a reward which higgling patrons can neither give nor take away.

It is related of Cyrus that he had a general and a counselor in Zopyrus, whom he loved with a tenderness passing the love of women. One day while eating a pomegranate, Cyrus was asked what he would most desire to possess in number equal to the seeds of the fruit in his hand. He replied, with a pleased look towards his favorite, "I would have nothing but Zopyruses." In the little realm of the schoolroom the teacher is, or ought to be, as supreme a monarch as was Cyrus. Let him but take pains to win the confidence and friendship of his pupils, and each of them will gladly discharge

the kindly offices of a Zopyrus by lessening the perplexities of his daily toil, by widening the circuit of his genial sway, by stopping the mouths of slanderous rumor, and perpetuating the triumphs of his professional skill.

It is not easy to picture a social or official position more pitiable than that of a teacher at enmity with his pupils. To be at the head of a school, its acknowledged guide and controller, with the feeling that one's heart is hostile to each of the warm, throbbing hearts about him, suggests a perfection of wretchedness, painful to dwell upon. The loneliness of a teacher thus hating those whom he ought to love, and repelling those whom he ought to welcome to his kindest sympathy, would be scarcely more complete or chilling if he were floating alone, on an iceberg, in mid ocean. His wail of anguish, were it allowed to be heard, would be as wild as that which burst from the self-poisoned soul of Byron :

Amid the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;  
None that with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,  
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude.

Not long ago I chanced to overhear a conversation between a veteran teacher and one of his early pupils. It was in a railway train, and, though hurried and broken, was full of significance and food for thought. The teacher was pale, thin, gray-haired, and weary-looking. His pupil was plump, in vigorous health, and joyous. He was delighted to take his old teacher by the hand, and, with the freedom of a friendship unbroken by years of separation, to tell of his successes in life. All his plans had prospered. He was rapidly gaining honor and wealth ; was blessed with a wife and children, and talked about his good fortune, like a returned son at his father's fireside. Finally, with a voice that dropped and quavered a little, he asked if his old teacher was not better cared for now than he used to be, years ago, when he worked so hard and faithfully for a stipend quite insufficient and reluctantly paid. The teacher shook his head

sorrowfully, and with a sort of humiliated look, but said nothing. "What a burning shame!" was the indignant exclamation. "Why, only last week I received my client's check for a single counsel fee that was larger than your entire salary for a year! Yet I can truly say, as Ben Jonson piously sang of his revered classical instructor, Camden,

To thee I owe  
All that I am in art, all that I know."

Here the cars stopped; the teacher and pupil abruptly parted, and I saw them no more. Yet I kept on thinking over what I had heard in that brief interview, and wondering if that good teacher's life was really hard and ill-rewarded as it seemed to be both to himself and his friends. At first I shared fully in the resentment expressed by his former pupil; but when the compensations of his lot were recalled, and fairly weighed, there seemed much less cause for angry invective at his stinted salary. I thought of the hearty satisfaction that must be his from the remembrance of duties faithfully discharged.

I thought of his many former pupils, now scattered up and down the states, holding posts of high honor and influence, surrounded by dependents and flatterers, yet always prompt to own their indebtedness to the faithful schoolmaster of other days, and their reverent gratitude seemed a garment of praise richer than robes of Tyrian dye. I thought of his unselfish defenses against the sorrows of age, the calumnies of hate, and the assaults of outrageous fortune. "Like as arrows in the hands of the giant, even so are the young children. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them!" And whose earthly happiness can be more complete, or more stoutly defended than his, who can meet angry enemies as did the poet Archias, with a Cicero by his side to twine the green laurels of grateful eloquence around the brows of his early teacher. To be remembered by the orator, the poet, the historian, and to live in literature as an acknowledged, benignant power, is one of the compensations of the teacher's life.

I have now named and enlarged somewhat on three or four of the teacher's sources of power. I have spoken of health and organized thought ; of enthusiasm and friendship. I make no separate heading for the power of religious principle, for the reason that religious principle ought to underlie and supplement every other power that the teacher puts forth. Without religion, every other power has a taint of weakness, and is sure to fail before life's battle is won. I have spoken briefly of property. That is a convenience, a comfort, a power ; but something lying outside the man.

You can not spend your money and keep it too. Thank God, it is not so with the powers that make up the teacher's real manhood. These can not be kept without using them. The more we spend them, the tighter they cling to us. In fact, the only way to have any personal power is to use it, and to keep on using it.

Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,  
And power to him who power exerts.  
Hast not thy share? On winged feet,  
Lo, it rushes thee to meet ;  
And all that nature made thine own,  
Floating in air, or pent in stone,  
Will rive the hills, will swim the sea,  
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

## CHAPTER VIII

### GREEK SCHOLAR

THE ALL-ROUND CLASSICAL SCHOLAR OF THE PAST—DOCTOR NORTH'S GREEK MOTTOES—GERMAN INFLUENCE IN MODERN CLASSICAL STUDY—DOCTOR NORTH'S FAVORITE CLASSICAL AUTHORS—WHY WE STUDY THE CLASSICS.

By EDWARD FITCH

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FOR nearly sixty years Doctor Edward North interpreted to successive classes the masterpieces of Greek literature. From the beginning Greek evidently appealed most strongly to his tastes. It must, however, not be forgotten that for the first twenty-one years of his service to Hamilton College he held the Dexter professorship of Latin and Greek. The field of classical scholarship as a whole was his care during the early years of his teaching. The breadth of view and of interest which comes from a thorough acquaintance with the two literatures may be seen in many of his utterances. There is a fine tradition which is in danger of being pushed aside by the intensiveness of modern special study, the tradition of the classical scholar who is at home in both literatures. To know the best that classical antiquity has left as its legacy to the modern world, and so to correlate the mass of material that the impression of duality shall give way to the perception of a higher unity, that is the ideal of the classical teacher's work. To Doctor North the field of classical study was no divided realm. Like that Nestor of Am-



herst College, Professor William S. Tyler, Doctor North was both a Latinist and a Hellenist, familiar with the language and with the masterpieces of both Greeks and Romans.

What is now the Curran and Hawley prize competition, having been prior to 1865 the Kellogg prize competition, has a history that dates back to 1856. The papers earlier than 1864 were set by Doctor North, and afford a glimpse of the variety of his scholarly activity. The class of 1859, whose prize winner was Isaac H. Hall, was examined in Greek, Latin, and French. Besides literary and grammatical questions and translations from Theocritus and Tacitus, a page of Didot's French version of Theocritus was required to be rendered into English. Two strophes of the "Prometheus Bound" were given in French to be reproduced in the words of Æschylus, and another strophe to be rendered into Latin and English. A prominent feature of these early papers is the demand for memorizing the best passages of the authors studied. An Englishman, writing in a recent number of "Chambers's Journal" concerning the "Great Teachers of my Time," has this to say about the method of memorizing which Doctor North emphasized: "Bradley at Marlborough and Doctor Percival at Rugby, nearly at the same time, made an identical discovery as regards the chief instrument of classical training. The writing of Latin prose had come to be regarded as the great test of youthful excellence. The two teachers just mentioned discovered that true perfection in this art was to be obtained less by constant practice than by the habitual assimilation of the best models. To write like Cicero and, above all, like Livy, the surest plan was not merely to study these authors, but copiously and regularly to learn them by heart."

While there is a certain constancy in the nature of

the demands which were made upon the competitors in these prize examinations, yet a significant variety is observable. The emphasis is laid now upon Theocritus, now upon Demosthenes, with Greek tragedy always as a principal subject. Horace, De Quincey, and Victor Hugo are invoked as interpreters of the theory of the Greek drama. The papers for a series of years bear witness to a dominant interest in the relations of Greek and English poetry, both in form and in content. Choice passages of English verse, from Shakespeare to Bryant, were given to be rendered into Greek. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" found in Doctor North a warm admirer, and inspired him to guide his students toward a study of the "Anglo-Attic drama" and of the differences between Greek and English tragedy. New Testament philology appears in one prize paper as a principal subject of study; and numismatics, geography, topography, and architecture claimed their share of attention from successive generations of ambitious competitors.

A unique phase of Doctor North's scholarly work is the series of Greek mottoes devised for the various classes for more than forty years. Of these mottoes a record, nearly complete, is preserved in his own handwriting. This work plainly made a strong appeal to his genius and sympathies. He possessed in a rare degree the gnomic gift. Writing in the "North American Review" of 1858 on Trench's "Proverbs," he defined a proverb as "always concise, and either figurative or alliterative or antithetic or rhymed, or in some way peculiar, so as to make a notch in the memory." The power of making "a notch in the memory" was preeminently his. Seldom does any man receive in richer measure nature's gift of pithy speech. These class mottoes are significant not more for the point and variety of the Greek

than for the appropriateness of their English garb. Doctor North's manuscript record of the Greek mottoes begins with the class of '63, and extends, with some omissions, to the class of '05. Besides the mottoes that were actually given there are numerous sketches, usually in Greek but often in Latin and French, of others which were apparently never used. That the coinage of these mottoes was a work of loving care, the manuscript abundantly shows. In many cases a familiar maxim is freely rendered into Greek; often some expression of a classical writer is used, with such modification as the need suggested. Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, the tragic poets, Demosthenes, Theocritus, and the Greek Testament are laid under contribution. The Greek form and the English renderings are here given as completely as the manuscript permits:

The class of '63: Τιμὴ ᾧ τιμῇ, "Honor to whom honor." '64: Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλὰ, "Honor is hard to win." '65: Εὐτοκοὶ καὶ εὖσπλαγχνοὶ, "Every man a plucky boy." '66: Ἔργα πρὸ λόγων. The class of '67 received the proverb which Aristophanes made familiar by a witty perversion: Οὐ Χίλος ἀλλὰ Κῆφος, "Ten strikes and no failures." '68: Ἀλήθεια καὶ νίκη. The next motto that is dated belongs to '71, being the Greek version of John Hampden's "Vestigia nulla retrorsum," Μηδαμῶς ἔχνουν ἄψ. '72: Ἡρώες ποιοῦνται ἥρωσι, "Heroes are shaped by heroes." The class of '73 received the saying of the Alexandrian grandam in the "Adoniasusæ" of Theocritus: Πείρα πάντα τελεῖται, "All triumphs come by trying." '76: Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν, the watchword of Homer's Glaucus, "To be first in worth always." '77: Ὀμονοίᾳ κρατούμεν, "By uniting we conquer." '78: Δυσπάρων οὐδαμῶς ἡσσητέα, "Not to be floored by difficulties." '79: Πρῶσω ἀεί, "To the forefront always." '80: Ὀγδοήκοντα καὶ προσ-

ήκοντα, "Eighty and honors to match." '81: Ἀρετῇ καὶ τέχνῃ, "By worth and by work." '82: Θανεῖν πρὸ ἀτιμίας, "Death before dishonor." The motto of '83, Πρῶτον ὀρθοῦ, εἶτα μάχου, "First be right, then make fight," was suggested by Shakespeare's

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

'84: Ἀριστος καρπὸς ὑψιφύει, "The best fruit hangs high." '85: Ἐθελούργοις θεὸς συνεργεῖ, "Heaven helps those who help themselves." '86: Νίκεν ἐκμοχθητέον, "We mean to win." '87: Σοφία τὸ κάλλιστον, "Wisdom is the principal thing." '88: Οὐκ ἐθάνομεν ἔτι, "We aren't dead yet." '89: Ἐκαστος πᾶσι, πάντες ἐκάστω, "Each for all, all for each." '90: Τέλος ἀρετῇ κρατεῖ, "In the long run worth wins." The following memorandum accompanied the motto of '91: "When Longfellow's 'Hyperion' was first published nearly fifty years ago, one sentence in it made an impression on the memory which years have never effaced. 'Be bold, and be bold, but be not overbold.' In Greek this maxim would be: Τόλμησον, μηδ' ἄγαν τόλμησον." '93: Ἐν τῷ μέλλοντι ζῶμεν. '94: Ἡμῖν εὐθυμαχεῖν μέλει, "A fair fight and no favor." '95: Ἥλιον ἀετὸς ζητεῖ, "Sunward soars the eagle." '02: Μῆτε μέλιττα μῆτε μέλι, "If we want a good thing we must work for it." '03: Αἰχμῇ, ἀρετῇ, Ἀθήνῃ, "With steel, with strength, with scholarship." '05: Ἀνάγκαις οὐδαμῶς ἡσσητέον, "No knuckling to difficulties."

The mottoes given to the classes did not exhaust the store. Plato's proverb, Τρὶς ἐξ ἧς τρεῖς κύβοι, was left on the stocks ready for launching in this form, "Win the horse or lose the saddle." One of Pindar's bold metaphors appears as Νοῦ θήγανον νοῦς, "Mind's whet-

stone is mind." To a man who was "devoted to literature" this motto was suggested: *Εἰκὼν τῆς ψυχῆς οἱ λόγοι*, "Words are a transcript of the soul."

Many gifted men mature so slowly that they are well along in the twenties before they have won their way to a clear perception of their proper life work. Doctor North belonged to the more fortunate minority whose vision of their true future path comes early. The biographer of Mark Hopkins records that "at the age of twenty his hold on the profound principles that underlie Christianity was so firm that the long deep thought of his later life only strengthened that hold." Doctor North, whose academic career offers not a few points of comparison with that of President Hopkins, was of like nature in that he found himself early. He once spoke, in the course of a conversation, of the somewhat aimless and unsatisfactory character of his youthful studies until the time came for beginning Latin and Greek; these studies proved an incentive and a revelation. The boy then and there became conscious of a man's purpose.

Among the many characteristic expressions which were often upon Doctor North's lips—expressions which alike conveyed his meaning and revealed himself—was this one that found a frequent application to the brilliant student, "He has a passion for Greek." The scholarly work of his life was not the mere external means of winning daily bread, nor was it like a coat that is put off or put on according to circumstances. It was no mere penchant; this, too, was one of his own expressions for a youthful and immature purpose. The Greek language and literature were the objects of a life-long devotion for their own sake. He loved them with that constancy which was the most salient feature of his character. "Heard the juniors make their first recitation in the 'Antigone' of Sophocles. How one grows in

love with the glorious Greek, as years bring a deeper and wider knowledge of length and breadth and height and depth." This is an entry in Doctor North's diary made in 1878. Occasionally in conversation, expressions of admiration for the genius of the Greeks would occur, as full of sincerity and simplicity as they were free from all conventionality. Doctor North's attitude toward his work was through and through one of personal devotion. He was fond of referring to Macaulay's enthusiasm for Greek literature. His own enthusiasm may well be voiced in Macaulay's words :

I have gone back to Greek literature with a passion quite astonishing to myself. I have never felt anything like it. I was enraptured with Italian during the six months which I gave up to it ; and I was little less pleased with Spanish. But when I went back to the Greek, I felt as if I had never known before what intellectual enjoyment was. Oh, that wonderful people ! There is not one art, not one science, about which we may not use the same expression which Lucretius has employed about the victory over superstition, "*Primum Graius homo.*" I think myself very fortunate in having been able to return to these great masters while still in the full vigor of life, and when my taste and judgment are mature. Most people read all the Greek that they ever read before they are five-and-twenty. They never find time for such studies afterwards, till they are in the decline of life ; and then their knowledge of the language is in a great measure lost, and cannot easily be recovered. Accordingly, almost all the ideas that people have of Greek literature are ideas formed while they were still very young. A young man, whatever his genius may be, is no judge of such a writer as Thucydides. I had no high opinion of him ten years ago. I have now been reading him with a mind accustomed to historical researches and to political affairs, and I am astonished at my own former blindness, and at his greatness.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Macaulay's Life and Letters," by G. Otto Trevelyan, Vol. I, page 378.

Classical scholarship in America at the present time is strongly under the influence of Germany. Mastery of the modern method gives the student the power of reaching independent conclusions; it likewise imposes upon the student the duty of unrelenting research, even into fields that yield no fruit of culture. Seventy years ago the German influence was but beginning to be felt. Eager students like Woolsey and Bancroft had found over sea something of the inspiration of the newer method of studying classical antiquity; but the light was diffused in but few of the educational centers of our land. Doctor North's training antedated this modern period of intensive research. The traditions in which he was bred emphasized the humanistic aspect of classical study. The literatures of Greece and Rome, even in their incompleteness, were viewed as masterpieces, norms of thought and expression, priceless treasures for the enrichment of all coming generations. To know the best, and to know it lovingly, thoroughly, and for culture, was the scholar's ambition. Instinctive appreciation of the best and sedulous attention to the genuinely classic were the sources of Doctor North's power as a scholar. A good illustration is his life-long devotion to Theocritus. By common consent Theocritus is the greatest among all the poets of the Alexandrian period. In that modern age of antiquity, when the literary output was so enormous and the real inspiration of poetry so deficient, there arose one poet who belongs to all time. Doctor North did not cultivate the acquaintance of the learned and frigid Callimachus, nor had he any interest in the artificial epic or the labored didactic poetry of that period. His study of Theocritus showed whither his mind and taste led him. The only remark that the writer ever heard Doctor North make that was at all in the nature of an attempt at estimating his own

scholarly work, was a modest claim to originality in introducing the study of Theocritus into the college curriculum at a time when the law of supply and demand had not yet called forth a text-book by any English or American author.

The great writers whose pages he was wont to read and reread were his personal friends. The companionship of the honest Xenophon was never despised. Upon the title page of Doctor North's "Index Rerum" stood Xenophon's report of this sentiment of Socrates—an incomparable statement of the relation between good books and good companionship—"The treasures of the wise men of long ago, which they recorded in books and left behind, I unroll and peruse in company with my friends; and if we see anything good, we choose it out, and we esteem it a great gain if we prove helpful to one another." So thoroughly was he in sympathy with the earnest and intense spirit of Demosthenes that he shared even in the orator's antipathies. "I never liked the man," was his verdict upon the orations of Æschines. This friendship for the first of orators was the standard by which he measured those of lesser merit. He missed in Lysias the power and passion of a master spirit as well as the dignity and weight of a supreme occasion. So he did not share in the current estimate of Lysias as a desirable classroom author. Of Herodotus he used to speak as of one whom he knew and esteemed, yet with a gentle demur at his tendency to gossip.

The poets were Doctor North's closest friends. To him Homer never became a myth. The poet's individuality was as distinct as it was to the ancient artist who created the Homer type in marble. The humanist's feeling for the grand outlines of epic unity never yielded to the historian's search for evidences of accretion and stratification. In this, as in many other respects, Doctor





EDWARD NORTH IN THE 80'S.



North was a man whose type of mind was in fullest sympathy with antiquity's point of view. His estimate of the triad of tragic poets was in many points suggestive of that of Aristophanes, and not the least in this that it was something more than a mere professional estimate. His artistic and ethical feeling found delight in the majesty of the inspired Æschylus. The climax of poetic achievement he recognized in Sophocles, the perfect poet, unapproached in the fine union of creative and artistic power. With something of Aristophanic conservatism and regard for the splendid traditions of the earlier age, he turned away from Euripides, the cosmopolitan and the modern, as from one whose work indicated a declension and decadence. In estimating the tragic poets, Doctor North chose as one chooses an intimate friend, by following the leadings of congeniality. The significance of this feeling of congeniality for Sophocles, Sir Richard Jebb points out in these words: "The degree in which a modern enjoys Sophocles is not necessarily a measure of his feeling for poetry; but it may fairly be taken as a measure of his sympathy with the finest qualities of the Athenian genius."<sup>1</sup>

In one of his lectures, Doctor North finds a chief source of the teacher's power in his skill in organizing knowledge. His own scholarship was organized and held in trust for the use of his students. He learned in order to teach. He possessed in a very unusual degree the power of aptness and artistic constructiveness. His scholarly attainments were not mere lumber. They were the priceless material with which he wrought out fine designs. He knew facts; but he always sought to know facts in their relations. Beyond the work of the study and the recitation room was the man himself, greater than any of his work, whose voice and presence

<sup>1</sup> "Classical Greek Poetry," page 190.

bore witness to the possession of scholarship vitalized into culture. Above all he believed with all his heart in the mission of the classical teacher as the trustee of a great legacy and the mediator of an indispensable culture. Like Milton, he would have the pupil introduced to a great variety of Greek and Roman authors, poets, philosophers, and orators, mainly that through these writers he might obtain access to the best thought and culture and so become acquainted with history and political science, with logic, with the principles of law and morals, with geometry and natural philosophy, with the story of heroes and statesmen, so as to "stir up learners with high hopes of becoming brave men and worthy patriots dear to God and famous to all ages." In like manner Thomas Arnold, while founding his whole educational system on the study of ancient languages, sought mainly to use those languages as instruments for a large extension of the range of subjects beyond the traditional routine. "Greek and Latin were to him the *ποῦ στῶ*, the firm earth on which he sought to erect a fabric in which history, poetry, philosophy, ethics, love of truth, and aspirations after nobleness and usefulness should find their due place."<sup>1</sup> Something of this ruling purpose of the scholar to make his wide knowledge available and to communicate his ideals to the student may be seen in the lecture "Why We Study the Classics."

#### WHY WE STUDY THE CLASSICS

In that delightful romance, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," the son of its amiable hero, in describing one of his Bohemian adventures on the continent, anticipates a kind of pragmatic criticism, from the personal standpoint, with which some of us have grown somewhat familiar of late.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Joshua Fitch, "Thomas and Matthew Arnold," 1897.

"When I came to Louvain," so the narrative reads, "I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but tendered my talents to the principal himself. I had admittance, and tendered my services as a master of the Greek language. The principal seemed at first to doubt my abilities; but these I offered to convince him of by turning a part of any Greek author he should name into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my purpose, he addressed me thus:

"You see me, young man. I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have a doctor's cap and gown, without Greek. I have ten thousand florins a year, without Greek. I eat heartily, and sleep soundly, without Greek. In short, as I don't know the Greek, I believe there is no good in it."

The question, Why do we study the Greek, has been a thousand times asked, and as often answered. Unfortunately it is one of those restless, irrepressible questions that will not long stay answered. Although the Greek is sometimes called a dead language, civilization has thus far found no churchyard where it can be buried beyond the hope of resurrection.

In the progress of years, events, and institutions, in the coming and going of successive classes, teachers, commencements, and generations, new and importunate objectors are constantly pushing to the front. They present themselves jauntily armed with old condemned flintlocks, which in other hands have proved harmless, and challenge to new encounter the champions of classical culture. Whenever a new seat of learning is founded, whenever a time-honored institution is reviewed and criticised, it is a narrow escape, if the inquiry be not made by some overzealous, ungrammatical patron of science, less weighty with wisdom than with sudden riches, "Where's the good of spending so much precious time over them musty, worm-eaten Greek books? I have lived fifty years," boasts the ungrammatical objector, "have made fifty thousand dollars, and been elected to Congress, without knowing the first syllable of your dead languages."

This incessant, superficial caviling makes it necessary that

the battle should be often fought over again, for the satisfaction of new parties, although the victory always has been where the victory always must be, on the side of classical culture.

This morning's purpose will be not to engage in any wearisome debate, but rather to avoid the attitude and the phrases of a heated partisan, while stating in plain and definite terms what are some of the advantages one has a right to anticipate from the careful, thorough, and sympathetic study of Greek and Latin literature. In other words, once again is to be answered that old, ever new question, Why are the ancient classics embraced in the college curriculum?

I. The first statement to be made is, that the ancient languages lead the way to a better understanding of our own language; the ancient literatures lead the way to a better appreciation and a keener enjoyment of our own literature. A knowledge of the ancient classics throws a broad noonlight—never to be derived from any nearer source—upon the elements, the structure, the rhythms, the history, and the marvelous philosophy of our mother tongue.

The author who should succeed in constructing a respectable, trustworthy English grammar or dictionary, without incurring a large debt to the Greek and Latin, must be a miracle of a philologist, endowed with superhuman gifts, if not a practical bookmaker, arrayed in pilfered plumage.

As one who compares the bones of two unlike animals gains a better knowledge of the anatomy of both, so a mastery of Greek and Latin insures a more complete, philosophical, and usable knowledge of our mother tongue. It opens the way to the gaining of ease, courage, variety, enterprise, discrimination, and confidence in the handling of English words. So often as one conquers a new language, he duplicates his intellectual resources.

One who knows only the English language is kept in a vile bondage to his English dictionary. He is forever a helot, and never a freeman in the republic of letters. His sentences will betray a certain stiffness and awkwardness, a blind mechanical adherence to narrow rules, without knowing any reason for the

rules, with a lack of enterprise and independence in the choice of words and the shaping of sentences.

We are apt to put more faith in our estimate of another's character, if familiar with that of his ancestors, knowing that personal qualities are often inherited, and that the father's heart, as well as his features and thumbs, sometimes reappears in his issue.

The English language claims a grandmother in the Greek and a great-grandmother in the Latin. More than half of its one hundred and twenty thousand words are exotics transplanted from Athens and Rome. While its Saxon mother has supplied the well-jointed skeleton, much of our vernacular's muscle, sinews, and nerve, much of its vital blood, its rounded fullness, coloring, and glow of ripe beauty, come to it from the exhaustless treasury of Greek and Latin.

No English author ever wrote English history with more of regal splendor than Lord Macaulay. In one of his published letters he confesses the secret of this enviable and most enchanting style :

"During the last thirteen months I have read Æschylus twice ; Sophocles twice ; Euripides twice ; Pindar twice ; Theocritus twice ; Herodotus and Thucydides, almost all of Xenophon's works ; almost all of Plato ; Aristotle's 'Politics,' and a good deal of his 'Organon,' besides dipping elsewhere in him ; the whole of Plutarch's 'Lives' ; about half of Lucian ; two or three books of Athenæus ; Plautus twice ; Terence once ; Lucretius twice ; Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius ; Lucan, Livy ; Velleius Paterculus ; Sallust, Cæsar, and lastly Cicero." This was during the year 1835, while Macaulay was writing for the "Edinburgh Review," and doing constant official duty, as one of the Supreme Council of India, on a salary of £10,000 a year.

If then one would make himself a complete master of the immense wealth and various power of the English tongue, he must go back, with something of Macaulay's reverent enthusiasm, to the perennial sources of that wealth and power. If one would bring his own tastes into harmony with the ex-

quisite and youthful beauty that pervades our Anglo-Saxon classics, he must learn to drink at the same pure Choaspian wellheads of inspiration at which drank such kings of thought as Milton, Bacon and Addison, Cowper, Macaulay, Hawthorne, and Lowell.

By the reacting and suggestive influence of classical studies, the English language has been polished, enlarged, and greatly enriched in its resources and power of expression. It has been furnished with an ample outfit of words, which, like nimble Ariels, are ever waiting on the wing, to convey thoughts from mind to mind. From its unrhythmical rudeness and stiff, unaccommodating barrenness, as wielded by Chaucer and his contemporaries, its gradual changes and successive accretions have made it what we now boast it to be—a language unsurpassed for affluence of idiom, for flexibility and stateliness of rhythm, by having grafted upon its vigorous Saxon roots the graceful suppleness of the Greek, with the compact energy and melody of the Latin.

Almost the entire body of British and American authors, whom we are taught to accept and follow as exemplars of a chaste and forceful style, have confessed their indebtedness for the right development of their native gifts to the forming and inbreathing spirit of the ancient languages.

One might justly apply to these favorite authors the remark that Gifford applied to Hume: "His taste was that of the Attics. So far as the genius of the two languages would permit, he had collected the very juice and flavor of their style, and transfused them into his own."

If anything need be added to this positive side of the argument, it is furnished by the negative testimony of confessions similar to that of Sir Walter Scott, when his "palsied but beloved hand" writes, "I would give one half of my literary reputation, could I rest the other half on a basis of sound classical learning."

At this point, if anywhere, it should be stated that a knowledge of the ancient languages is of material service in mastering the details of modern science. The terminologies of all



modern science are based on the Greek and Latin, and the first requisite for mastering the principles of a science is a mastery of the terms by which they are formulated. These terminologies are easily remembered and correctly handled, if one is familiar with their Greek and Latin roots. To others they present a wilderness of perplexing epithets, hard to be comprehended and harder yet to be remembered.

For an illustration, take the description of our wayside poplar, as it stands in the botanies :

"*Populus dilatata* : aments cylindric : bracts lacerately fringed : calycine scales turbinate, oblique turbinate, entire : leaves acuminate, deltoid, serrate : trunk lobed and sulcate." Such a description reads as if three languages had swallowed each other.

II. The second statement is that the ancient classics enlarge our stock of positive knowledge. In the departments of history, of oratory, of philosophy and poetry, they present us not simply with models of what is attractive in manner, with exemplars of what is most gracious and forcible in style ; but also with magazines of intellectual wealth, with priceless treasures of thought and wisdom. If it be true that Thucydides and Demosthenes, Livy and Tacitus, have never yet been eclipsed in clear compactness and picturesqueness of style, it must also be granted that we have no other indisputable vouchers for many of the facts and events they have placed on record. The statements of modern writers in the old historic fields we accept because they are based on the testimony of ancient writers.

The opinions of the modern historian come to us with only so much of authority as hearsay evidence comes before judge and jury. Such secondhand evidence is always ruled out, when anything more certain and trustworthy can be produced. And the student of history, of law, of science, who fails, through indolence or inability, to rest his conclusions on the highest sources of authority, can not safely trust to his own judgment, and is unworthy to be trusted by others.

As to the ancient philosophy, it may have outwardly an anti-

quoted and obsolete look. Cobwebs and dust are there beyond any denial. Yet inwardly age has only served to mellow and improve. The bottles are old, to be sure, but the racked and sparkling wine is still rich with the sunshine of Ægean summers.

It is well known to scholars that the substance of Plato's unanswerable argument for the existence of a Supreme Designer was borrowed from Xenophon's "Memorabilia." This book was also one of Franklin's favorite authors, when he was laying the broad foundation of his philosophical character.

Although Aristotle's "Organon" has been partially superseded by the new "Organon" of Bacon; although the "Republic" of Plato is but a dreamer's air castle in the noonlight that blazes from the Declaration of Seventy-six; although the death of Socrates loses much of its sublimity beside the divine sacrifice of Calvary; yet there are points of eminence on which these three Greek philosophers stand unapproached and uneclipsed. There is a fountain of profoundest wisdom in their teachings, at which modern philosophy has filled its beakers, always without exhausting the supply, and slaked the thirst of its disciples, too often without confessing its indebtedness.

Time has brought no discount to the value of Hippocrates as a text-book for the medical students of to-day; and the "Oath of Hippocrates" is still a sacrament to every conscientious physician. In the study of disease and the making of a diagnosis, Hippocrates may be safely followed to-day. In fact, Hippocrates followed the principles of Bacon's philosophy nearly two thousand years before Bacon was born.

The man who thoroughly understands the literatures and antiquities of Athens and Rome differs from one ignorant of them, in much the same way that a man who has traveled the world over, with his eyes open, differs from one whose knowledge is limited to what is going on in his native village.

It has been proved by the recent explorations of Doctor Schliemann and others that the pictures of early society painted by Homer, Æschylus, and Theocritus contribute as much to our real and exact knowledge as if they were professed his-

torians, bound to tell the whole truth, without fear, prejudice, or favor.

In broad effect and net purport their works are pictorial histories, illustrated by the calcium lights of legend and rhythm. To read Herodotus is sitting by the cozy fireside and hearing an old traveler recount his adventures in foreign lands. To read Homer or Theocritus is taking the pilgrim's staff, donning the pilgrim's shoon, and seeing with your own eyes the wonders of the world.

The historian is a talker. If he talks well and to the point, he makes an impression. The poet is a painter. If he is a master of his art and paints to the life, he not only makes an impression, but he fixes it. You may remember the historian's talking, if you try hard. The painting you can not forget, try your hardest. It will haunt your dreams, and cling to the memory, as the telltale blood clung to the key of Bluebeard's closet.

It may be said, then, that reading the ancient classics adds to our stores of positive and substantial knowledge. It brings us into intimate acquaintance with the private habits and public institutions, with the amusements and industries, the religious ceremonies and superstitions, the manners and morals of nations who have figured prominently in the history of our race, who have helped us to solve important problems in the science of government, who have made valuable contributions to the treasures of art and literature.

Leaders in modern science are fond of insisting that modern civilization has been gradually developed, by "the survival of the fittest," from the inchoate civilization of earlier centuries. "A missing link" in the growth of social institutions is something they can not too deeply deplore. Yet they would, by rejecting the ancient classics, deliberately break the chain of historical events, and dig an unbridgable gulf between the present and the long ago. They would shut the door in the face of the great thinkers of Athens and Rome, and say to them, "You have played your parts, and we need you no longer." They would thus shut us out from

The glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

One of the railroad magnates, without dreaming that he was spending a cool hundred thousand in defense of the Greek fetish, imports a historic monolith from Egypt, and gives it a new pedestal in the New World. All America welcomes the monolith, but wants to know what good it will do. Money has brought it from the land of the Ptolemies, but millions of money can not tell what it means. Two bronze sea crabs are found at the base of the obelisk, as it stood in Alexandria, on which were two mutilated inscriptions in battered Latin and oxidized Greek uncials. A modest college linguist, after months of careful study and research, and correspondence with other linguists, compels these inscriptions to announce that the mysterious monolith was set up at Alexandria 13-12 years B.C., in the eighteenth year of Augustus Cæsar. The historical meaning of the inscriptions is all made clear. They make a valuable contribution to the history of the Roman empire in Egypt. Even Mommsen, the greatest of German historians, is corrected in one of his elaborate conclusions. No finer example can be named of the value of classical learning than this recent solution of a complicated historic problem by the combined resources of patient industry, scholarly ingenuity, and the Greek fetish.

It is no valid disparagement of classical literature to say that all its important monuments have been translated into modern tongues. How would a translation of Herodotus help to interpret an uncial epigraph on an Egyptian obelisk?

A similar objection would be equally valid against the fossil collections which geologists think so much of. If such reasoning were good logic, it would lead to the establishment of economical cabinets, containing not original specimens, with the world's physical history autographed upon them, but filled up with cheap imitations, plaster of Paris copies of the original fossils, all warranted not to smell of the deluge.

It is cheerfully allowed that one may capture an indefinite, distant idea of the old-time peoples and their authors by

reading English histories and translations. So one may happen upon a shadowy notion of Niagara by reading what the guidebooks say of it, or of a great orator by looking at him through the window of a hotel. But if one would know and feel how much of sublimity can be expressed in the falling of unfrozen avalanches, he must see and hear with his own eyes and ears. If he would know, in his inmost soul, how binding is the spell of real eloquence, he must put himself within the reach of an eloquent voice.

It is not otherwise with the ancient authors. Their beauty and sublimity must be known by patient study, by intellectual contact and sympathy, before they can be appropriated to the mind's nutriment, as a living power.

It is not worth the while to spend any time in exposing the folly of learning to swim with the help of bladders, or of trying to gain the rewards of laborious scholarship by certain easy and mechanical methods, which, to borrow Butler's unprecedented rhyme, render

Latin and Greek no more difficile  
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

To dawdle over a loosely worded, slopshop, catchpenny translation of Homer, is not to be a student of Homer. Whoso claims that the two things are equivalent, is next door neighbor, in point of simplicity, to the rustic who built a corn-stalk fiddle, and after giving himself a squeaking concert upon it, wondered what there could be so very fascinating in the performances of an Ole Bull or a Paganini.

It may be taken as a settled truth, as much settled as anything in algebra, that no classic masterpiece, ancient or modern, certainly none in the department of poetry or eloquence, can be translated into a foreign tongue, so as to convey, unabridged, undimmed, and entire, the subtle essence and spiritual beauty of the original.

The merest common sense tells us it must be so. To think it can be otherwise would be as absurd as to sit down before a cheap woodcut of Alpine scenery in a school geography, and

expect to be thrilled with the fervid rapture that kindled the soul of Byron when he sang of

Jura answering from her misty shroud  
Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud.

We should feel pity for the dullness of one who, invited to a personal interview with the Poet Laureate of England, invited to take him by the hand, look him in the face and talk with him, as a man talks with a friend, should turn upon his heel and coolly declare that he was much obliged, but he had at home a photograph of the poet.

Has he a grain less of dullness who is contented with what he can gather about the crimes of Clytemnestra, the two-throned, two-sceptered Atridæ, by nodding over the somnolent rhymings of a modern translator, when the sturdy Æschylus is himself close at hand, with lightning in his eye, unearthly fire on his lip and divine energy in his rhythms that throbs, and burns, and melts?

III. My third statement is that the ancient classics teach the mind how to make the best use of itself and its knowledge ; that they strengthen the memory and ripen the judgment ; that they quicken the imagination and sharpen the discernment ; that they refine the taste and awaken the loving perception of what is beautiful in thought, in action, and in art.

The student sits down to a difficult passage in his Greek author. He carefully examines the original text, and brings to its rendering his best powers and resources. Here is a word he never encountered before, a new acquaintance to be cultivated by consulting the lexicon.

He takes it to pieces, as a botanist would analyze a strange plant and examines its constituent parts. Perhaps it belongs to a peculiar phrase that brings to notice some sharp contrast between his mother idiom and that of the Attics. Perhaps it wears the disguise of a provincial dialect and illustrates the Protean flexibility of the Greek tongue. Yonder comes a reference to mythology, and with the aid of his classical dictionary he is admitted to the wonderful secrets of a false religion,

whose first commandment was to worship the likeness of everything in heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, with a special supplementary image of the Unknown God.

The mention of a city, a mountain, or a river invites him to consult his ancient atlas. A disputed reading, or a false punctuation calls for the exercise of his best judgment; a figurative expression wakes up his imagination; an unusual meter tasks and schools his perception of harmony. Thus the obscurities of the passage are successively cleared up; one by the lexicon; another by the grammar; a third by history; a fourth by the atlas; a fifth by thoughtful ingenuity; all by the help of patient research and tasteful discrimination. The result is to be embodied in an English counterpart to the Greek that shall convey the same impression to an English ear that was conveyed by the original to an Attic ear. This gives a practical exercise in the handling of one's vernacular.

Finally the result must be hived away in the memory, and held subject to future orders, and as memory sometimes betrays, it ought to be committed to writing.

When Plato was asked what was the chief employment of the future life, he promptly replied, "The study of mathematics." Plato's method of creating a little heaven below, like Charles Francis Adams's remedy for the defects of college discipline, would be to introduce a little more of mathematics. There is no basis for the too common belief that Plato and classical studies are at variance with Euclid and geometry.

It would not be in my heart, even were it in my power, to magnify the importance of classical studies at the expense of others, whose practical value is fully acknowledged. No wrong verily is done to other studies, many of which can boast a closer reference to money-earning enterprises, and the creation of material values, if it is claimed, as truth demands it to be claimed, that not another of them calls into wholesome play so many and such various faculties; not another of them contributes so essentially to the well-balanced discipline and complete furniture of the entire intellect. Other studies are

allowed to be indispensable. Other studies are the beams and rafters, without which an edifice could not be built.

Classical learning is the fine art that gives proportion and symmetry to the structure; that clothes it with the grace of comely embellishments; that surrounds it with groups of trees haunted by singing birds; that enriches it with the works of master artists; that makes it not simply a shelter from the frost and tempest, but also the home of comfort, elegance, and life's supreme enjoyment.

In youth the mind is imaginative, rather than calculating. In youth, then, is the golden time to chasten, to direct, to strengthen, to fructify this most wonderful of God's gifts — the imaginative faculty. To say that the mind should feed on dry, cold, philosophical, or mathematical rations, simply because it hungers for a warm, generous, classical diet, is most absurdly cruel.

Yet too many educational Gradgrinds claim to have achieved an excellent discipline, if they have strangled the unweaned imagination, and in its place set to work the algebraic and logarithmic faculties, like two women grinding at a mill.

These Gradgrinds should study Webster's reply to Hayne. They should notice what it was that subdued his hearers, subdued the whole country, and still subdues its readers most completely to the power of that mighty master of well-chosen words. They should see how in that memorable reply, the imagination, disciplined by the *Æneid* and the *Iliad*, illumined, like a rising sun, the great statesman's waving fields of knowledge, flanked by hedgerows of sarcasm and solid ram-parts of argument.

In cultivating the power of discerning, reproducing, and enjoying the beautiful in art, in letters, and in action, we are still disciples to the Attics, and with all our progress in the material arts, we shall probably remain their disciples to the world's end. With the Attics not only was each effort of genius, but each development of character, each public and personal achievement, tried and judged by the severest standard of ideal excellence. In Plato's philosophy the summit of moral perfection



is styled τὸ καλόν, "The beautiful." In the everyday conversation of Athens, the highest form of virtue was ἡ καλοκάγαθία, "The beautiful goodness." Whatever pertained to the sense of comeliness in shape, or motion, or character; whatever pertained to the faculty of befitting expression and artistic criticism, the leading thinkers of Athens were perfect masters of. In this particular they stand out before the world's reverence, inviting it to imitate, defying it to excel.

Taken then as critical and disciplinary studies, there is no danger that we shall overestimate the value of the Greek classics. They have a world-wide mission to accomplish, second only to the mission of inspired truth that comes to us in the Greek of the New Testament.

Wherever the human mind asserts its inborn right to self-empire, this same Greek beauty comes, like a gentle sister, to take down its native ferocity, and make the element of liberty an element as well of law and obedience.

It breathes itself into the language and literature of all civilized peoples. It causes their ethical and intellectual life to crystallize into graceful, attractive forms, and grow transparent to the light of reason and law. Even the Christian faith, whose prerogative it is to make all the works both of God and man subservient to its honor, takes to itself all the beauty of the Greeks, and makes it the beauty of holiness.

One of the higher uses of classical learning is employed by a distinguished preacher in illustrating the doctrine that Christ as a human brother is also a divine helper; that we need have no fear of Christ as a man, while as a God we can rest securely on his omnipotence.

When Hector goes to his last battle, his wife meets him at the Scæan gate, followed by a nurse with their infant boy, Astyanax. Hector reaches out his arms to take the boy. Screaming with terror at the sight of his father's burnished helmet and nodding plume, the boy clings with averted face to the bosom of his nurse. Hector, with a fond smile, lays aside his frightful headgear, and the little Astyanax leaps at once into the familiar arms. So Jehovah, lord of battles, when seen with

the awful surroundings of his Sinai glory, fills his children with terror ; but in the lowly person of Christ, the crucified, the Man of Sorrows, he lays the helmet off, and we find our dearest joy in a Father's embrace. In this way, Christian scholarship brings the Bible and the Iliad into fellowship as teachers of gospel truth.

IV. This leads to the fourth and final statement, that we study the ancient classics because they furnish helps to theological science and religious improvement. The stale hue and cry about the immorality of the Greeks and Romans has had its day and lost its terror. One who can trust himself, or who can be trusted to ramble through our cities, or even one of our quiet villages, where Bulwer and Zola and Tolstoi, and all that wanton tribe, are beckoning like painted harlots at the street corners, begging to be read, may count himself as proof against the so-called indecencies of Homer and Theocritus.

To swallow the filthy camel of our cheap modern fiction, and then piously strain at the gnat of ancient impurity, is a sample of phariseism too broadly ludicrous to be argued against. The dramatic works of Shakespeare, who is obnoxious to similar charges, without the excuse of a false education, we welcome to the sanctity of domestic libraries, alongside Bunyan and Doddridge. The man who should talk seriously of ostracizing Shakespeare, on the ground of social improprieties, would hardly find a second voice to keep him in countenance. Moreover, the proscriptive demand that the records of Greek and Latin genius be withheld from the student, as poisoned fare, if consistently carried out, would consign him for life to the cold seclusion of a monastery as the only salvation for purity and innocence in a world of open sin.

Not that it is impossible for youthful purity of heart to get stained by reading the ancient, unsifted classics. So it is possible for the same youthful purity to get stained by reading a work on physiology or some portions of Holy Writ. One mind's meat is sometimes another mind's poison. The influence of a given study depends very much upon the mental temper, aptitude, and receptivity of the student ; just as the

effect of a shower depends on the kind of seed it moistens in the soil. The shower is not to be blamed if it sometimes hastens the growth of thistles along with the wheat. No more should the ancient classics be hastily and wholly condemned, because in some imaginations, already prurient and ripe for evil, they may have quickened the seeds of unhallowed thought.

It is not very extravagant to suppose that by reading the ancient classics one may become more sensible of the duties and dignities of a Christian profession, even as Paul felt his missionary spirit stirred within him, when he saw the Athenians wholly given to idolatry. That classical reading will make one a more intelligent Christian, and more competent to give valid reasons for his faith and practice, will not be questioned by any. This is made certain by the fact that a large portion of what he holds to be inspired truth was first recorded in the Greek tongue; while an important body of evidences for its authenticity is preserved in the Greek and Latin Fathers.

The great authorities of the Christian church have always held to be a sufficient defense of the classical studies that in them alone are we able to learn most fully what man will do when left free from the restraints of the divine word and its ministry. They are persuaded that the Christian scholar will read sermons of good even in the stocks and stones of an idolatrous people. They are persuaded with Livy — heathen though he was — that it is wholesome and profitable to make the acquaintance of human nature and civil society in all its different stages of development and progress; that from this large fund of information we may draw out what is good and utilize it, while we see the mischief of what is sinful and learn to abhor it.

The eye of devout faith clearly sees a divine purpose in the growth of a competent language for the gospel revelation — a language that should be not only competent, but with scholars universal. In the preparation of this most wonderful language we can see Darius and Cyrus, Philip and Alexander, the infamous Herod, the Ptolemies, and the Romans acting, with-

out knowing it, for the glory of the coming gospel. They helped unconsciously to mature a fit dialect for the New Testament, for the Septuagint, for such Jewish writers as Philo and Josephus, for the apostolic fathers and their successors in early church history, a dialect suited to express Christian truth in its boldest forms of aggressive attack and its sweetest ministries to the weary and unhappy.

The glory that hallows the birthplace of Christ was given to a stable in the least of the cities of Judah; the development of a language in which the Saviour's messages of grace should be proclaimed to the nations was reserved for the countrymen of Socrates and Æschylus and Sophocles.

A few passages from a class lecture upon Sophocles are worthy of attention for their felicitous characterization of that poet. An imaginative description of the first victory of Sophocles is followed by a comparison of the two rivals of Greek tragedy:

Æschylus has a large following of fast friends, who have come to love him even for his eccentricities. They are so many convenient pegs — those little eccentricities — for holding new garlands of worshipful admiration. These partisans of Æschylus mostly belong to that substantial, well-to-do, conservative class, who have seen the folly of sowing the wild oats of undomestic bliss, with whom the pleasures of memory slightly outweigh seductions of hope. For thirty years they have applauded the efforts of Æschylus. Fully satisfied that nothing better was possible, they have accepted his triumphs as their own. These veteran theater-goers are confident that against a raw apprentice in rhythms, an unpracticed stripling of twenty-seven years, their veteran favorite will easily keep his ascendancy.

There happens to be just then another party at Athens, an aggressive, strenuous, wide-awake, loud-talking party, a party on fire with confident enthusiasm, that represents the "Young Attica" of the day. These young men have grown weary of the unsocial brusqueness and hauteur of the author of the

"Agamemnon" and the "Prometheus Bound." They prefer to worship at the shrine of a rising luminary. They are possessed by the companionable look and sculpturesque beauty that mark the yet unwreathed and unwrinkled forehead of the new candidate for their plaudits.

Sophocles goes into the contest with whatever aids were to be had from youthful modesty and personal comeliness, from native genius patiently schooled, from abounding hope and resolute backers. The subject of his play was probably "Triptolemus." But this can not now be certainly proved. We do know that his polished and picturesque rhythms were more in sympathy with the reigning taste than were the rugged grandeurs of Æschylus. We know that the award of first honor to Sophocles was a verdict so bitterly mortifying to his veteran competitor that Æschylus retired in disgust from Athens.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the "Agamemnon" the colloquial parts are separated by such wide prairies of choral preaching that it takes a vigorous stretch of memory to bring them together. The choruses of Sophocles were required to chant less extendedly, more pertinently, and in closer keeping with the main current of the dialogue. Unlike Æschylus, Sophocles never allowed any perplexing muddle of the colloquial and choral parts. He was a finished artist, with a complete mastery of all the details of stage craft. It results from the changes introduced by Sophocles that the connectedness and dramatic interest of his plays are better sustained. His style is chaste and polished *ad unguem præsectum*. It will bear the Horatian test of the pared nail.

Sophocles shows his constructive ingenuity in having the chorus fulfill the function of a modern playbill, by introducing to the audience, by name, each new character that comes upon the stage. This is done so ingeniously and naturally at the close of a choral ode, that it seems to be an inseparable part of the orchestral performance.

Sophocles carefully shunned the slang of the shop and

the market place. His works give us the best expression of the highest style of Attic culture. It was this that secured the most voices in his favor, and caused him to be fondly mentioned as the Attic Bee, in recognition of a singular sweetness and mellowness of thought and phrase that deepened at times into the tenderest pathos.

If Æschylus was the Shakespeare of the Greeks, then Sophocles was clearly their Tennyson. To Sophocles belonged, in a measure not equaled by any master of Greek rhythms, the rare art of weaving words into music.

\* \* \* In choral passages the fashion of his shifting meters and cadences often closely resembles the fashion of his thinking, so as to undulate with the throb and play of emotions which he would excite.

Sophocles not only knew how to say the thing he thought exactly, lucidly, and with melody, but how to make what he did say respond to that reserved and divinest energy of the soul, that voiceless perfume from the blossoms of thought, which defies all the tricks and traps of speech, and must remain forever unexpressed.

If we compare the gifts and dramatic style of Sophocles with those of Æschylus, we are met with striking contrasts and dissimilarities. As dramatic authors, each made a careful diagnosis of the Hellenic temperament. Both ministered very skillfully to the intellectual hunger of their hearers in the theater.

Both were well aware that the Athenians had a special fondness for novelties of expression, and for the new presentation of old legends, ancient proverbs, and familiar passions. But the Æschylean way of doing this was unlike that of Sophocles. Æschylus would astonish the theater with new words farfetched and oddly compounded. He appeals to the fiercest passions the human heart can know, and breaks up all monotony by introducing characters half human, half mythic, and marked with insanity, like Io and Cassandra. In Sophocles there is a closer approach to the reality in common life. The range of emotions is more varied, the

figures are more distinctly seen, and the action more fully worked out.

Sophocles is more sedate and self-possessed than Æschylus, yet equally strong and overmastering. He wins the control of one's feeling with less ado and bluster; but his final triumph is only the more complete and signal, because the captive wakes up, Samson-like, from pleasant dreams and memories of melody to a sense of his enthrallment. In the symmetry and stateliness of movements there is a power that compels admiration.

If the genius of Æschylus is a torrent tumbling headlong down the mountain side, plowing its channel as it goes, it would be equally appropriate to liken the genius of Sophocles to a deep, broad river that knows its resistless strength too well to care about noising it abroad.

The "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, a tragedy often read and deeply pondered by Doctor North, invited a comparison of the classical and Christian types of divine suffering. A lecture entitled "Christ and Prometheus, a Lay Sermon for Students" contains the following appreciation of the pagan sufferer:

#### CHRIST AND PROMETHEUS

Prometheus has a great heart brimful of kindness toward men. His plan for helping them is ingenious, and executed boldly with a foreknowledge of its cost to himself. To his prophetic eye the future is all revealed, with its countless years of measureless agony. Yet his feeling and attitude toward the autocrat of the skies are marked with bitter loathings and fierce defiance. He dares the Olympic Thunderer to hurl his hottest bolts. The name of Zeus is tossed from his lips in bitter scorn as a flagrant archetype of lust, revenge, and brutish force.

He thinks it nobler to be in bondage to a rock than to kneel and crouch the vassal of a tyrant. He welcomes to his breast the ravening vulture as less terrible than those sleep-

less beaks of jealous fear, suspicion, and remorse that must pluck forever at the heartstrings of his oppressor. The earthquake is summoned to overwhelm his giant form. The quick lightnings stab it and blast it. The twisting whirlwind rends it limb from limb. But none of these reach the mighty, chainless will. These touch not the heroic spirit that soars, unhurt and indomitable, like Jove's own eagle wheeling above the smoke and roar of a battlefield.

We can not deny there is grandeur in such a picture. As a creation of genius, as a triumph of dramatic art, we can not help admiring it.

Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight thro' heavenly portals,  
The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration,  
Next the fire with mortals sharing,  
Then the vulture — the despairing  
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

\* \* \* It deserves to be noticed that the Greek legend, as interpreted and expanded in the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, brings about the restoration of fallen man by influences that affect the mind, while the heart is left untouched. The word "Prometheus," when translated, becomes the "forethinker." Paul refers to this in saying that "the Greeks seek after wisdom." This means that they rely upon wisdom to shield them from the ills of life and the terrors of death.

The moral teachings of the "Antigone" are summed up in the closing aphorism that "to be right-minded is man's highest blessedness."

The vital element which Prometheus steals from Heaven is to be taken as a symbol of that fiery enthusiasm, that sharp intelligence, that inventive shrewdness, that watchful right-mindedness which assimilate man to the Infinite Thinker,



which penetrate the secrets of nature, and win conquests in the realms of science and art and practical industry.

Prometheus, the forethinker, would elevate man, not by purifying his affections, and regenerating his nature, but by sharpening his wits. In place of leading sinful men, through sorrow for sin, to a higher life, Prometheus would persuade men that they were virtuous and happy by putting them beyond the reach of temptation, and beyond the pressure of physical wants. Surrounding men with the comforts, the luxuries, the elegancies, the amenities of life, he would say, "Let us eat and drink and have a good time, for there is no hereafter and to-morrow we die."

In place of using nature's laws to illustrate God's infinite power and goodness, he would teach men how to express their ideas of beauty and utility in architecture and agriculture; how to rummage the bowels of the earth for wealth; how to analyze plants and minerals for healing remedies; how to subjugate the brute creation, and how to persuade even the elements to do his bidding. In place of teaching dependent mortals to lean confidently on the strength of an almighty and fatherly arm, Prometheus would goad them on to brilliant and exulting displays of their own mental energy. He would tell them to put away fear, and to believe in the sufficiency of their own strength.

It was a radical defect in the religious system thus indorsed, that it exalted talent above virtue. It enthroned genius, wit, courage, and cunning as objects of supreme reverence, while honesty, charity, prayerfulness, and humble faith were looked down upon as amiable weaknesses, when they should have been embraced as cardinal and saving excellences.

The Promethean creed said to purity of heart and life, "Sit you off yonder in the corner, and waste your unneeded sweetness in obscurity." It said to beauty and brilliant refinement, "Come up higher; occupy a throne, where all lips may do you reverence." Habits of intemperance were fostered under the feint of worshipping a divinity. Keeping sober was ingratitude and impiety. Keeping sober was

refusing the gifts of a generous Providence. Getting drunk was getting religious.<sup>1</sup>

For falling into such errors of faith and practice, the Greeks are not to be condemned as severely as if they had enjoyed the full noonlight of revealed truth. Yet theirs was not altogether an ignorant sinfulness. They could admire the memorable reply of Phidias, when remonstrated with for chiseling so carefully the backs of his statues; statues that were to stand high up against the wall, where the fronts alone could be seen. "But the gods will see the whole," said this sincere, sham-hating artist.

These Greeks had convictions of an all-seeing Providence, which they never recognized in action. In the calms of fervid thought, in the sad wrecking of cherished hopes, in the mystery of birth and death, they heard strange whisperings from eternity which they tried to smother by rushing into frivolous mirth or maddening wassail. They had ideas of duty and guilt, of conscience and retribution that were ignored in real life, and only used to embellish a history, or to point the moral of a tragedy, and sadden the rhythm of a choral dirge.

\* \* \* Whence comes it, then, that our thoughts so seldom fasten upon the intellectual attributes of the Messiah? It is simply because his infinite goodness and sympathy as the Man of Sorrows first enchain our love and adoration. This it is that first enters and preoccupies the soul that clings to the cross. In the adorable mystery of a triune Godhead, goodness is the distinguishing attribute of the Messiah, as greatness is that of the Father, and inspiration that of the Holy Ghost.

As a moral exemplar, the life of Christ teaches with a gentle force, not easy to be resisted, that Christian heart-work is better than the Promethean headwork. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he in his life. Headwork too

<sup>1</sup> Aristotle explains the word *θοῖναι*, "feasts," by an etymological exposition, "that it was thought a duty to the gods to be drunk." — Bulwer's "Pelham," Vol. I, page 17.

often fosters that vicious growth of pride and arrogance which goes before destruction. Heartwork leads to that poverty of spirit and that self-abnegation which inherit the priceless rewards of an unselfish Christian life.

Headwork gives out a cold wintry light, like the moon gilding an iceberg, that shows the path of duty, without winning one to pursue it. Heartwork diffuses warmth as well as light. It bids the flowers of kindness and affection to spring up, and the songs of rejoicing to wake. It causes wisdom's ways to be welcomed as ways of pleasantness and peace. Headwork can bring fair semblances of joy and satisfaction so long as fortune smiles, and life's lamp burns exultingly. But let the nights of disaster come; let health and riches fail; let false-hearted, summer friends take leave, and the friendship of headwork will have deserted with the rest, leaving the soul naked, miserable, and in want of everything. \* \* \*

Reference has been made to Doctor North's faculty for coining proverbs. The lecture "Greek Proverbs," while it traverses the same ground as the article in Volume 85 of the "North American Review," contains much material peculiar to itself, and is here reproduced in part.

#### GREEK PROVERBS

In one of his choral odes Sophocles names four particulars that characterize a proverb—its wisdom, its unknown origin, its pithiness, and its currency. *Σοφία γὰρ ἔκ του κλεινὸν ἔπος πέφανται*: in wisdom by an unknown somebody, this notable saying has been put into circulation, "that the wrong way seems always to be the right way to him whose thoughts God is leading on to ruin."

If Chesterfield had been a careful student of the "Antigone," he would never have written it down in his heartless code of etiquette and worldly wisdom that "a gentleman never uses a proverb."

This restriction upon high-bred language contributes an emphatic hint towards an answering of the question, Wherein consists the essence of a proverbial expression? According to Chesterfield's fastidious way of looking at them, proverbs are made vulgar and offensive by being so often in the mouths of the unlettered. In other words, a proverb is an expression curt and pithy, that embodies an accepted truth current among the million as a part of its traditional folklore.

Another definition, equally satisfactory, may be had by taking the word to pieces, and looking at its etymology, in schoolmaster fashion.

As the pronoun is used in place of a noun, to avoid its too frequent repetition, so the proverb is a representative phrase, resorted to for the purpose of shunning tedious argument and cumulative explanation. The proverb offers an apology and justification for jumping at a conclusion by a single stride, without the fatigue of picking one's steps painfully along the difficult highways of formal logic. Its strength is based on the principle that as good wine needs no bush, so sound sense can command approval, without the appeals and flourishes of a fine rhetoric.

In geometry, when a theorem is once proved, it is proved conclusively and proved for always. It can ever after be referred to as an indisputable truth. So in the minds of the unlettered, when a saying passes into a proverb, and is clothed with the sanctions of antiquity, mysterious origin, and unlimited acceptance, it carries the authority of a moral demonstration. The proverb speaks *ex cathedra*. It gives out oracular decisions from which there is no appeal,—the unlettered ancients never questioned the wisdom of an oracle,—albeit its right interpretation was often a puzzle to the wisest.

So there may be a lurking doubt about the right application of the proverb, in a given set of circumstances, when in the popular faith, the proverb itself will not be seriously questioned.

Among the Greeks, proverbs were called *παροιμίας*, "wayside idioms," so called to describe their adaptedness for meeting everyday wants ; and to distinguish them from the more logical

and discriminating language of scholars and philosophers. At Rome they were called *adagia*, "adages," because they were *ad agendum apta*, practical maxims fitted for solving the daily problems of life.

These synonyms clearly set forth one of the prime elements of a proverb: its concrete, practical force, and its currency with the masses. The cause that has a sturdy, resolute proverb on its side is a cause not to be altogether despaired of. A syllogism would have no force with the ignorant teamster, who doubted if he could *draw an inference*, but was sure his horses could draw it, if the traces were only strong enough. Ask this ignorant, conscientious teamster if it is right to do evil that good may come. With a lighting up of the eye, like a mathematician's over his *quod erat demonstrandum*, with a click of his lips, like the premonition of a rifle's discharge, he will tell you that "the wild goose never lays a tame egg." That settles the question for him.

Poor Barnaby Rudge, shattered in brain and heart, could not construct an argument, but so long as his sententious raven kept preaching that sermon in a proverb's nutshell, "Never say die," he could believe and act out his belief in the final triumph of the true and the right.

The proneness of the unlettered to slide into the use of proverbial, wayside idioms, even on grave occasions, appears in what is told of an Irish murderer sentenced to be hung. When called upon by a Protestant clergyman, and urged to prepare for his approaching fate, he replied that he was a Roman Catholic, and would prefer to talk with a Catholic priest. "But you must be willing that I should pray for you, are you not?" "O yes," said the criminal, with a mournful smile, "O yes; I guess so, every little helps."

Said another quick-witted Irishman to Woodward, the Bishop of Cloyne, when the Bishop was zealously defending the doctrine of purgatory, "Your riverence had better stop where you are. Your riverence might go further and fare worse."

The mystery that hangs over our raciest proverbs adds to

their charm and authority. Having existed for a period, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, they form a code of social ethics almost as binding on the popular conscience as is the common law in English courts.

An aged woman who had known heavy sorrows, and had often consoled herself with the sentiment that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," was excessively grieved when told that she was indebted for her comfort not to the inspired word, but to the unscriptural "Sentimental Journey" by Laurence Sterne.

Fifty years ago, Henry W. Shaw, then a sophomore, undertook to immortalize himself by climbing the lightning rod on the chapel spire. Failing in this adventure, he changed his name to Josh Billings and won a wide renown by concealing nuggets of original wisdom in misspelled proverbs. Some of his quaint sayings have the flavor of genuine, time-honored proverbs, *e.g.* :

1. Wit without sense is a razor without a handle.
2. People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours.
3. Style is everything for a sinner, and a little of it will not hurt a saint.
4. Many men are like eggs, too full of themselves to hold anything else.
5. A mule is a bad pun on a horse.
6. Necessity is the mother of invention, but Patent Right is the father.
7. Mice fatten slow in a church. They can't live on religion any more than ministers can.

The proverbs of a nation are then its autographs of character. In them, as in "a sanctuary of intuitions," may be found its confession of religious faith, its maxims of social and religious philosophy; an epitome of its genius, its wit, and its household wisdom. They form a convenient, usable treasury of choicest maxims, to which poets resort for the burden words of their songs. Fictionists use them as finger boards pointing to the moral they would teach. Historians follow them as clews in their study of manners, customs, and opinions. Orators

and politicians go to them to catch the right keynote, when they would pipe tunes to which the people will be willing to dance.

The millions of hearty votes that were given years ago to a "Rough and Ready" candidate for the Presidency throw more light on the character of the American people than the elaborate histories of Bancroft and Hildreth.

The Spanish proverb, "The nearer the church the further from God," gives a compact exegesis of Spanish character. No other than a priest-ridden, hypocritical nation would suffer itself to be traduced by the permitted currency of such a sentiment.

Archbishop Trench, in his scholarly and, in some particulars, masterly work on "The Lessons in Proverbs," has little to say in detail about those current among the ancient Greeks. He dismisses them with the general statement that "in studying the Greek proverbs one is struck with the evidence they furnish of a leavening through and through of the entire nation with the most intimate knowledge of its own mythology, history, and poetry. The infinite multitude of slight and fine allusions to the legends of their gods and heroes, to the earlier incidents of their own history, to the Homeric narrative; the delicate side glances at these which the Greek proverbs constantly embody, assume an acquaintance, indeed a familiarity with these on their part, with whom they passed current that almost exceeds belief. As bearing testimony to the high intellectual training of the people who employed them, to a culture not restricted to certain classes, but diffused through the whole nation, no other collection can bear the remotest comparison with this."

So far Archbishop Trench is entirely right, as will appear to any one who reads the "Prometheus Bound." But in his further assertion that "in many most important respects the Greek proverbs, as a whole, are inferior to those of many nations of the modern world" there is not a little of rashness and inconsistency. This work of Archbishop Trench is a very choice contribution to our standard literature. Yet if one takes the freedom to look this gift horse in the mouth, it may

be arraigned for unduly depreciating the Greek proverbs. A careful study of these Greek proverbs will satisfy the student that they are equally attractive in dress and equally rich in practical wisdom with the proverbs of modern nations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Any thorough search into Greek life and Greek letters must embrace the Homeric poems. The proverbs they contain are remarkable for two things: for their deep moral significance, and the extreme simplicity of their phrasing. Some of them read like maxims from Holy Writ:

Says the Bible, "The prayer of the righteous man availeth much." Echoes Homer, "Whoso obeys the gods, him they promptly listen to."

According to the Apostle to the Gentiles, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now." Echoes Homer, "To live in pain, such is the lot appointed to miserable mortals."

Says the Bible, "Be careful to entertain strangers: many have thereby entertained angels unawares." Echoes Homer, "All beggars and strangers are from Zeus." Says the Bible, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Echoes Homer, "The slow overtakes the swift."

Says the Bible, "The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power." Echoes Homer, "Mighty is he who reveres the gods." According to Isaiah, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." According to Homer, "As is the race of leaves, even such is the race of man."

According to Solomon, "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child." According to Homer, "The younger are ever the inconsiderate."

Hector's military aphorism that "Mars is two-sided and slays the slayer," has its indorsement in the message of David to Joab, "The sword devoureth the one as well as the other."

Homer's proverbs are not rich in their outward phrasing. Concisely, not curiously expressed, they are remarkable for their truth and religiousness. The reason for this is clear. When Homer used it, the Greek language was in its infancy.



Words were rarely employed by Homer in secondary, or derivative senses. Where a later poet would resort to a brief metaphor, Homer went through with the ceremonies of a lengthy and labored comparison. There is just this difference between a Homeric proverb and one from Æschylus. The Æschylean proverb is apt to be a metaphor—Homer's proverb was never a metaphor.

This will not justify us in thinking that Homer's genius was wanting in fertility, or that his pictures of society in the heroic age are defective and unfaithful. It is because Homer is an exact delineator of heroic manners, that his proverbs are what we find them to be, simple apothegms; unadorned bald statements of moral truth. While proverbs belong to the literature of the unlearned, and the wisdom of the simple-hearted, it does not follow that they are born Minerva-like, full-grown and ready for action. They require to be tested by long experience, to be indorsed by successive generations, before they gain oracular authority. Wisdom is the daughter of experience. In a new or barbarous society, proverbs will be few and meager. As society refines itself, and accumulates practical wisdom, proverbs come to be more numerous and more quaintly worded, until they are compressed and polished into

Jewels five words long  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle forever.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

It used to be said of loose, preposterous reasoners, when they jumped from a false premise to a lame inference that "the fool's ass drinks up the moon." The saying was proverbial. It grew out of an anecdote told of a foolish donkey-driver, when he returned one night from the market, and led his tired beast to the watering trough for a drink. The trough was half full, and in the still water swam the mirrored face of the round moon. The thirsty ass quickly drank the water, and with it disappeared the image of the moon. The astonished fool thereupon ran into the house, and told his master that "the ass had drunk the moon."

As cheese digests everything but itself, so throughout all literature the ass teaches wisdom to others, itself an embodiment of dullness. From the ass of Apuleius down to the *pons asinorum* of geometry, the long-eared type of dullness has sharpened the wit and the whims of capricious authors, served their turn at many a tight pinch, inspired them with ludicrous conceits, while content to escape in the end with a kick and a cudgeling.

In their facility at passing from land to land, and from age to age, diving beneath the hard pan of prejudice here, and breaking out in a new spot yonder, proverbs resemble the fountain Arethusa, which was fabled to have started from Arcadia, and after flowing beneath the earth and beneath the sea, to have emerged again in the isle Ortygia, the same fountain, though with a turbid tinge, and a fishy flavor, picked up on its subterranean journey.

Enough perhaps has been said to show how it belongs to the nature of genuine proverbs, freighted with truth, to find their way through the tangled network of history and literature, breaking out here and there in healing springs of precept and admonition ; how they disturb the guilty pleasures of tyranny and wrong, with two-edged prophecies of retribution, hung by a single hair ; how they run through master works of romance in golden threads of wisdom ; how they ride unseen beneath the hulls of great ships of state, helping the governor to direct them whithersoever he listeth. \* \* \*

Doctor North will be lovingly remembered by a host of students as an interpreter of Homer. The lecture "Homer's Women" will serve to recall the charm and the subtle, half-humorous play of fancy with which the teacher knew how to invest his favorite poet :

#### WOMEN OF HOMER

In Homer's "Hymn to Apollo" occurs an appeal to the Maidens of Chios that might be taken as a fit text for the discourse now in progress.

Farewell, ye maidens, and remember me  
Hereafter. When some stranger from the sea,  
A hapless wanderer, may your isle explore,  
And ask you, "Maids, of all the bards you boast,  
Who sings the sweetest? Who delights you most?"  
Then answer all, "A blind, old man of yore,  
He sweetest sang, and dwelt on Chios's rocky shore."

In all the Homeric poems, according to my reading, this is the only passage that confesses itself to be personal to the author. In not another hexameter doth the poet's great heart break loose from restraint, become autobiographic, and syllable its one enormous wish, its yearning to be remembered. How mighty the surge of emotion that could thus dash through the fetters of a lifelong dumbness, and break over the barriers of habitual reticence.

Why should the only prayer that Homer makes for praise and remembrance be addressed to the retired and sensitive maiden whose name is an emblem of dependence, rather than to the stalwart man, whose arm is mighty in the field, whose voice in the council is law and inspiration?

Homer's nature was thoroughly ingrained with common sense, if he was a versemaker. He had traveled far and wide, in an age when a day's journey was a hard day's work. He had suffered much, enjoyed much, and understood the ways of the world. He could fathom men's motives, through thick disguises. Life to him was an open book, gloomy and bright by turns with mixed revelations of human character. He knew its pages by heart. His own experience taught him that men are apt to be skeptical, calculating, selfish; forever asking that impudent *cui bono* question, What are your goods good for?; while women are apt to be generous, impulsive, confiding, satisfied that a line of tender poetry may be of some worth, even if it will not pay for a tenderloin of beef. Like John Ledyard after him, Homer had found out that contempt and unkindness are seldom native to the female heart.

Homer had more than wit enough to see what is seen by us all, that while man's nature is essentially prosaic, and compara-

tively coarse-grained, it belongs to a woman's instinctive self-respect to respect the minstrel's office ; that her heartstrings, so long as not disordered by abuse, are in tune with the poet's lyre ; that her life, so long as unperverted, is one continuous sweet song, an idyl song that sings itself.

Homer knew, too, that he had earned a special lien on woman's gratitude. His genius had been always quick to appreciate her virtues ; slow to admit her faults ; happy to embalm each virtue in rhyme ; willing to separate the sin from the sinner, and to shroud each fault with the mantle of charity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our poet's ideas of what constitutes a woman's praise and worth are sharply hinted at in the names selected for his heroines. Those names are not given to keep alive a grandmother's memory (a most worthy motive) ; they are not given to insinuate a shy petition for silver porringers ; nor to put captivating salt on the entailment of a homestead ; nor to compliment some bright particular star in the galaxy of letters ; nor because they have a certain tonnish termination, or strike the ear musically ; nor because fictionists have thrown about them a transitory luster. They are sometimes called added names, because not given in childhood, but after the owners have grown up, and shown that they deserve them. It was as if, in selecting a name for one of our children, we should leave a blank to be filled in appropriately after the child's character was developed. Homer's added names are significant of good qualities. Interpret the name Andromache, and it means "the Hero's Battle-Prize." Theano means "the Heavenly-Minded," "her looks commercing with the skies." Callianassa, "Ruling by Beauty" (a most enjoyable despotism !) ; Cassandra, "Sister to Heroes" ; Hecamede, "the Far-Thoughted" ; Euryclæa, "the Widely-Praised" ; Iphimedia, "the Strong-Thinker" (the stronger the better, if her thoughts are only right) ; Apseudes, "Hater-of-White-Lies" (an *avis rara*, some would say) ; Polyxena, "the Very-Hospitable" ; and so on down to Nausicaa, a name that threatens to break the jaw ; though it means "the Ship-Gaited," in token of her easy, graceful,

yacht-wise movements — an airy embodiment of the poetry of walking.

Penelope means "the Web-Raveler," and thereby hangs a proverb. "The weaving of Penelope's web" is, at this day, the doing of a deed that is never done. Penelope was pressed to select a second husband from the many princely suitors for her hand. She promised to think of the matter, after she had woven a shroud for her aged father-in-law. Her trick to prolong the weaving of the shroud is thus described :

"During the day I was weaving the large web ; but at night, when the torches were lit, I unraveled it. Thus for three years I hoaxed the suitors, and kept them at a distance. But when the fourth year came, they found me out, through the connivance of the maidservants. Careless creatures ! Then I finished the shroud, though sorely against my will, and by compulsion."

Homer's women have all the gift of beauty. Strange as it may seem, every mother's daughter of them, from princess to waiting maid, all are beautiful. Would the poet embody an idea of deformity, he selects some luckless representative of his own gender ; with a touch of Fancy's Circean wand, he twists him into ugliness ; then bids him stand out and be laughed at through all coming time. The gentle sex always have gentlest usage. In his poetic capacity, with his thoughts in a fine frenzy surging, Homer could not think of a woman as otherwise than pleasing in shape and gesture.

She had no business to be ugly. Her real mission was to mix gracefully, refiningly with grosser forms of humanity, and to lift them away from their earthliness with a power as subtle and resistless as that which lifts from the grass the dew of the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

The beauty of Homer's women derives an added grace from the fact that their lives are in harmony with the laws of beauty. Though not analysts of their own nature, they unconsciously illustrate the doctrine that the truest beauty is not a thing of mere color and shape and dress, not something external and

separable, but a subjective quality, with its home in the heart, and its expression in that smile of goodness and self-poised intelligence that gilds outward defect with spiritual comeliness; that appeals to the universal sympathy with a freemasonry of kindly emotion not easy to be resisted by the stoutest of masculine hearts.

The beauty that rests on this subjective basis must be durable and should be cultivated. It is not a capricious, evanescent quality that makes a hurried visit in girlhood, and after marriage abruptly departs, as something no longer wanted, as if to furnish indorsement for John Milton's infamous witticism, "Homely women should stay at home—they had their name hence." Homer's women are handsome, because they are homesome. Their beauty is a quality that matures with the flight of years; that keeps renewing itself out of the substance of home-bred virtues; that dwells securely in the ripe peach-bloom of the rounded healthy cheek; that is not too bright or good for human nature's daily food; that is not

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null;

that smiles forth in cheerful serenity, with something of an angel light, from the gray locks of sunny age.

Perhaps some part of the secret of this lastingness of beauty is revealed in the fact that Homer's women were all industrious. Nor is theirs an idle, mischievous, impertinent industry. Their time was spent in spinning yarn less fictitious, less tangled, and more truthfully colored than that which threads the amazing labyrinths of village scandal. They have a finger in pies more proper and savory than a neighbor's troubles. The best, proudest, and daintiest of them are not too proud or dainty to rejoice in useful and domestic employments.

Arete, the wife of an opulent king, queens it in the most quiet way, by twirling sea-purple threads of wool, with her seat near the hearthstone, and her busy handmaids behind her, a wonder to look upon.

Her daughter, Nausicaa, the ship-gaited, thinks it no shame to ride down to the seashore, with female slaves, and there

oversee that damp, saponaceous horror of modern house-keepers, that comes so befittingly after Sunday's renewal of the Christian graces. Nausicaa is up and about the house, with busy feet and nimble fingers, at the first blush of day. Though fawnlike and classic, her step tells you she is possessed with the thought that she was born to do something for others, and to be something besides a piece of ornamental furniture. She knows how to harness and unharness the mules. She handles the whip and lines gracefully. She drives with cool skill and judgment, while the trained mules tramp out an eager trochaic music beneath her steady hand.

During the twenty years' absence of Ulysses from his kingdom and family, his true wife Penelope was busy at the loom and distaff. Tears and prayers were mixed with her weaving and spinning, while her heart in its secret chambers elaborated that softest, strongest thread in the web of being which time, separation, and sorrow only strengthen and sanctify.

While the body of Hector was trailing about the walls of Troy, with his feet lashed to the chariot of Achilles, Andromache, the hero's battle-prize, ignorant that she was a widow, sat weaving a double splendid robe, in a retired chamber of Priam's palace.

When Helen, divinest of women, is called from her palace, to witness the duel between Paris and Menelaus, that is to decide whether she shall be the wife of the one or the other, she is found weaving with her own fingers — her rosy, willing, and practiced fingers — an ample cloak, double and glittering; and in it she wrought the many exploits, achieved for her sake, by steed-taming Trojans and brass-mailed Greeks. Here was tapestry worth looking at — tapestry that would medicine the sore eyes of braggarts who can see nothing admirable back of the nineteenth century. Here was the genuine Gobelin tapestry which the conceited Frenchman claims to have himself invented. While the adorers of Helen are doing battle for her smile on the tented field, she is weaving a pictured history of their exploits in a brilliant garment.

Among the women of Homer (blessings on the poet!) there

is no Xanthippe to be found. The heroines of the Iliad and Odyssey are large-hearted, self-denying, and self-forgetting. Their tender sympathies flow out in unselfish channels. It is said of one among them that her words were warm as they fell from her lips. Whence this warmth of words, if not from the heart's outgushing sympathies?

With all their beauty of form, grace of manner, economic activity, kindness, and winningness of heart, they seem wholly unconscious that they are what they are, charmed centers of attraction and mesmeric power; cynosures to neighboring eyes, while their own

Rain influence, and judge the prize of wit or arms.

They live and exhale the fragrance of their souls not in themselves, nor for themselves, but in and for the objects of their attachment.

\* \* \* \* \*

The domesticity of Homer's women is touchingly set forth in that scene of surpassing tenderness, the parting of Hector from Andromache. As this scene reads in the original, refusing to be translated, it will justify the highest praise of Homer, both as an analyst of female character and a descriptive artist. Surrounded as it is with details of cruelest bloodshed, it looks out smilingly from its dark setting, like a fragrant white blossom, in a crevice of sulphurous lava. Just as one is about to fancy himself reading a chronicle of fiends, it persuades him that the human heart has affections too deep to be extinguished by the rage of unholy strifes; that heaven is brought nigh to earth in the pure artlessness of childhood, and the clinging fondness of a true wifeness. The heart of Hector is laid open before us. We watch the progress of a fierce struggle between his ambition to be thought a hero, with heart of steel, and his desire to be simply a man, obedient to each gentle impulse of his nature. We watch his brow grow pale with the forefeeling of his near death, as he leaves the battlefield, and pushes homeward through the crowded streets of Troy.

We see Andromache, in her lonely chamber, brooding over the dangers that surround her husband, on the field of battle,



until her heart throbs tumultuously and her limp hand refuses to throw the shuttle. We see her hasten to the Scaean gate, while her nurse follows close behind, with the boy Astyanax. We see her shelter her eyes with her trembling hands, while from the shadow of the beech tree she looks out over the Trojan plain, now drenched with the blood of heroes. A glad flush mantles her cheek, when her eyes, withdrawn from the distant view, rest upon the tall, straight form of Hector, standing close beside her, and gazing with all the father in his eyes upon their only child, throned like a radiant star on the breast of its nurse. We can hear her sobbing voice, in the pauses of the roaring battle, as she hangs upon her husband's hand; tells him he is to her both father and mother and brother; and begs him not to go again to that dreadful field of slaughter. We can see her head droop, droop, droop, and her frame shudder, as Hector draws the dark picture of her possible future, in a distant house of bondage, plying the menial loom, and drawing water at the bidding of another.

Then a brightness, joyous and sudden, flashes through her tears. The future is all shut out by the present, when Hector lays aside his nodding helmet that had frightened the child, and taking him in his arms prays that the gods will make him a braver man than his sire. In taking back the babe to her bosom, the wet, laughing eyes of Andromache meet the eyes of Hector, also wet and laughing, and their long, mutual, earnest gaze reveals enough of hope in their despair to make a heaven of hell; and yet enough of agony in the joy to make a hell of heaven.

Next he fondles her white hand, while they say their last words, and as she moves homeward lingeringly, looking often behind, with floods of weeping, we half expect to see her petrify into another Niobe, into a marble and immortal execration of the horrors of war!

\* \* \* The heroines of Homer wielded mighty influences. They held the shears and the threads of destiny. Their will and wish congregated armies and built navies. Cities were besieged and sacked at their bidding. They made and unmade

empires. Not often directly, and often unconsciously. Many a bluff, brusque warrior, who could tread the battlefield without the first thought of fear, was swayed by the soft touch of a daughter's hand. Many a scarred and veteran warrior who could drive whole phalanxes before him was himself ruled by a wife's whispered wisdom at home. The eye of beauty, lighted up by intelligence, with its light mellowed by goodness of heart, is always a throne of empire. Here was the hiding of the power of the women of Homer.

As became a lover of poetry, Doctor North was deeply interested in the history and philosophy of rhyme. The following characteristic passages are from his lecture entitled "Greek Rhymes":

The human ear is so sensitively and delicately fashioned that it rejoices in sounds that are socially concordant, sounds that are paired off musically. This same principle of harmonious dualism runs through nature and through all art. Things of beauty are most beautiful and yield the highest pleasure when they go in social pairs. A pair of bright eyes gives comeliness and animation to the human countenance. Put out one of the eyes, and the result is deformity through lack of balance. We admire a gay and graceful horse; our sensuous admiration is more than doubled by the sight of a well-matched span of horses, as they move in graceful rhythm. Sailing clouds, waving trees, the round moon, gain newness of expression when mirrored and rhymed in the brook below.

Proserpine, herself a fairer flower, lends a nameless perfume to the flowers she gathers. Raphael's Sistine Madonna in the Dresden gallery is probably the most perfect painting ever painted. Here the divinity of beauty reveals itself more touchingly and winningly in the mother's face because it resembles so strikingly the face of the Christ-Child in her arms. The two faces respond to each other as rhyme to rhyme.

So it is in music and in poetry. We are led captive by the ear almost as easily as by the eye,

All the charm of all the muses often flowing in a rhyme.

A sweet note gains an added sweetness from repetition. Rhythmic lines, when freighted with thoughts that breathe, touch deeper springs of feeling if their united breathing fans the glow of words that rhyme.

The love of rhyme is not the same in all natures, but it belongs to our common humanity, and is as inseparable from it as the love for flowers, for romance, for music, for whatever is beautiful.

Ben Jonson (who spells his rime correctly, without an *h*) pretended to believe that the classic Greek was fortunate in having accomplished its highest mission, as a spoken language, before the invention of systematic rhyme. Ben Jonson even went so far as to use rhyme as a suicidal instrument for disparaging itself; just as David took Goliath's sword for cutting off Goliath's head,

Greek was free from rime's infection;  
Happy Greek by this protection  
Was not spoyled;  
Whilst the Latin, queene of tongues,  
Is not yet free from rime's wrongs,  
But rests foiled.

This is neither handsome nor just. Himself one of the spiciest, most abundant and felicitous of English rhymers, Ben Jonson ought to have spoken well of the bridge that has carried his name, safely and proudly, over the gulf of oblivion. The ox knoweth his owner, but Ben Jonson ignores the *talaria* that give lightness to the feet of his own Pegasus.

When Aristotle uses the word *ὁμοιοτέλευτος*, "like-ending," his rhetoric reads like a prophecy of systematic rhyming.

A similar prophecy may be found in the usage of the Greek poets, with whom words sometimes behave coquettishly, as if they had rhyming affinities, and only needed a little encouragement and coaxing to obey the exact methods of modern verse. If we take language as a gauge to indicate for us a nation's rise in the scale of refined expression, and then look at the progress of the Greeks in other arts, as in architecture, painting, and

sculpture, it becomes really a mystery and a wonder that they failed to perfect themselves in the rhyming art.

Some would explain this by supposing that the principles of rhyming lie deep down in the interior, hidden resources of language, so as to require long periods of study, contrivance, and practice to bring them into full and free play.

George P. Marsh supposes that the Greek poets purposely avoided rhymes as a contrivance too cheap and easy for their high standard of rhythmical expression. This solution of the problem can not be accepted this morning. One office of the Greek poet was to glorify the Greek tongue by organizing its wood, hay, and stubble, into the fabric of a noblest literature.

As a people, the Attics were remarkably skilled in the science and production of musical effects ; and rhyme, in its simplest definition, is a species of music. The Greek language is wonderfully rich in materials for rhyming.

Its homophonous, or like-sounding, terminations are very numerous and very musical. In fact, the use of rhyme, as an aid to expression, belongs so inherently and hence so legitimately to the language of Hellas that her poets frequently stumbled upon it unwittingly, as it would seem. Homer's rhymes would not have been more perfect if they had been introduced purposely, for giving the supreme finish to hexameter verse, as in the following couplets from the sixth book of the *Odyssey* :

*καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ ἔοικε μετὰ πρότοισιν ἐόντα  
βουλὰς βουλευεῖν καθάρᾳ χροῦ εἶματ' ἔχοντά.  
οἱ δ' ὀπνιόντες, τρεῖς δ' ἡίθεοι θαλέθοντες  
οἱ δ' αἰεὶ ἐθέλουσι νέπλυντα εἶματ' ἔχοντες.*

It is noticeable that these two rhyming couplets are found in Homer side by side, with nothing between them. Yet it is not safe to suppose that in any case the rhymes in Homer were purposely introduced. When Homer sang in rhyme, it must have been because the rhymes came unsought, and fashioned themselves in obedience to one of the instincts of the language. To a musical ear like Homer's the effect would be pleasing, and the rhymes were suffered to remain as unconscious prophecies

of a far-off improvement in rhythmical expression. And this prophecy is fulfilled by the poets of modern Greece, who make use of rhyme as freely as the poets of Germany, France, and England. \* \* \*

I would ask special attention to the use of what is called by Greek grammarians *παρήχησις*, to illustrate the rhyming instinct of the Greek poets, and their habit of yielding, perhaps unconsciously, in moments of impassioned inspiration, to the rhyming tendencies of their language. A very good example of *παρήχησις*, or internal echoes, is found in the cradle song in the twenty-fourth Idyl of Theocritus, entitled the "Infant Hercules," which is regarded by some as the sweetest passage in all Greek literature. None will deny its exceeding beauty and tenderness of thought and phrasing :

Sleep, children mine, a light and joyous sleep,  
Brother with brother, sleep, my boys, my life ;  
Blest in your slumber, in your waking blest.

The music of the Greek is sweetened by the *παρήχησις*, or internal echoes, that produce something like a ripple of melody in each line.

*εὔδῃτ', ἐμὰ βρέφεια, γλυκερὸν καὶ ἐγέρσιμον ὕπνον,  
εὔδῃτ', ἐμὰ ψυχὰ, δὴ ἀδελφεῶ, εὖσσο τέκνα,  
ἄλβιοι εὐνάξοισθε, καὶ ἄλβιοι ἄῶ ἵκοισθε.*

The question by whom was rhyme first brought to a regular system is one of some historical interest. It is certain that rhyme is not of Anglo-Saxon origin. During the five hundred years that closely preceded the Norman Conquest, many bards appeared in England, and wrote both in Latin and Anglo-Saxon ; but the rhyming feature was absent from all their songs.

Rhyme must have been imported into England with that large importation of French words and other French refinements and luxuries that crossed the channel, after the Norman Conquest, in 1066. Its origin is therefore to be looked for on the continent. In the age of Charlemagne, previous to the Norman Conquest, there lived in France a class of elegant versemakers called

Troubadours. They earned their living and their fame, as Homer had done before them, by composing love songs and war songs. They recited these in the streets, at private banquets, and before public assemblies.

Thus the language and life of the Provençals was lyrical in the highest degree. Their language was called Romantic or Romanesque, because of Roman or Latin origin. Their works were called Romanesque for the same reason. As these works were mostly fictions, the term "romance" came thus to be applied to fictitious works. These Troubadours, using the Romantic tongue, adopted rhyme as a fixed feature of all their poetical efforts. Yet the invention and first use of rhyme are still older than Charlemagne, and older than the Troubadours.

We must carry our research back to the Latin language on its native soil. This Latin language we shall find to be rich in materials for rhyme, although Roman poets of the Augustan age chose to rely on the Greek rhythm and the oriental affluence for the main charm and enrichment of their verses. The Roman poets found their supreme standard of excellence in culture and letters at Athens. Virgil and Horace modeled their verses after the masterpieces of Homer, Theocritus, and Pindar. The measures used by the Roman poets were not indigenous to the Ausonian soil. These measures were first planted in Italy when captive Greece reconquered her rude victor by introducing the Attic arts into rustic Latium.

\* \* \* It is safe to say that the rhyme in the sacred Latin poetry of the Middle Ages is not so much a new invention as the *renaissance* of a feature that characterized the earliest poetry of Latium. The Greek sentiment that held sway in Rome's Augustan age had displaced rhyme as a relic of Ausonian rusticity. To Horace, Virgil, and Ovid rhyme was *banal*. The irruption of barbarians from the north introduced new elements into the life and literature of Rome. The Greek standards of culture and criticism were thrown down and desecrated. And it is curious to see how rhyme reasserts itself, when the cause of its suppression no longer operates.

During the third and fourth centuries the rhymes of sacred

Latin poetry are mere vowel assonances, with the consonants disregarded or slurred, as they would be in Spanish poetry. In the seventh century, the tendency to accentual rhythm and perfect rhyme grows more decided. During the twelfth century it reached its culmination in couplets ending with uniform rhymes of one or two or three syllables.

Among the finest samples of Latin rhyme is the well-known "Dies Iræ," or Judgment Hymn, which forms a part of the Romish service for the dead. This is supposed to have been written by Tomaso de Celano, about the year 1250, nearly two hundred years after rhyme was first used by British poets. The startling imagery of the "Dies Iræ" is drawn out with a quaint, almost barbaric simplicity, yet it owns a touching beauty and pathos which few hearts are hard enough to resist. There is a mystic power in its rhyme and rhythm that stirs the hearer's soul, even if he be ignorant of Latin.

It points, as with the shadows of a setting sun, to triumphs never achieved, and to garlands left ungathered, with which Virgil and Horace might have enriched their fame and their land's literature, had they fully understood and practically illustrated the musical capabilities of their mother tongue.

\* \* \* Without doubt the genuine inspiration of the poet is often betrayed in the rhythmic movement of his periods, as Virgil's goddess of beauty was known by her gait, *vera incessu patuit dea*.

Yet in modern poetry this rhythmic expression seldom bursts into the perfect, fragrant blossom of exuberant song without the aid of rhyme. Admit that a poem without rhyme can satisfy all the conditions and exactions of classical beauty; admit that it has a certain knightly stateliness well suited to epic themes; admit that it rejoices in more of apparent freedom and vigor; and it may still be true that rhyme would add to its power of giving pleasure, of juggling with reluctant sympathies, of kindling enthusiasm, of deepening emotion, and of burning itself in the memory.

We may frankly allow that the Greek poetry of the age of Pericles, with all its ingenious mechanism and wealth of sculp-

turesque beauty, is apt to be objective, unimpassioned, and cold. You admire the skill of the poet, yet the inspiration of the poem fails often to capture you. You see the poet's moving pageant as in a glass darkly. This coldness, this want of power to capture the feelings, may be owing partly to the absence of rhyme. The Romanesque poetry is fervid and inspiring. This contagious fervor may be owing in part to the witchery of rhyme.

In his preface to the second edition of "Paradise Lost," Milton speaks slightly of rhyme. He calls it "a troublesome and modern bondage," "the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame meter." It is not a light thing to arraign the author of "L'Allegro" as an incompetent critic, when his own skill as an artist in words is so unquestioned. But this disparaging opinion, given as it was for a special purpose, under the pressure of irritating criticism, ought not to be forced into an application too general and sweeping. A mercenary publisher had told Milton that his "Paradise Lost" was not appreciated, was slow at selling, and threatened to become a drug on the market because it was written in blank verse.

Milton wanted to remove this popular prejudice against the severe simplicity of the classic model he had chosen for his epic. So Milton spoke slightly of rhyme as "a troublesome and modern bondage."

The fact that such a defense was called out will satisfy some minds, if not all minds, that the Romanesque type of poetry, as used by the Troubadours of Provence, is better fitted for immediate and universal effect than the classic or Hebraic. If the only business of poetry were simply to reach the heart, make itself felt, and win the popular favor, blank verse would stand condemned by its own history.

Let any gifted elocutionist read to an ordinary assemblage, first Milton's "L'Allegro," and then an equal amount of "Paradise Lost"; where the heavy unrhymed heroics compel a cold, subdued, intellectual admiration, the waltzing, jubilant, trochaic rhymes will kindle a hearty enthusiasm. Hearers will



languidly admit that the unrhymed heroics are majestic, sublime, impressive. Their eyes and looks, if not their hands and feet, will testify that the trochaics are beautiful, brilliant, inspiring. After the blank verse, hearers will draw a long breath, with the sad feeling that they have suddenly grown old. After the rhymes they will brush aside tears of delight from eyes to which all life is rose-tinted.

The memory of "Paradise Lost" may suggest a faultless Greek temple, transported from Athens to Labrador and hung about with glittering icicles.

The memory of "L'Allegro" may remind you of a social stroll in June, through a wilderness of roses, when the air was laden with fragrance and tremulous with bees and birds and katydids:

While the plowman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

## CHAPTER IX

### WRITER AND LECTURER

A MASTER OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE — POET — ESSAYIST —  
LYCEUM LECTURER — LIST OF DOCTOR NORTH'S LECTURES —  
THE BUILDING OF A TRAGEDY — THE OLD GREEK LEXICON.

ONE of Doctor North's graduate eulogists writes that the potency of his influence as a teacher "was largely due to his power of English expression." Another writes that "his lectures live in the memory of his students as prose poems." Doctor Edward Orton, '48, in his half-century annalist's letter, says that "the translations Professor North gave, from time to time, were to me a great inspiration; I learned from them that just the right English word could be found to translate a particular Greek word, and that the quest was worth making." Still another writes, "The richness and delicacy of the Greek has colored his own speech, making his mastery of the English rare and poetical." Professor Hopkins wrote: "In Professor North the power of imagination and of poetic expression is highly developed. His style of composition in prose has an indefinable element of music and rhythm."

These tributes to Doctor North's command of language are borne out by his writings, whether in correspondence, lecture, poem, or occasional address. His style was ornate; often picturesque and epigrammatic; always clear and to the point. He never wasted his words. This characteristic was strikingly illustrated in his letter writing. Among hundreds of letters from his

pen which the writer has seen, rarely is there one exceeding two pages of note paper in length ; yet they all seem to say all that is necessary. Mr. C. W. Bardeen of Syracuse, New York, writes, "I never received a letter from Doctor North which had not a flavor of its own ; there was always a twinkle in his letters as well as in his eye."

His felicity in expressing the thought which best met the occasion is illustrated in this letter, written at the time of the death of his intimate friend, Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Dodge, for many years president of a neighboring college, formerly Madison, now Colgate University, at Hamilton, New York :

JANUARY 7, 1890.

MY DEAR DOCTOR ANDREWS : To have enjoyed the friendship of President Dodge for twenty-five years becomes for me a precious memory, now that his earthly work is ended, and his unfettered nobility of character receives its due recognition. Did ever a man live in a position so trying and responsible, who was so free from the common infirmities of temper and habit ? Rarely do we find, either in books or in our daily life, such profound learning, with never a trace of pedantry or pride, such unselfish, transparent heroism, such large-hearted, earnest consecration to truth and duty, such unbroken sunshine of cheerfulness and anchored faith, even when well-laid plans were thwarted and fruitless.

Happy is the institution whose officers and students have before them — henceforth in blessed memory — such a grand and beautiful model of Christian character.

In heartfelt sorrow,

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD NORTH.

Two other letters have been reproduced in facsimile in order to convey an idea of the personality which his chirography emphasized. One of these letters addressed to Judge Charles H. Truax, of the New York Supreme

Court, is given as an illustration of a phase of his scholarship, and of the generous freedom with which he placed his knowledge at the disposal of others. This letter is one of many dozens, more or less like it, in a correspondence which sprang up between Doctor North and Judge Truax, shortly after the latter's graduation in 1867, and continued till near the former's death — a correspondence which reveals the warm personal friendship inspired by a mutual enthusiasm in the study of Greek prosody. Judge Truax was as zealous in his postgraduate Greek studies as in his habit of ransacking the antiquarian book shops of New York for rare editions of the classical authors. Package after package, year after year, of rare and valuable books found its way to the professor's study through the generous friendship of his student admirer, until the collection became so large that on Doctor North's suggestion a part of it became the nucleus of what is now the Truax Classical Alcove in the college library.

Doctor North kept up through many years a regular correspondence, equally intimate and characteristic, with many of the Hamilton men to whom he was especially drawn.

Edward North began to make rhymes when a college boy, and continued to make them all through life. The only member of the faculty who possessed this gift, he was constantly called upon to write alumni songs and poems for special occasions, and responded with a cheerfulness which showed that he found joy in the doing of it. Among these contributions were the hymns sung at the inauguration of three of the college presidents. There was more or less of hack work about this rhyming to order; and mere facility and felicity in rhyming do not make a poet. But Doctor North was something more than a mere rhymer. All the habits





Hamilton College.....  
September 10. 1877.

Charles H. Smyth Esq.

My Dear Friend,

I am placed under  
new obligations by the two valuable  
volumes which came to blinton  
during my vacation in Nantucket.  
You always contrive to  
satisfy some felt want.  
Whenever you remember  
the college library in your  
liberal way. The descriptive  
Catalogue of Roman Medals,  
will help me in a favorite  
study which I am fond of  
taking up, when other work  
permits. In fact, my debt to  
you for books is growing so  
large that I think of  
paying it - after a fashion -

by organizing a "Inaugural Library" or a  
"Classical Inaugural Library" — which shall it be?  
I find that my friend Homer was enough of a prophet  
to frame me a pertinent motto for such a library.

ΑΙΕΙ ΟΑΙ ΚΡΑΤΙΝ ΠΕΝΕΚΟΣ ΩΣ ΕΣΑΝ ΑΓΓΕΛΟΙ.

ΕΣ Τ' ΕΙΩΝ ΔΙΑ ΔΟΥΡΟΣ \* \* \* ΟΥΚ ΕΝΕΑ Δ' ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΕΡΩΝ. 12:11:60

"Always your head is true as an ay

that goes thro' the wood, and helps a man's power."

It happens to have my power as a teacher, it  
has been often inspired and augmented by your  
frequent and well-chosen gifts to our College Library.

With the highest esteem,

Yours truly,  
Edward North.





of his mind tended to develop the poetic instinct. He had what may be called the technical equipment of the poet, highly developed and trained by years of reading, study, and practice. His prose moved forward with the rhythmical cadence of a master of prosody, perfectly familiar with the stately meters of the classics. Many paragraphs of his lectures read as if written to be scanned.

That he once had it in his mind to publish a few of his fugitive poems, is indicated by a memorandum accompanying a list of twenty-five or thirty of these verses, found in the farthest recesses of a dark closet. It bears no date, but was written more than thirty years ago; it is characteristically entitled

#### AN APOLOGY

As the rhymes in this little book have no merchantable quality, and are not published, some one may ask, Why are they printed? It may look like an odd and unworthy motive, but it is true that they are printed to get rid of them. Neglected children of a brain always busy with prosaic, urgent duties — some of them hitherto unacknowledged — they have lurked for years in secret drawers, plethoric scrapbooks, and dusty hiding places. Sometimes they have unexpectedly confronted their author, and recalling the gladness or sadness of other days, have seemed to ask with dumb orphan pathos, how long they must wait for recognition or a decent burial place!

This little unpublished book is a private cemetery. There let the unhoused rhyme waifs sleep the sleep that knows no waking!

Accepting Doctor North's judgment of these "unhoused rhyme waifs," they are left to the oblivion to which he consigned them. Enough of his poetry has been given in this story of his life to enable the reader

to place his own estimate upon the quality of his rhymes.

It was always a surprise to Doctor North's friends that he contributed so little to the current literature of his day. He had an arsenal of material, which would have found welcome in the magazines, or made books that would have paid their way, while extending his reputation as a scholar and thinker.

At the most there can be found not more than three or four contributions to periodicals from his pen, and these were early in life. In the old "Knickerbocker Magazine" there is a paper on "The Women of Homer," signed "Dix quædivi." Cushing's "Initials and Pseudonyms" gives "Dix quædivi" as the pseudonym of Edward North in his contributions to the "North American Review" and the "Knickerbocker Magazine"; so that on the few occasions when he published, he preferred to do so anonymously. I used sometimes to ask him about this, and to urge him to seek a publisher; and the answer was invariably a reference to some entirely foreign subject. When he did not want to talk about any particular matter, he had a quiet but effective method of preventing it. He would turn the subject in a manner so unexpected and whimsical, that the diversion was bound to be accepted.

Doctor North's college duties were varied during his earlier service by frequent excursions for the delivery of lectures throughout New York, New England, and the middle West. These were the years during which the lecture lyceum had its rise and great success. This generation has little conception how important and how useful a factor the lyceum was in the winter life of the smaller villages of the eastern community, before the days when the daily newspaper circulated widely. Isolated and remote, with few resources for social and

intellectual entertainment, the villagers looked forward to the weekly lecture in the lyceum course as an event not to be missed for any such trivial reason as bad weather. The courses consisted of ten or a dozen lectures; and during a period of nearly twenty years, Doctor North's name appeared as frequently upon these lecture courses, throughout central New York particularly, as that of any other lecturer. He preceded or followed such well-known men as Doctor Eliphalet Nott, Horace Greeley, James Parton, Park Benjamin, John B. Gough, Alfred B. Street, and others, most of whom won more fame and money out of their lecturing than Doctor North, but none of whom pursued it more assiduously or devotedly.

In reading the newspaper notices so carefully clipped and scrapbooked by his devoted wife, I have been struck by the cordial and often enthusiastic reception given Doctor North on these lecture tours. It has seemed a little remarkable, in view of the fact that his topics were never selected to appeal to popular prejudice or the passing interest of the hour, and that he had none of the characteristics of the natural-born orator, and none of the stage tricks which catch the eyes of the groundlings. His voice was singularly melodious; but it was not strong or penetrating; and he shunned the dramatic methods which are the ordinary accompaniment of successful platform oratory. His manner was quiet, his gestures few, his voice seldom raised; but there was a grace and charm about his speech which at once attracted his audience, and held it until the last word.

There was a circular prepared for the use of lyceum committees which appears to have been sent them on application, in order that they might make their own choice of a lecture among the eight he offered them

during that particular winter. He gave them: "The Birth and Worth of Words," "Who are the Deadheads?" "The Scholarship of Shakespeare," "The Women of Homer," "The Greek Drama," "American Scholarship," "Homer and Milton," and "The Teacher's Profession"—not a list of subjects that appeals very strongly to a rural lecture committee; but it indicates that Doctor North preferred subjects which appealed to the thoughtful and the scholarly, and accepted engagements on no other terms. He lectured not so much for the emolument he got, as for the help he might give by directing and uplifting the thought of his auditors. This view is justified by the terms on which he lectured. One entry in his diary indicates that he returned from a trip to western New York, which covered four lectures, with \$60 as his earnings, plus his expenses, which may be put down as not more than \$25 a night. Even this sum was a not unwelcome addition to the \$1,000 salary which the college paid him for over thirty years.

His correspondence contains many records of the trials and hardships of this lecturing experience, with long stage journeys through drifts and storms, and nights spent in cold and cheerless hotels. One of these experiences he thus narrates:

I am grateful that I stand to-night in the presence of those whom I know to be friends; for I have need of your friendly sympathy and indulgence. On my way hither I had the ill luck to exchange baggage with another traveler, and my carefully prepared annotations on "The Women of Homer," for aught I know, are on their way to the Salt Lake City. In place of them I have a beggarly collection of boots, bandanas, and shaving machinery, of no particular use to any one but their owner. Very likely this owner is just now swearing himself into a state of perdition over the vexations of our mutual

robbery. My own embarrassment and vexation are increased by the fact that my lecture was freshly written, written too without any effort to fix it in memory. It was to be christened before this audience. I may not be successful in my effort to recall, even with such pencil tracks as I have hastily made. The skeleton I can easily recall, and give some rough specimens of the filling up. But many of the illustrations drawn from Homer, upon which much of the interest of such a lecture must depend, are now beyond my reach.

Doctor North was a popular and successful lecturer, as is testified by constant calls to return to the same community. The introductory sentences of one of his lectures indicate his own modest estimate of his platform popularity :

After the appointment for this evening had been made out by the lyceum committee, it occurred to me as a reminiscence more interesting to myself, doubtless, than to anybody else, that my first effort in the capacity of what is technically called a popular lecturer (in this case, *lucus a non lucendo*) was made thirteen years ago this very week and in this very house. In spite of the crudeness and lameness of that first endeavor, I have been invited here so frequently, that it would seem as if the ordinary list of motives to such invitations must have been exhausted long ago. The audience and the place have grown somewhat familiar, although death has thrown his shaft at shining marks ; although the greedy West has drawn away much of mature strength and much of youthful promise ; although a new generation of thoughtful faces appears before me.

Why I happen to be here just at this time, I can not well guess, unless it is to commemorate the thirteenth anniversary of an unpretending, unambitious lecturehood. Whatever else may be said amiss to-night, I am sure I can not go wrong in thanking my Vernon friends for their genuine, exhaustless kindness ; and in expressing the hope that the end of another baker's dozen of years will find their zeal for intellectual entertainments unabated, and much better rewarded. If thirteen

years hence, Vernon fails to furnish her own lectures, there will be another illustration of the proverb that "Shoemakers' wives go unshod, and bakers' children cry for bread."

Doctor North wrote lectures for the love of writing them; and in his earlier years he wrote them continuously, often half a dozen in a year. Later in life he spent much time in rewriting or remodeling his earlier lectures, before repeating them to a college class or a public audience. In his journal for 1878 appears this entry:

Read a lecture to the juniors on Sophocles. Never is the same lecture read without some addition or revision, that makes it apparently better than before.

Many of these manuscripts are so interleaved and interlined that it is difficult to decipher and reconnect them. In his "Index Rerum" is a list of ninety-four lectures, which he seems to have regarded as suitable for use in his later years. This list is indicative of the range of topics upon which he wrote:

#### LIST OF DOCTOR NORTH'S LECTURES

The Old Greek Lexicon.	The Greatness of Little Things.
Christ and Prometheus.	The Scholarship of Shakespeare.
The Theater of Bacchus.	Our Mother Tongue.
How to Study Greek.	The Character and Writings of Xenophon.
The Proverbs of the Greeks.	College Reading.
The Greek House.	Trees of Greece.
Ancient and Modern Tragedy.	Ancient Greeks Influenced by
Homer and Hades: Were the	Motives from the Future Life?
	Characteristics of Demosthe-
Ancient Greeks Influenced by	nes's Eloquence.
Motives from the Future Life?	The Greek Theater.
The Greek Idea of the State.	The "Antigone," as an Inter-
The "Agamemnon" of Æschylus.	pretation to the Burial Rites
How the Modern Drama Dif-	of the Greeks.
fers from that of the Greeks.	

The Greek Doctrine of Pun- ning.	Temperance.
The Women of Homer.	Professions.
Greek Slavery.	Amusements.
The Orators of Homer.	Tacitus and his History.
The Theater as it Was and Is.	Missions and Colleges.
The Garden.	Home Missions.
The Spelling Reform.	Philodendria.
The Literature of the Future.	Translations.
The Building of Tragedy.	The Genius of the French Nation.
Rhymes and Things.	The Dramatic Element in History.
The Good of Life in College.	The "Electra" and the Ideal Drama.
The Birth and Worth of Words.	The Influence of Dramatic Ex- hibitions.
Teachers and Teaching.	The Uses of Music.
American Scholarship.	Farm Life and its Discipline.
The Teacher's Sources of Power.	The Proper Expression of a Rural Cemetery.
History.	Livy's Rank as a Historian.
John Eliot and his Bible.	Taking Time to Teach, and Teaching for Eternity.
The Supreme Culture.	The Greek Doctrine of Rhythm.
When is a Man Educated ?	The Proverbs of Theocritus.
Rhetorical Sympathy.	American Philharborists.
Who are the Deadheads ?	Power and its Sources.
Demosthenes and his "De Corona."	School and College Grounds.
Æschylus and the Greek Drama.	The Homeric Proverbs.
Homer and Milton.	Greek Serfdom.
Proclitics and Enclitics <i>vs.</i>	The Use of the Blackboard in Teaching Greek.
Sonnets and Surds.	Greek Etymologies and Syno- nyms.
Characteristics of Demosthenes.	The Recognition of the Bible among the Greeks and Ro- mans.
Greek Rhymes.	
Homer's Influence.	
Classical Studies.	
Journalism in Modern Greece.	
Career and Character of Sopho- cles.	

Naucratis.	Numismatics, Ancient and
The New Hellas.	Modern.
The Higher Law in Ancient and Modern Literature.	The Sunday School as it Was and Is.
Names, and What Is in Them.	The Prytaneum, or the Greek Idea of a State.
Horoscope of the English Language.	The New Year's Ball of King George First [of Greece].
Sources of Personal Power.	Modern Greek Journalism.
Undergraduate Reading.	The Culture of the Classics.
The Future of American Literature.	Science and the Bible.

This list does not include at least thirty lectures, mostly of early date, which are found in his papers, and were chiefly prepared for use in the classroom.

Doctor North's lectures reveal an almost perfect English style, a depth of learning and research, and a conception of human life and duty, which entitle them to high rank as models of platform literature. Reading them, one is reminded of Gifford's remark about Hume: "His taste was that of the Attics. So far as the genius of the two languages would permit, he had collected the very juice and flavor of their style and transfused them into his own." Doctor C. W. Bardeen, writing about Doctor North in his "School Bulletin," speaks of "the peculiarly Grecian type of his mental, not to say physical organization and culture, realizing in his life and writings one's ideas of a modernized Athenian of the classical period; the almost feminine delicacy and refinement of his tastes and manners, and his genial though subdued vein of humor, which seldom speaks through the features, but finds expression in rich and sparkling quaintness of speech."

His lectures are notable in that all of them, somewhere in their course, enforce the lesson of Christian living, without sermonizing. Of all of them it can be



said that they lack, in reading, the indefinable something which was imparted by Doctor North's personality as he delivered them.

This chapter concludes with brief extracts from some of Doctor North's lectures, followed by two complete lectures that were popular with the college classes: "The Building of a Tragedy," which the boys used familiarly to call "The dancing-girl lecture," and "The Old Greek Lexicon," which was Doctor North's farewell word to his classes in Greek for twenty-five years.

#### AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP

\* \* \* With equal truth and emphasis, it may be said of American scholarship, that it has attributes which clearly distinguish it from the scholarship of the old world. These distinguishing attributes, if my thoughts are not misled, are that American scholarship is practical, open to all, and earnest. It dares to deal, not simply with words, and idioms and dead books, but also with ideas and principles, with laws and with life. It cares less for the shadow than for the substance. It regards the pursuit of learning, not altogether as an end, sufficient in itself; not as an elegant dilettanteism, but as a means of contributing to the real progress of society in all ennobling and refining arts, of sustaining and extending the sacred alliance of law and liberty, as a method of satisfying the actual and healthy needs of a cultivated nature. It is not a lazy house-dog — to use what Shakespeare calls a good, swift simile, though somewhat currish — it is not a lazy house-dog, chasing its own tail, merely for the inane sport of self-revolution, but rather a keen-scented hound, intent on appeasing the cravings of a mighty hunger.

The influences that have fostered this quality of American scholarship, its practical earnestness and openness to all, are not hid from view. They are as easy to be discerned as the quality itself. The American scholar is surrounded and molded by institutions and influences widely different from those that mold and inspire the European.

Born beneath skies that have sheltered many ancestral generations, the European scholar is too often expected to aid in transmitting their habits of thought and action, with their standards of literature and art, to another generation, unchanged. If a child of fortune and noble birth, he is taught to pray, not so much that he may have an independent, daring, inquisitive, importunate spirit, as that he may meekly exhibit a double portion of the ancestral spirit. He is taught to be ambitious, not so much that he may strike out new paths into truth's unknown territory, not so much that he may sublime existence by leaving new waymarks on the sands of time, as that he may plant his own footsteps nicely and squarely and reverently in the footsteps of his fathers. Politically, the European is almost forced into sympathy with the Tite Barnacle family, described by Dickens, who had intermarried with a branch of the Stiltstalkings and superintended the Circumlocution Office. "How not to do it" is the first article of his political creed. To meditate an innovation upon settled usages and institutions is with him almost a treason and undeniably a sacrilege. By a necessary indulgence, the European scholar is allowed to breathe and take his meals in the present tenses. He is expected to recruit his mind's vitality, and to expend his sympathy all in the past. The eyes of his intellect seem to be put behind, and to look more naturally at what has been than upon what is or what ought to be.

The weapons of his mind, like Parthian shafts, have a trick of flying backward; and, unlike Parthian shafts, at objects dead, or imaginary, or far remote. Or you might call him a mental chrysalis. His study is walled about with rows of books and manuscripts reaching from floor to ceiling, and these form the casing of his imprisoned intellect. From this chrysalid state he seldom emerges. Oftener he dies in the cocoon of his studiously spun abstractions, leaving it to the industry of other thinkers, and frequently they chance to be American thinkers, with more practical skill, to reel off his convoluted thoughts, and weave them into useful merchandise.

Is there a single product of American mind, that may not

be said to carry certain marks and qualities to distinguish it from European products of the same class? Hardly one, I am sure, except in fields of research that are purely abstract and impersonal. As Hercules is known by his foot, so the intellectual giantry of the new world can not expose a single feature, without betraying the vigorous nutriment and inspiration of the soil, the air, and the history that sustain it. The brazen shield in which our infant Hercules was rocked, the full-grown hero has already carried through many a hard fight for the Union and the Constitution. \* \* \*

#### THE GREEK IDEA OF THE FUTURE STATE

And what had the Greek to look forward to in the future? With Homer for his teacher, he was clearly taught to eat and drink, and make the most of this world. It can not be said that Homer represents this life as a season of trial and probation. The idea of retribution is not clearly associated with Homer's doctrine of a future state. Nor does he teach that virtue is to have its final and complete reward, when the trials of this world are ended. In Homer's spirit world, life was unreal and vapid. Hades was a joyless region where depraved souls lived over their earthly lives in endless and feeble iteration, with no new problems to solve, and with no new experiences of joy. The pure and the polluted, the brazen and the cowardly, the savage and the saintly, are mixed together in dreary confinement. All are moping and discontented, with nothing to do but to reenact old early scenes, in a kind of ghostly drama, and with eternity hanging heavy on their hands. On the whole, the sinners seem to have a less dismal destiny than such departed worthies as Achilles and Anticleia, the fond mother of Ulysses, both of whom are tortured with ceaseless longings for the friends they have left behind.

It is true that more rational views of the future life were entertained by thoughtful Athenians in the time of Sophocles and Plato. Yet in nothing is the hollowness of the Greek religion more apparent than in its inability to offer any antidote for the terrors of death, or any real equivalent for the loss of

this life's honors and pleasures. Even Socrates, with the inspiration of a good genius to befriend him, tries to soften the bitterness of his judicial murder by dwelling on the fact that he had nearly exhausted this world's round of enjoyments, that he had reached that period of life, where the grasshopper becomes a burden and desires fail.

The joy of meeting again departed friends, and of renewing the ties of earthly affection, seems to have been the highest joy that even a martyred maiden like Antigone could look forward to in the realm of Hades. In reading the inscriptions on Greek tombstones, one is pained at the aching absence of everything like a cheerful anticipation of happiness beyond the grave. The Chæronean epitaph begins grandly by commemorating the valor of heroes who died for fatherland, and coldly ends by saying that they shared the inevitable lot. No wonder the Athenians felt that their religion was a hollow farce, and confessed it by erecting an altar to the Unknown God. \* \* \*

#### COMMENCEMENT DAYS

To those of us who are blessed with a literary mother, her July anniversary comes like the sumptuous Panathenæa of the Greeks, whereat beauty, wit, eloquence, and song jewel the feet of the hours as they trip smilingly away.

Ushered in with wreaths of roses and smell of tedded clover, sunny memories and gay-winged hopes unite at its festal gathering to welcome in new aspirants for the laurels of learning, and to cheer forward the scar-honored heroes of thought. In this christening time of youthful authors and orators, the neophyte in study, pleasantly exhilarated by the tingling flavor of his first draught from Homer or Virgil, resolves to spend years in drinking deep at the Pierian spring of the world's literature. Here the unseasoned graduate, rash with the valor of inexperience, and tired of looking at life's battle through the loopholes of a studious retreat, pauses a little within the call of chapel-going bell before he takes his place in surging, serried ranks.

From out those surging ranks, the veteran scholar is glad to step, and to rest him for a week on the lap of the Gentle Mother,

where his armor was first buckled on. With his early aspirations tamed down by the shocks of reality, his hair whitened and brow furrowed with toils and cares, he is charmed thither by the spell of companionships long since sundered — never to be on earth reunited. He lingers fondly over the names of classmates, transferred now from the annual catalogue, it may be to a nation's roll of renown; it may be to sepulchral marble. Again and gratefully he seeks the quiet, idyl shadows of the old academic trees, whose cool baptism first awed him into love of lore. Now they help to calm the raging fever of the heart. Their leaves are still spicy with the fragrance of remembered joys. They still whisper of bygone rivalries, whose rewards were nutriment and grace to thinking; of unenvious rivalries, which knit the hearts of friends together at a shrine of learning whither their longing thoughts have turned, like Persians to the East, from beneath each sky that sheltered them.

#### THE ORATOR AND THE BOOKMAKER

A live book that goes everywhere has a more pervasive and permanent influence than a living speaker. Demosthenes on the bema was heard by a few thousands. Demosthenes in a book has been the study of scholars for centuries.

The orator's dignity and joy of privilege, the orator's dominion and majesty of influence, dwindle well-nigh to insignificance when we try to measure the undying kingship of one who contributes to the enduring monuments of his country's literature. Horace saw in his completed poems a monument more lasting than brass, to be admired "so long as the priest shall ascend the capitol"; but the poet's vision was not long enough to see that centuries after the Roman capitol had become a ruin, his odes would be the study and delight of a distant continent then unknown.

A vital truth once uttered in a live book is like a star that circles in its placid round, undisturbed by all the tumults of earth. The spoken word dies in the effort to transfer its life to the listener's memory; the printed word lives in undecaying vigor on the permanent page. The printed word and the

spoken word are both potent instruments for good or for evil. But as often as the spoken word wings its way to a hundred hearts, the printed word stamps its impress on a thousand. The spoken word reaches but a little way; then it vanishes. The printed word takes to itself the pinions of the morning, and flies to the uttermost parts of the earth.

In our day the orator is constantly engaged in a trial of strength with the printing press, and the contest is not equal. The printing press is a Briareus, with a hundred hands that never tire and a hundred throats all ignorant of bronchitis.

There is no exaggeration in saying that the published epistles of Paul, the apostle, have exerted a trillionfold more influence than his unrecorded addresses. This may have been a part of Paul's inspired meaning when he says that "letters are weighty and powerful, but bodily presence is weak, and speech contemptible."

The translators have narrowed this statement into a confession of Paul's personal infirmity, by putting in possibilities not to be found in the original Greek, so as to make it read "his letters (say they) are weighty and powerful; but *his* bodily presence is weak, and *his* speech contemptible." Paul may have intended to utter the larger truth, that all speech is of small worth when compared with the undying authority of recorded thought. So the enemies of Bunyan thought to restrain his influence by surrounding him with the walls of a dungeon. Bunyan said to himself, if I can not tell my thoughts to the men of my time, I will write them down for all who come after me. And the "Pilgrim's Progress" was bequeathed to the centuries. Bunyan's power was multiplied and made permanent by the efforts of his enemies to cripple it.

#### THE STUDY OF GREEK BY WOMEN

There is a peculiar significance in the fact that nearly four-fifths of the graduates from our normal schools are young ladies. There is the same predominance of female teachers in our public schools. Whatever reasons may be assigned for it, this fact brings no alarm, but rather comfort and satisfaction,

and hope for the future. Women are well fitted for the work of teachers, and as a rule are more successful than men. The sunshine of kindness, tact, and patience are of higher value in the schoolroom than cold and blustering authority.

The highest positions and rewards in the teacher's profession are open to women, whenever they make the same thorough preparation that is made by men. Here is an inviting field of honorable and remunerative usefulness that calls for no constitutional amendment and no change of public opinion. It is the testimony of one long connected with our educational affairs that the greatest want now felt in our schools is the want of female teachers who are thoroughly qualified for giving instruction in the higher branches.

I am not using my own language, but that of one who has better opportunities for knowing, when I say that, "if women would spend more time in making solid attainments, and less time in berating the public and demanding their rights, they would secure better things than they now hope for." Many living examples might be given, all the more beautiful for their modesty, which most effectively demonstrate that in the teacher's profession the same native gifts and the same scholarly attainments will gain the higher positions and rewards more readily for a woman than for a man.

We read of one woman, herself a teacher not unknown to fame, who is "amazed and indignant to hear this outcry for a wider sphere and greater opportunities for women, while her sphere is already a thousand times wider than she spans, and her opportunities a thousandfold greater than she has ever attempted to measure."

In many of our institutions for young ladies the study of the Greek language is too much neglected. The reason for this neglect, with so much time given to music and the higher mathematics, is not fully apparent. Any argument for retaining the Greek in our colleges for young men is equally an argument for its study in our female colleges. Many of our educated women are bookmakers, editors, writers for magazines, teachers, leaders in society, shapers of public opinion; and a

knowledge of Greek would help them to a more effective mastery and use of our mother tongue. As a disciplinary exercise, the study of Greek is eminently fitted to strengthen the memory and ripen the judgment; to sharpen the discernment and quicken the imagination; to refine the taste and awaken the perception of harmony and beauty.

In cultivating the faculty for enjoying and producing the beautiful in art, in literature, and in life, a cultivation to which the gentler half of humanity is especially summoned, we are still disciples of the old Greeks, and may expect to remain their disciples to the world's end. If educated women are our best teachers of the beautiful in language, action, and character, and if a sense of the beautiful is best cultivated by mastering the Greek, why should not Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles be faithfully read in our female colleges and seminaries, along with Goethe and Racine and Shakespeare? When the intellectual power and wealth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning are so universally admired, is it not singular that so few of her sex should be encouraged to enter upon that course of Greek study which nursed her native gifts to their consummate flowering and golden fruitage?

One of the lectures which always pleased the students, and which they were wont to describe as "The dancing-girl lecture," was entitled "The Building of a Tragedy." It is a narrative which combines facts and dates with plausible fiction, after the manner of Barthélemy's "Travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece," or Becker's "Charicles," in order to outline the wonderful evolution of the Æschylean drama from the clumsy cart-shows of Thespis, in a setting that recognizes what was peculiar to the ancient Greeks in climate, language, religion, local traditions, and political institutions.

#### THE BUILDING OF A TRAGEDY

For our starting point we will in thought travel back eastwardly some twenty-four centuries, until we happen upon a



sunny afternoon in the early springtime of Attica, in the year 515 B.C. We find ourselves strolling through the quiet streets of Eleusis, famous home of the Eleusinian mysteries, a pleasant seacoast town, twelve miles northwest of Athens, and closely connected with Athens by the ὁδὸς ἱερὰ, or Sacred Way. Turning a street corner, we come suddenly upon a procession of itinerant Thespians, under the lead of an enterprising prototype of the twentieth century showman.

The players ride into town on elevated seats, in a vehicle called a *ἀμαξα* gaudily painted, and drawn by mules decorated as to their ears with colored streamers and tinkling cymbals. Doorways are brightened by eager children's faces, as the sounds of pipe and trumpet penetrate the shops and dwellings that line the streets of Eleusis. Nimble boys twist themselves about the statues of Wayside Hermes, and Apollo Agueus, peering through the blinding dust, and wondering what is to happen. The players, the mimers, the dancers, the teamsters, are robed in grotesque or emblematic costumes, that call forth shouts, laughter, and voices of impatient question from the thickening rabble, as it presses toward the public square and the temple of Demeter.

Here, in the wide agora, the players quickly transform their long wagon into an extempore stage by stretching across it matched boards brought with them for this purpose. In less than an hour the broad market place is inundated with mechanics, shopkeepers, vine dressers, rollicking boatmen, chronic idlers, proletaires, pedagogues looking after truant schoolboys, with undomestic women and priests, with slaves, aliens, and freedmen, closely packed. There is a swaying sea of upturned faces. There are signs of impatience, and the town jester is called upon for a new edition of his familiar mimicry. A vigorous rattling of obols, drachmas, minas, and fallacious keys proclaims that a right jolly entertainment will be handsomely paid for.

The first performer on the wagon stage is an uncombed, dithyrambic singer, whose rude songs are tied together with ruder Joe Millerisms, having an ancient and fishy flavor. The

second performer is a mute bizarrely costumed, to represent a grinning satyr. There is much laughter as the satyr tumbles through his coarse parody of a Bacchanal dance, with hirsute features, leering, gooseberry eyes, pointed ears, arms clumsily dangling, and cloven goat's feet. Next after this a pair of ambitious players, in a half circle of Homeric long-haired warriors, dramatize the "Flogging of Thersites." Ulysses, the ever ready, song-honored, the original *Semper-Paratus*, is a favorite personator.

He is told to lay it on thick and slap. The audience applaud right heartily when they see the deformed blackguard, the ugliest recruit that went to Troy, cower and quiver under the blows of the golden scepter of Ulysses. Thersites has a helpless look of comical sheepishness as he mops away big, booby tears from his painted cheeks. It is clear that the Eleusinians believe in summary punishment for scandal and backbiting.

Finally, after a splurge of instrumental noise, the stage is cleared for a dancing girl from Corinth. She has ruddy cheeks, and her eyelids droop. Her long black hair is twisted into shining coils. She wears a very brief skirt, fringed with silver bells.

Beside her stands the brisk manager, wreathed with mercenary smiles, holding on his arm a dozen polished hoops. When the Corinthian danseuse begins her rhythmical movements, she receives the polished hoops from the manager, one after another, up to a dozen, and with no break in the wanton play of her feet she sends the hoops whirling through the air above her head. There is no colliding of one hoop with another. Each hoop is easily caught in its fall by the nimble Corinthian, and tossed whirling through the air again. The crowd is almost breathless with wonder and admiration. It looks to them as if a shower of gleaming, squirming snakes were raining from the sky.

This business over and duly applauded, a larger and stouter hoop, an iron hoop, set round with thick, upright swords, is planted on the stage. The dancing girl now begins to throw

somersaults into this circle of upright swords. Every time she lands upon her feet squarely, without apparent effort, and tosses herself back again rapidly, gracefully, rhythmically, and with no signs of fear. At the end of this perilous feat the air is torn with shouts of admiration. Hundreds of hands are beating applause. The Corinthian girl seizes a tambourine, and, leaping into the crowd, solicits pay for her performance with coaxing smiles and coquettish appeals. She had touched a responsive chord in the popular heart of Eleusis, and pockets are freely emptied.

Leaning against a gnarled old olive tree that throws its lengthening shadow across the market place, toward the temple of Ceres, is a youth of fifteen untroubled summers. He is wholly absorbed in the novel scene before him. To him the sports of the day are freighted with prophetic intimations. His keen eye, made keener by loving converse with Homer, pierces beyond the gayly painted wagon, beyond the coarse, mercenary mimers and the excited rabble, as if he would read and interpret a mysterious message, written in cypher — a message meant for him alone — on the blue scroll of the far-away, overarching sky.

Thus the boy gazes, in solemn reverie, with his eupatrid blood all in a fever, until the dancing girl touches his arm with her tambourine. The half laugh that rallies him to his generosity has a moistened tone, as if it had usurped the place of tears and maidenly reluctance.

"I am afraid you are not well pleased with our poor show to-day." The lad's reply was made deliberately, and emphasized with a handful of obols and drachmas. "I like it well, Maid of Corinth. So well I like it that I do wish it were better. If your thoughts are half as nimble as your heels, you can guess what that means."

Without longer waiting, the boy hurries home and throws himself upon a rustic seat in his father's garden. Southward the garden overlooks the crags of Salamis and the Saronic gulf, whose shimmering waters are flecked with ships of commerce and holiday yachts, making for the neighboring harbor

of Piræus. In the watery distance Ægina can be seen. The island is pinnacled with costly, solemn temples, and richly garmented with vineyards, olive groves, and orange orchards. At the southeastern end of the Sacred Way, running spirally toward Athens, rises the Acropolis, like an awful Omnipresence under a canopy of intensest blue, with Hymettus for its background, and Lycabettus for a bodyguard.

Not far away from the rustic seat a marble image of Dionysus guards the entrance to a spacious field, where well-fed slaves whistle snatches of dithyramb over their weeding and pruning ; where

The sun with mouth all golden blows  
Blue bubbles of grapes down the vineyard rows.

The boy's feet press the close-cut velvet turf, on which shifting, tremulous mosaic is wrought by the sinking sun, as it sifts through the leaves of olive, pomegranate, fig tree, and platane. Near by two women slaves are grinding wheat in a tedious hand mill. Their plaintive song recalls for them the days of their free, glad girlhood on the Orontes, and softens the discord of the grinding into a welcome lullaby.

Weary with the afternoon's excitements, heated with walking, oppressed with the strangeness of the new thoughts that crowd upon his brain, numbed into quiet by the cicada's monotone, the boy falls asleep.

In his dream he stands near a mountain that slopes downward to a boundless prairie. So gentle is the slope it is hard to tell where the hill ends and where the plain begins. As he looks about him, his eye rests on a statue of Dionysus. Suddenly the statue warms into life. The vine god steps down from his pedestal. He unbinds a laurel wreath from his own forehead and puts it on the head of the boy. Then he places in his hands a roll of papyrus, with a smile that is itself both an inspiration and a mandate.

"My son, be thou a writer of tragedy." The vine god returns to his pedestal, and freezes back to marble, with his lifted hand pointing to a clear rivulet that starts from the earth at the feet of the youth. This clear bubbling rivulet

goes singing down the hillside, broadening and deepening and gathering new music as it descends, and cleaving the meadows below with glittering curves

As if Diana in her dreams  
Had dropt her silver bow.

While the dreamer dreams and gazes with eyes that drink their fill of gladness, spreading trees, laden with perennial flowers and fruits, spring up on either bank of the stream. Birds with brilliant wings select their mates, build their nests, and sing their valentines. The clear-voiced nightingale tells her sorrows. Temples of worship and freedom and historic monuments shape themselves, as by magic, from the rough stones that break the flowing water into music. Artists sit in the shadow of the trees and dip their pencils in the stream. Orators come there to quench their thirst. Statesmen are there inspired to kindle in oppressed peoples the love for freedom and self-empire. Poets of all tongues are there from distant lands. They press upward in a long procession, each eager for a deeper draught at the fountain head. Virgil is there, a reverent pupil, grateful for thoughts and rhythms that shall shape the world's purest culture. The daring Dante is there, pluming his fancy for some loftier flight or some deeper plunge. Shakespeare is there, adding new and picturesque facets to his many-sidedness. John Milton is there: "Samson Agonistes," "Comus" and "Paradise Lost" will explain why he is there. Rare Ben Jonson is there, a diver diving for pearls, and Samuel Johnson simpling for dictionary roots along the waterside. Byron and Shelley are there, converting the sweetest wine into the sharpest vinegar. Macaulay is there, busily plying his memory's instantaneous photography. Goethe is there, with a cold, curious wisdom, botanizing on the graves of betrayed innocence. Edgar Allan Poe is there, finding a new name for the spirit of poetry.

And neither the angels in heaven above  
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Shall ever dissever his soul from the soul  
Of his beautiful ideal.

Tennyson is there, rejoicing in the upper atmosphere of idyl song, while

The viewless arrows of his muse  
Are headed and winged with flame.

Longfellow is there, and

His song, from beginning to end,  
Is found at last in the heart of a friend.

Shelley and Keats are there,

As in the soft and sweet eclipse  
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips.

George Flaxman is there,

Like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken.

Hiram Powers is there, and with him Elizabeth Barrett Browning to interpret the

Thunders of white silence

that appeal from the Greek Slave in marble against man's greatest wrong. Michael Angelo and Canova are there, with deft hands plastic to embody the inner vision.

Finally a dancing girl gayly springs from bank to bank, shakes a gainful tambourine ; then pirouettes in the air with twinkling feet, and lighting in a shallop that suddenly appears on the water, she glides across the meadow on the river's glittering curves and vanishes in a golden mist.

The young eupatrid dreamer of Eleusis awakes, with a vow already made and recorded on his heart's tablet, that he will follow the vine god's bidding, and be a writer of tragedy ; that he will do his best to make his eupatrid name as dear to Attica as the glory and freedom of Attica are dear to his countrymen ; that he will struggle for a distinction, the latchet of whose shoes the power and wealth of Athens shall be glad to stoop down and unloose.

It were useless trying to tell how the callow wings of the young dramatist faltered and ached for weariness in the upper air of high invention ; how he dreamed and brooded over the

firstlings of his tragic muse ; how he toiled through the long day, and when the long night came kept on toiling ; how Homer and Hesiod, Simonides and Sappho, were rummaged for plot and character, for incident and pathos, for myth and legend, for rhythm and epithet, for sentiment and inspiration ; how he shunned the haunts of pleasure seekers, and sought a larger society in the pathless woods and on the lonely shore ; how eagerly he listened when the priests of Ceres unfolded their treasures of traditionary lore ; how he made mysterious pilgrimages to Athens, and lingered by moonlight in the shadows of the Theater and the Academy, the Areopagus, the Pnyx and the Agora ; how his study lamp rivaled that of the Prytaneum, while he was reading and pondering, writing and rewriting.

At last the maiden tragedy is completed. With much misgiving it is handed in for criticism. Through the kindly offices of partial friends it is accepted by the presiding Archon of Athens, and set down for competition with long-practiced and favorite dramatists. Then follow the choice of a choragus, the organizing and costuming of the chorus, the jealousies and vexing details of rehearsal. The excitement of the contest fills the old wooden theater of Athens with such a crowd as it had never held before. There is no slowness to see and hail what is good of the new tragedy, although there are certain veteran critics, with toughened sensibilities, whose commendations are dealt out with significant shrugging of the shoulders, at the stilted phrases which partially overshadow its mountain peaks of merit.

The competing plays are ended. An interval of painful silence follows, while the judges retire to make up their verdict. The young dramatist sits with a weary face, in one of the side rooms that flank the stage. As he looks out upon the mute, impatient audience, his heart is going through an agony all the greater because it is voiceless. He can feel his heart's hammering in his ears. He thinks he is alone. But a tablet drops into his lap, how or whence he can not guess. Some unknown, friendly critic says to him in Attic phrase : "Don't be disheartened. I like it because it is better, and a promise of coming

triumphs." His unuttered response is, "No prize for me to-day."

At this moment the five judges appear on the stage from an opposite saloon. Ten thousand spectators bend forward, many rising from their seats, to catch the announcement, "First prize to Pratinas; second prize to Chœrilus."

Before the award is fully proclaimed the main supports of the theater give way, with a frightful crash. Men, women and timbers, actors, benches and dancers, statues, musicians and balustrades, policemen, costumers and kettledrums, prompters, fig peddlers and slaves, priests, senators and foreign envoys, tumble together in confused, ghastly, and shrieking ruin. The unsuccessful dramatist forgets his own defeat in the larger disaster. In answer to a smothered call for help that comes up from beneath the stage, he finds the slave who had engineered the thunder machine, with his foot crushed by a fallen timber, his face livid with agony. "Ah, my loyal thunderer, this comes of presuming to rival the Olympian cloud compeller. You and I do get badly used to-day. Suppose I pry up that timber and set you free. Now that you are vulcan-footed you shall serve no owner but yourself. Henceforth be a freedman." "If you please," said the Arab, drawing out his crushed and bleeding foot, "I will work this same thunder machine till my master wins the first prize." "So much pluck for you is pluck for me also. I accept both the omen and the service." With this reply, the dramatist hires a couple of slaves to carry home the disabled thunderer. Himself follows soon after.

As he hurries along the crowded streets, made sick at heart by the holiday bravery that decks them, shunning the recognition of friends, shrinking from their proffered sympathy as so much refinement of torture, each of the ten years spent over that unlaureled tragedy comes back, like a gibbering ghost, to upbraid him with presumptuous daring, with overweening conceit, with misdirected energy, all wasted in aping the folly of Icarus. His heart has suddenly turned to lead. His form bends as with premature age. His eyes lose the lustrous longing of youth. It irks him to look at the soft sky, the dimpling



water, the green earth, the beckoning trees : only yesterday they were so full of sympathy and food for hope.

He feels now as Robert Burns felt, centuries later, when he reproached nature with her mocking gladness :

Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,  
How can ye sing, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' of care ?

His notes and skeletons are brushed aside. They are hateful to his eyes. The statue of Dionysus, at the entrance to his father's vineyard, before this an inspiring presence, is now a sneering demon, with scorn on its lips. Who can suppose that a countenance so furrowed with study, so pinched with disappointment, so written over with despair, will ever again be lit with the radiance of exulting thought? Who can suppose that a form so bent and crouching will ever straighten itself into a commanding presence, and give the world assurance of a hero on the battlefield, a power in the study, a protagonist on the stage, a man every way?

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Twenty-five years have dawned and died since that Thespian holiday at Eleusis. The last days are going in the summer of 490 B.C. Athens, the eye of Greece, the home of pleasure, of intellect and art and untroubled leisure, is suddenly seized with consternation. The mimic agonies of the theater are forgotten in a genuine terror that fills and chills all hearts. A κήρυξ rides through the streets, shouting from a wet and panting horse that 500,000 Persians have landed at Marathon. The herald had counted 600 triremes, besides many transports for cavalry.

They have already taken Eretria, have laid the city in ashes, have sent the inhabitants to Persia in chains. They have brought a shipload of fetters and handcuffs to Marathon. Hippias is there, that old enemy of Athens, lusting for a new lease of tyranny, and Hippias knows how to smite the Athenians between the joints of the harness. Who will go out to meet these bold invaders? Who will punish their insolence by put-

ting shackles on the hands that bring them for Athenians? Who will carry the logic to convince the world that one free Greek is equal to fifty Persian conscripts? A κῆρυξ is hurried off to Sparta, begging for help. At Athens 10,000 volunteers rally under the command of ten generals, and start for Marathon.

Even slaves are bribed to enlist with the promise of freedom, if they will only help to defend the freedom of their masters. Among other men of mark, whose example gives courage to timid souls, is the unlaureled eupatrid from Eleusis, who yearns now to do the one brave deed that shall put a solid bar of oblivion between the life that now is and the wretched life that was. Rejoiced at the opening of a new career, he takes his place in the ranks, among the Athenian hoplites, with his brother on one side and a slave with a crushed foot on the other side. A weary march of twenty-two miles, and the Greeks pitch their camp near the temple of Hercules. Barely a mile from their mighty foe, they are like David defying Goliath. Or, they are like an eagle nesting in the paw of a sleeping tiger.

After nine days of patient waiting, the nestling eagle remembers its errand, stretches its wings, and with tough, sharp talons, with sharper beak, with wild outcry, fiercely assails the Persian tiger. The battle is desperate and bloody. At the center of the long line of Greeks, where the fight is thickest, the poet soldier keeps in the van. He is heedless that the air about him is alive and hissing with Persian arrows. He is pushing forward in advance of his comrades. He is leaning backward in the throwing of a javelin, when a nimble form, before unnoticed, suddenly leaps into the air, and lights upon the ground just before him, with a Persian arrow caught in a buckler.

He is puzzled by the servile dress and the beardless face of his agile preserver, who checks him with a voice full of gentlest reproach. "Master is too reckless of his life to-day." "And you, my brave stripling, you should have kept away from such bloody work." "Oh, no, my good master, I like it here. 'Tis a real tragedy to-day, with freedom for the prize."

What was it in that weirdly tender voice that made the poet forget where he stood and what he was doing? What was it that quickened his heart beats, and sent his thoughts scampering over the long, shadowy past — that peopled the air about him with the ghosts of buried hopes, that left him in doubt whether he was really in the body at Marathon, or out of the body in dreamland?

Without pause the battle rages. The two long lines wrestle like Titans tugging in deadly encounter.

At length the Greek center is driven back toward the temple of Hercules, but the Persian advance is stubbornly contested, until the Persian wings suddenly break into a confused retreat. Then with ringing shouts, the Greek wings rush to the rescue of their center. The troops of Darius are driven in disorder to the shore. Thousands plunge into the swamps near by, only to find their inglorious graves. Others tumble into ships and push out into the bay.

The Greeks set fire to a part of the Persian triremes that fringe the shore. They are wild with the joy of success, and forget their prudence. In the heat of their mad pursuit, Cynægirus, a brother of the poet, plunges into the bay to overtake a retreating galley. With one hand he holds a torch; with the other grasps the stern of the trireme. His hand is quickly severed with a Persian scimeter. Falling back into the sea, he faints from loss of blood, and adds another to the fatal tally for the day. An Arab with a crushed foot brings ashore the mutilated body. At the close of the day, his ashes are consigned to a sacred mound thrown up over the one hundred and ninety-two Athenians who gave their lives to Greek glory,

Where the mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea.

There was an expression of poetic justice in the statue of Nemesis which the Athenians set up near the tumulus at Marathon. It was a statue cut by Phidias from a block of marble brought thither by the overconfident Datis, to commemorate the victory which he felt sure of winning when he received the

command of Darius that he must bring home Greek prisoners if he would keep good the union between his head and shoulders.

The poet soldier returns to Athens. He is saddened by the loss of his brother, yet finds a comfort in the glad greetings of his countrymen, who forget private sorrows in the overflow of national joy. As he passes cheerful groups at the street corners, he hears his own name and that of Cynægirus coupled with praises that remind him of early dreams, and rekindle his slumbering ambition. The weird voice of his unknown preserver, to whom the battle of Marathon was freedom's drama, unites with the vine god's behest in his boyhood's vision, and again tells him to "write tragedy."

Again for poetry his pulses beat,

As Moses's serpent the Egyptians swallowed,  
One passion eats the rest.

Buried once more in that old inherited library at Eleusis, in the stillness of delightful studies, the soldier poet finds himself enriched with materials for the building of other tragedies. They are nobler structures on a broader basis of thought, experience, and passion. They are rich in food for hopes of life higher and sweeter than selfish indulgence. They find harvests of deep ethical wisdom in the old classic superstitions and legends that amused his boyhood.

The poet's imagination has ripened into a mellow fullness, a depth of warm color, and a rhythmic fervor since that first crude and unlaureled effort. The wings of his fancy are no longer limp, pinfeathered, and clumsy.

He has found out that the larger measures of wisdom are dealt out to those who have suffered. His knowledge of real life, in moments of peril, is a generous teacher that lends deeper meaning to his rhythms, with naturalness to his narratives, pith to his maxims, and prestige to his name.

His soul is now ripe with all the hoarded thoughtfulness of earnest years. Difficulties formidable before now melt in his pathway like snowdrifts in April. The fair fame won at Marathon proves an open sesame before which the rocky gates of

wealth, authority, and prejudice fly ajar, "on golden hinges turning."

One of the new tragedies is accepted almost as soon as offered. Great is the pressure of candidates for a place in the chorus. The dramatist wonders wearily where all the singers and costumers and dancers come from. The woods are full of them. He gets a thorough drill in the hard science of saying "No." He can not say that little negative when the lame freedman, who had brought ashore his brother's body at Marathon, asks to be allowed to personate Vulcan in the Chained Prometheus. "Evidently the Fates so will it. You will be on hand at the first rehearsal." Nor would it have been any easier to say "No" to the dark-eyed, sad-voiced candidate, with a beardless face, who applies for the rôle of Io, the impersonation of blighted beauty, betrayed innocence, distraction, and remorse.

"It would be too bad," said the dramatist, with a smile of sympathy, "to disfigure that fine Corinthian head with heifer's horns. *Κλύεις φθέγμα τῆς βούκερω παρθένου*, Do you care to tell me aught of your history?"

"Please, sir," pleaded the applicant, beginning to tremble a little, "I will tell you my history, and tell it all truly when you are laureled for the first prize." There was a genuine touch of dramatic pathos in the naïveté of her supplicant voice and look and attitude. She also was told to appear at the first rehearsal.

Again it is gala week at Athens. In place of the old barn-like structure which collapsed years ago, a new marble theater now offers seats to upward of twenty thousand. Day is just breaking over Mount Lycabettus, on the twelfth of Elaphebolion, and already the streets that lead to the temple of Dionysus are crowded with eager multitudes. Theater-going is an all-day sacred festival. The women carry lunch baskets and spring flowers. The city is robed in holiday apparel, albeit the old disease of money-making pimples out in gay and staring shop fronts.

Odd provincial idioms and half-barbarous dialects astonish

and amuse the polished, fastidious Athenians. They try to repeat to each other the strange, dialectic twists in their musical mother tongue. The sailorish Syracusan asks in broad homespun Doric if Æschylus comes on to-day. The lisping Ionian dude from Smyrna softly hopes "Æschylus will be handsomely beaten by Phrynichus, who has a finer ear for choral rhythm, don't ye know." The curt, rough Macedonian from the icy heels of northern Greece does not care an obol who beats, if the fight be only plucky. Palmyra and Cyprus have representatives there looking tired and blasé. But not quite so rakish and blasé as the used-up Adonises from Naucratis on the Nile. The mercenary islander from Crete confesses to a big bet on Phrynichus, and pushes for a seat near to the judges.

It was a sight to soften the rockiest heart, to see that vast assemblage awed into tears of sympathy by the majestic form of the man befrienders. In his countenance heroic love and bitter, supernal scorn are strangely blended, as he is dragged by ugly Titans to the rock of torture. Twenty thousand execrations are hurled at the despot Zeus. Twenty thousand benisons are rained upon the champion of the human race, and upon his champion poet. And when the nymphs of ocean descend, with sweet, benign countenances, their chanted words of pity bring grateful relief to pent-up and struggling sympathies.

As for the sad-voiced Io, the acting could not have been more lifelike, the agony could not have been more undoubted, had she been on her way to the bridge of suicide, where

The bleak winds of March  
Make her tremble and shiver,  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river;  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled,  
Anywhere, anywhere,  
Out of the world !

The last drops are falling in the water clock, and the tragedy draws to its close. As the martyred fore-thinker utters those

final words of agony, "O Majesty of my Mother, you see how wrongfully I suffer," low murmurs of sympathy tremble through the long aisles, and deepen into a thunder of applause loud enough to rival the ocean's roar.

The curtain divides the stage from the audience. The poet again sits in a side saloon waiting for the verdict. His hand is clasped in the hand most familiar to his childhood — a hand now thinned and enfeebled by years.

Before the judges come forward with their award, a shield drops at the feet of the poet, with a Persian arrow dangling from its center. There is something inscribed on the shield, and the writing runs thus, "Io likes the tragedy because it is best — is infinitely better than dancing to a tambourine for the amusement of a coarse rabble."

"*Μῆτερ ἐμοῦ*," said the dramatist, speaking slowly, "twenty-five years ago I went to see a Corinthian dancing girl throw somersaults on a cart stage, over yonder in Eleusis. I told her she was capable of something better than that, not knowing what I said. Ten years afterwards she went to Marathon, disguised as a volunteer slave boy. In the thickest of the fight she stopped a Persian arrow on its way to my heart. That is the arrow, sticking in that shield there, the very shield I do believe that she carried at Marathon. To-day she has given glory to my tragedy by her personation of Io; and I never guessed till this moment who was the good genius that watched my downsit and my uprising, and believed in my triumphs while they were yet a great way off. Do you wonder, *μητερ ἐμοῦ*, that I believe in that unknown God, whose image we pass on our way home? Do you wonder if I put my faith, not so much in the Triple Fates as in a kind All-Father whose goodness guides us when we proudly dream that we are guiding ourselves?

"As for the tragedy, that is a triumph because it tells the truth; because it dramatizes thoughts and hopes and passions that lie deep down in men's hearts, yearning to be expressed in heroic life. The truths Prometheus so boldly utters are to be watchwords of advancement and freedom throughout all coming time.

"The triumphs of reason and liberty over falsehood and oppression, in every age and clime, are imaged and prototyped in the exulting martyrdom of the benignant fore-thinker. Where-soever great and generous souls make a stand against violence and fraud and brutal lust, in the interest of self-empire and right and open-eyed intelligence, the Promethean spirit will be in their midst. It will give them courage to tell their honest thoughts, and to put their honest thoughts into heroism at whatever cost. It will make life sublime with unselfish purpose.

"It will make death a glory when it enthrones truth and purity in free souls that feel their freedom doubled in the freedom of their kind."

There is no telling how much more might have been said in the same vein had not the judges now come forward to announce :

"First prize to Æschylus, son of Euphorion, and the 'Prometheus Bound.'"

#### THE OLD GREEK LEXICON

We will suppose, to begin with, that you have two long-loved friends. Both are men of genius and learning, and both are kept indoors by protracted illness. Something moves you to carry to each of them a basket of flowers. The flowers are in fragrant disorder, and damp with the dews of a sunrise in June. The tired eyelids of your two friends run over with thankfulness. Now watch them in silent curiosity. You notice that one of your friends deals with his flowers tenderly, as if they had conscious sympathy and feeling ; or as if they were tiny chariots bringing fairy visitants from a brighter world. How careful he is not to disturb a single dewdrop ! With the skill and taste of an artist in colors, he deftly builds them into a graceful design. Then he inhales their sweetness with sobs of delight. He gazes at them in fond and speechless reverie ; while his thoughts, forgetful of pain and physic and prisonment, go scampering off over the long track of years gone by, scampering through the woods, with schoolmates, when school is out, in search of sweet flag and wintergreen.



The other friend makes a different deal with the flowers you carry him. He carefully spreads them out on the table, as if it were a dissecting table. Then he classifies the flowers, according to certain outside resemblances and affinities. He proceeds to inspect them, as a provost marshal might inspect a squad of raw recruits. He calmly pulls them to pieces, counting stamens and pistils and petals. He pulls out a microscope, and scrutinizes more closely and minutely. He looks sharply after seed vessels and sexual differences. He bites the stalks, testing the flavor of their juices. All this time he is telling over, on a sort of vegetable rosary, some formula of heathenish worship, in which you can detect such broken phrases as "perianth whorled," "stamens hypogynous," "aments racemed," "anthers extrorse," k. t. a. Evidently your first friend was born with the poet's vision and faculty divine. Evidently your second friend has the gifts and qualities that would magnify the office of a lexicographer. Both are passionately fond of flowers. Both are heartily grateful for the kindness that brings them. Yet they are decidedly unlike each other — almost as unlike as a blackbird and a blackboard, or a bobolink and a bobsled.

They are equally earnest and useful as organizers of knowledge, loving it as much for its own sake as for its manifold uses. They represent the opposite forces of synthesis and analysis. The one organizes by putting together, the other by putting asunder. The poet creates, combines, embodies, narrates, and marries to immortal music. The lexicographer analyzes, arranges, tabulates, classifies, interprets, and illustrates. The poet invents words, phrases, and rhythms. He gives shape and color and voice to the airy nothings of a prolific fancy. He weaves thoughts and feelings into song,

And the song from beginning to end,  
Is found at last in the heart of a friend.

The lexicographer, like a remorseless, hungry jackal, takes the song and pulls it to pieces, foot from foot, and rhyme from rhyme. It has no value in his critical eyes, until he knows

whereof it is made, and where the material was found. Each syllable is twisted from its fellow-syllable, like the limbs of Pentheus, when the Bacchantes wreaked their saintly wrath upon him. Then the separate words are put into the crucible of etymology, and plied with the acid and blowpipe of analysis. They are forced to surrender the secrets of their origin and history. They are made to tell all about their travels, their coqueties, their intermarriages and experiences with foreign literatures. Then they are carefully adjusted, pressed, accented, measured, labeled, classified, interpreted, and put away for future use, in some narrow stall of that Alphabetical Hortus Siccus, called the lexicon.

The poet and the lexicographer are antipodal to each other. They represent different eras and forces in literature and learning. Between the birth of Homer and the birth of the first Greek lexicon there is a distance of at least ten centuries, covering almost the entire history of Greek civilization. In the slow growth of a nation's literature, poetry comes first, lexicography comes last. As children learn their mother tongue by lisping nursery rhymes, so language in its cradlehood is full of poetry. Then syllables are seeds quick with thought. Then words are images; paradigms are sculptured monuments; poems are panoramas. In Homer's time, Greek words were clay in the hands of the potter, singing at his wheel. Words were soft, plastic caoutchouc, waiting to be molded into shape. Homer could clip his unresisting words at either end, could draw his elastic Ionic vowels in or out, and no one found fault. Homer could coin as many new words as he pleased, and no envious, carping critic disputed their right to pass current. King Usus had not yet usurped the throne of Rhetoric, and set up his iron despotism. Five or six centuries slip away, and the language has grown fixed and rigid. Words are now crystallized into definite forms, stamped with the symbols of authority, hampered with conventional shackles, collected into dictionaries, and organized into literature. Critics are numerous, wide-awake, erudite, sharp-set, and jealous. Let a new word make its appearance, and straight-

way all the old words make war upon it. "This fellow," they all say, "is an interloper, a carpetbagger, a slangy parvenue. He is a shoddy upstart, with no business to be here. He is not to be found in the lexicon." So he is twitted, and smoked out, and ducked, and driven to the wall, until nothing but good pluck and persistent fighting save him from premature death.

And what shall be the fate of this familiar Greek lexicon when its undergraduate uses are ended? You can see it as it lies there on the table, like a piece of battered armor when the battle is over, discolored by age, ragged at the corners, reduced to a Bohny skeleton, shattered at the spinal column, grimed with study's effacing finger, yet so supinely plethoric in its communicative habit; so resolutely cheerable in its bulky open-heartedness it could not stay shut if it would, it would not stay shut if it could.

It remains at its post of duty, faithful among the faltering; merely waiting to answer a few more hurried questions; willing to reveal the ancestry of a few more adverbs, the quantity of a few more syllables, the force of a few more of those slippery particles. It has still an ample stock of what the Scotch teacher called "very canny yarns, though unco short." It is still ready to make good the African preacher's consoling remark to his audience of fellow-Africans, that "there is one place where they could always be sure of finding sympathy—in the lexicon."

It is as ready as ever to communicate curious knowledge, to rectify Bohny absurdities, and unriddle desperate difficulties. It has no end of patience to be thumb-screwed, cudgeled, and cross-questioned; all unconscious that its owner is ungratefully, treacherously rejoicing that his day of deliverance is at last in sight; that his intellect is now to be emancipated from the apron strings of a dry-nursing lexicon; that he is henceforth to be at liberty to enjoy the amaranths of Attic poetry, without stooping, under the spur of authority, to botanize, "with sharpened inspection," over the elements of their brilliant and delicate organism.

Shall not some pledge of permanent friendship be given,

here and now and loyally? Shall not some few words of kindly parting be spoken [for this venerable volume, as it "lags superfluous on the stage," with a gentlest reproach on its wasted features, now that the tragedy is acted out, the curtain ready to fall, and the manager impatient to shut off the electric lights?

When the feast of poets is breaking up, and hearts are mellow with sympathy, shall not a few words of innocent gallantry be spoken to the modest Ganymede who has filled the cups, like those spoken to the daughter of King Alcinous, as she lingered by a tall pillar in her father's mansion?

As a stupendous mausoleum of learned industry, a mausoleum that cost thousands of precious, consecrated, toilsome lives, that perpetuates the power, while it epitaphs the grave of a mighty nation, the old Greek lexicon is well worth a place of honor in the scholar's library.

Before it could come into existence, the wonderful language, whose elements it holds in solution, must have grown up from chaos to cosmos, by the slow accretions and coral-like masonry of centuries.

The winged symbols of thought, at first unorganized, guerilla vocalities, rude onomatopes, echoing natural sounds—*voces, et præterea nihil*—these lawless ejaculations must have found permanent shape and lodgment in written words. Historians must be trained and inspired to investigate and record after sifting the wheat from the chaff. Poets must be schooled to sing and dramatize. Orators and philosophers must be trained to magnetize and control the masses.

The nation they represent must build itself up in wealth and power, and must spread itself over large territory with the vital patience and rooted tenacity of a climbing oak. It must run its career of conquest on land and sea; it must make splendid achievements in architecture and art, in music and the drama; it must be lapped in luxuries won by commerce, by traffic, by industry, by servile toil; it must then rust to decay in some whirlwind of war and internal strife. The nation must give up its independence to invading powers and lose its cher-

ished glory, save so much as is presented to the world in its temples, its tombs, its papyri, its historic coins, and its books.

Among these books will be such keys to the language and its literature as the "Onomasticon" of Julius Pollux, the "Glossarium" of Hesychius, and the "Lexicon" of Photius. These and similar works must be transported to other climes; must become the study, the stimulus, the nurture, and the delight of devoted scholars in later centuries. Their utter destruction must be threatened by fire and flood, by tempest and volcano, by war and pillage, by moth and mildew, by ignorance and brutal spite, by avarice and fanatic malice. These priceless records of genius must be hoarded with pious care by cowed Carmelite and withered antiquary in the stillness of religious solitude, where they are painfully copied over and over, with marginal emendations and footnotes of commentary.

This precious deposit of a nation's intellectual wealth and bequest must sleep on, safely forgotten, through long ages of mediæval darkness, unharmed by the southward tramp of Scandinavian hordes, undisturbed by the eastward rush and roar of crusading torrents, until at last it comes forth from convent crypts, from imperial hiding places, from disentombed cities, moth-eaten, dust-laden, fire-blackened, to be infinitely multiplied, and made sure of immortality by the newly invented printing press, to be used in helping forward the renaissance of learning and art, and in guiding the progress of a higher Christian civilization.

A new race of grammarians, scholiasts, etymologists, metrists, annotators, philologists, archeologists, a noble brotherhood of Champollions, Layards, Neanders, Tischendorfs, Schliemanns, Cesnolas, must be reared up and schooled for the work of deciphering unaccented uncials in mutilated and corrupt papyri, uncovering twice-used palimpsests, filling up deplorable gaps — *hiatus valde deflendus* — restoring lost phrases, turning the light of history upon obscure readings and defaced inscriptions, baffling the sphynxes of rhythm, Ithurielizing disguised errors, and finally disintegrating these master works of genius, that out of the piecemealed rubbish might be con-

structed the all-embracing, thoroughly digested, oracular lexicon, that shall say to all thirsters after Greek knowledge, "Ask, and ye shall be answered; seek, and ye shall surely find."

Think for a moment what it cost to produce these thesauri of unorganized words, these magazines of unsandaled thought, so conveniently tabulated, so promptly responsive to every hurried call. Think of the long journeys it cost through Saharas of arid lore, with the racking wear and tear of busy, puzzled brain, cheated often by the mirage of false reading; think of the desperate endeavors to classify chaos; to organize Babel, and bring method out of endless confusion; think of searching for enclitic needles in logaedic haymows; think of the iron energy and patience slowly exhausted, as granite is worn away by continual dropping, with the stinted measures of long-deferred reward, and say if the Greek lexicon deserves to be neglected the moment it becomes more an ornament than a necessity. Tell me if it should be thrown aside at the close of a classical curriculum, like a used-up cigar, or a last week's newspaper.

Something of gratitude surely is due to the self-denying enthusiasm of those early martyrs to classical knowledge and linguistic exploration who were content to serve "not as pupils, but as the slaves of science, the pioneers of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish, and clear obstructions from the path through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge who facilitates their progress."

Recall the exemplary and wondering appreciation of Scaliger who on his reverent knees rendered thanks to Heaven for being "so good as to inspire some few men with a genius for making dictionaries."

Realize, if you can, what an agony of despair was mother to the grim conceit that hell is paved not so much with good intentions as with good lexicons. Think no longer of the undying worm and the quenchless fire, of Homer's Sisyphus sweating under his huge slippery boulder, of Tantalus famished in the midst of mocking plenty, of the Danaides draining a

river with perforated dippers, of Prometheus with a daily vulture tugging at his vitals; of Beckford's Vathek in the dismal hall of Eblis, with his hand on his wasting heart, of the gnashing teeth,

The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.

Substitute for all these used-up symbols, the making of dictionaries as the truest emblem of hell's extreme torture, the only punishment that includes and epitomizes all other punishments:

*Scribendaque lexica mandat  
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.*

So much for lexicography in the past. And the work is still going on with amazing enterprise, enthusiasm, and vast wealth of agencies in the building of new and more complete lexicons for modern languages. The scholars of Germany, France, and England are struggling with unflagging energy to outstrip all precedents and all competition in perfecting the census of words in their several languages. German linguists are such restless, endless workers that if thoroughly beaten they would never find it out. France, with its intense egotism, is bound to have all other languages revolve about its *Dictionnaire Français*, if it costs another Tower of Babel. England has gained an immense advantage at the outset by organizing an international system, under the lead of Doctor James A. H. Murray, in a heroic struggle for the supreme laurel, with its new English dictionary, in six quarto volumes, each larger than Webster's International.

The brazen shield in which Hercules and Iphicles were rocked, when their mother, Alcmena, crooned her immortal lullaby, was equally useful in the nursery and on the battlefield. So the Greek lexicon is capable of a kindly service, after "the drilled dull lessons" of the classroom are ended. Its resources for culture, for entertainment, for inspiration, are not then exhausted. There is still cream on its surface and gold in its veins. Wit, wisdom, eloquence, and song still live in its afflu-

ent suggestiveness. "Age can not wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety."

Whoso reads right will rarely look upon  
A better poet than his lexicon.

It can keep down the narrow drawbridge that connects the loud stirring outer world with "the still air of delightful studies." It carries on each page a magic mirror that will bring before fancy's vision the calm, benignant features of those mighty word masters, whom the fond attachment of scholars would not suffer to die, even if their death were a possible doom.

So long as life's lamp holds out to burn, the lexicon should be a welcome daily aid for the study of inspired truth, of truth as lodged in the gracious Greek words of the New Testament.

Some years ago, two graduates of this college met at a General Assembly. One said to the other, "I read a chapter in the Greek Testament every morning." "Very good," replied the fellow-graduate, "I not only read a chapter in the Greek Testament every morning, but I commit a portion of it to memory, and I find I can now memorize it as easily as I can the English translation."

When the sacred history of our Saviour, with its vital relations to the upward progress of our race, with its rich freightage of subjects and suggestions for painters and sculptors, poets and orators, has wrested from sneering unbelievers the confession that they "find in it the grandest things ever written," when Byron and Shelley filch from it their sweetest honey, how overwhelming its claims on the Christian scholar! What book in the wide range of history, science, biography, and literature is half so worthy of intimate, hearty, accepted knowledge as the volume that came from divine inspiration, and in the self-same words of its first coming! What a priceless boon is his who owns a key to its treasures in the Greek lexicon!

Is it too much to say in this presence, that the lexicon will perpetuate not ungrateful memories of a period of study now



closing, in which the relation of student and teacher has not been one of antagonism, alienation, and distance, but of mutual sympathy and trust and good feeling? In coming years, when sorrow and disappointment and toil have furrowed the brow, and pushed the golden bowl to the edge of its breaking, the unchanged lexicon will have its story to tell, when there is comfort in the telling, of youth's eager aspirations, sobered now by rough reality, of study's genial nurture and discipline, still adding something of sweetness and something of beauty to the surroundings of life's monotonous drudgery. It will tell of castles in the Spain of a college daydream, whose brilliant ruins have been formed into the solid structures of a workful, useful life.

It will help to keep green the memory of unenvious rivalries, that brought the rewards of finish and enterprise to scholarship, of grace and nutriment to thinking, of strength and ripeness, depth and breadth to character. It will help to perpetuate the rare blessing that lives in those hearty, breezy, unmercenary companionships of student days, with their tender backward glances, and their eager onward reachings that search the soul, as with June's quickening sunshine, for its hidden seeds of heroism, and bid them blossom into generous deeds,

As thrills a long-hushed tone  
Live in the viol, so will souls grow fine  
With deep vibrations from the touch divine  
Of noble natures gone.

## CHAPTER X

### LANGUAGE LOVER AND SPELLING REFORMER

PHILOLOGIST—THE STUDY OF WORDS—PUNS AND PUNSTERS  
—THE SPELLING REFORM MOVEMENT—THE LANGUAGE OF  
THE FUTURE—INDEBTEDNESS OF ENGLISH TO THE GREEK  
LANGUAGE—SILENT AND SUPERFLUOUS LETTERS—THE  
ARGUMENT FOR PHONETIC SPELLING—JOSH BILLINGS.

To some persons, words are things concrete, prosaic, simply tools of intercommunication, unsuggestive as the clothes they wear ; to Doctor North, each word in itself was a parable, a saga, a history informed with life and poetry, an integral part of the immense epic of humanity. The mystery and the wonder of words, of their origin, evolution, and significance, appealed to him. His own training had been received before the era of the specialist, and the study of language by the methods of modern philology. He never cared to write a Greek grammar, or to indulge in dry and dusty disquisitions on the intricacies of the Greek particles. Thus his mind was left unwarped to imbibe the Greek love of life and beauty, to live in the Greek thought, and to sensitize the Greek poetry. In his study of words, he was poet and philologist combined. His knowledge of Greek and Latin was an open sesame to the beauties, the intricacies, and the significances of the modern languages with which he was familiar—the English, the French, and the German. He loved to wander among etymologies, as he loved to wander amid forests and fields. Several of the most delightful of his lectures dealt with words. The philolo-

gist's power of observation and the literary artist's taste and feeling find expression in his lecture on "The Worth of Words," from which these extracts are taken :

#### THE WORTH OF WORDS

Homer is the poet of an exact physiology when he characterizes men as "voice dividers," *μέροτες ἄνθρωποι*, so true it is that the words we articulate in our daily voice-dividing intercourse with one another are the proof of our creation in God's likeness. They are the proof of our supreme spiritual dignity. They are the proof and support of our elevation above the prone, dumb brute that lives without articulate, thoughtful, voice-dividing speech ; that dies with no hope of a future life, making no sign, and asking for no epitaph. No fact in all life's wonders is more wonderful than this, that by sending our words to the printer we may talk to live thinkers in the twenty-first century, just as Theocritus talks to us to-day with words written twenty-one centuries ago.

What, then, is there in all nature more marvelous than speech, unless it be thought, and it may be claimed that speech is the more wonderful of the two. Shelley makes such a claim in his "Prometheus Unbound" :

He gave man speech and speech created thought,  
Which is the measure of the universe.

It is claimed by some philologists that we can think of single objects without giving them names. Yet all allow that continuous, logical thinking compels the use of language.

It is not alone in our outward life, not alone in our dealings with one another, that we feel the need and confess the worth of words. We use them as instruments of thought. Purely abstract, unworded thinking is almost impossible. We can no more think without words, than we can compute without the nine digits. Imagination glories in its freedom, yet this freedom is as much in bondage to words as the bird's freedom is a debt to its wings. So rooted is our habit of identifying ideas with words, that if we undertake to carry

forward a train of unexpressed thinking, without the aid of words, we shall soon discover that we have undertaken a task not simply difficult, but beyond human ability. We shall soon find ourselves as much bewildered as a mariner at sea in a midnight tempest, without chart, compass, or rudder. So true it is that words are the keys which unlock all the chambers of thought and fancy, and give us free access to all the vast treasures hoarded in our spiritual nature. They are the power that helps us to mate and commune with all the mighty intellects of the past.

Whether found in ancient or modern literature, words will repay all the time and thought we may give to them. They will make rich returns for the toil of manipulating dry grammars, corpulent lexicons, and fossil text-books.

If one would investigate the science of words, it will be pertinent to ask, By what authority do they accomplish their ends? Whence do they draw this authority? What is there in their nature to give them so much of might and dominion?

It will not satisfy such questions to say that words are indebted for all of their authority and influence to the thoughts they enunciate. The thought is something — a something that is vital and not to be dispensed with. Yet the bare thought is not everything. We all know that the same thought may be put forth in a great variety of ways; that one expression is chilling and disagreeable; another is warm and welcome. We well know that of text-books in which the same subject is handled, the same facts presented, and the same conclusions arrived at, one will be read with eager delight; the other will not be read at all. We know, too, that the truths of the gospel — truths vital to the soul's eternal welfare — will fall from one pulpit like the voice of a trumpet, rousing listeners to think and feel and act. From another pulpit the same confessedly vital and everlasting truths will drop, like soothing poppy juices, lulling men, women, and children to nod and dream.

Whence this wide difference, if it is not to be found, partly at least, in the French maxim, "*Le style c'est l'homme*" (The

style is the man)? The power of one's thought depends not more upon its quality and truthfulness than upon the way the thought is put into syllables.

It must be right to say that words derive something of authority and power to impress from sources that are collateral to the truths expressed.

One of these collateral sources, often overlooked, is that of innate significance. Words are signs of ideas. These signs are either natural or arbitrary. They are natural when we discover a correspondence between sound and sense: a sympathy between the thought and its symbol. When the sound of a word itself suggests a fact, or an idea, or a feeling, and this when it appears in different languages may be said to have a natural, inborn expressiveness. Such words were at first the invention of rude men, or men of different vernaculars, in their efforts to reciprocate ideas.

The Greek language was wonderfully hospitable to the innate significance of imitative words. In calling the donkey a *ὄγκητής*, or brayer, the bird of Juno a *κόκκυξ*, or cuckoo, the bumblebee a *βομβυλῖός*, or buzzer, the pig a *γρύλλος*, or grunter, the katydid a *τέττιξ*, or tickster, the piper a *συριστής*, or whistler, the cymbal player a *τυμπανιστής*, or drummer, the faultfinder, *γογγυστής*, or mutterer, the Greeks named these creatures after their familiar noises. Thus they revealed the wonderful sympathy of the Greek language with the messages it was commissioned to carry.

The words *echo*, *thwack*, *crash*, *roar*, *shiver*, *hiss*, in our own language, belong to this imitative class. Who that has ever had his own shout tossed back into his ears by a smooth, high wall can fail to see the native authority for such a word as *echo*? Nor will one marvel to find that a word, whose sound so fitly vocalizes the idea it conveys, is a home-bred indigenous word, as well in the ancient as the modern tongues.

As for *thwack*, *crash*, *roar*, and *shiver*, a wood chopper in the ice-bound forests of Russia would make a good guess at their meaning, without the help of Webster or Worcester.

The Saxon *hiss* is noticeable for its innate significance. Its natural descriptiveness, however, is somewhat weakened by the fact that sibilants abound in our vernacular — so exceedingly abound that Southey once declared the old serpent must have borrowed an Englishman's tongue for the tempting of Eve. Byron, you know, calls it

Our harsh, northern, whistling, grunting guttural  
Which we're obliged to hiss and spit and sputter all.

If a child, with a child's slender stock of words, were required, as Adam was, to give names to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, there is a strong likelihood that the hen would be christened a "kut-kut-ker-dar-kut," and the horse a "kanter-ti-banter." That we never wholly outgrow this preference for words that are onomatopoeic, or reproductive of natural sounds, is proved by the warm favor we extend to such musical names as "bobolink," "katydid," "bul-bul," and "whippoorwill." These names are dear to all natural poets. They are liked because of a close and pleasant association between them and the objects they stand for. Their meaning is not arbitrary and conventional, but natural and self-suggested.

Words can also be combined by ingenious poets so skillfully that their undulations of rhythmical sound shall repeat to the ear just what they picture to the mind. When Virgil describes the rapid motion of a body of cavalry, the cantering of horses is distinctly audible in the dactylic cadence of the verse. Hear it:

*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*

Virgil's onomatope is only a close imitation of Homer's

πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, πᾶραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

Alexander Pope tried hard to reproduce this inimitable line. But Pope's animals go with a limp:

O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er rocks, o'er crags they go.

Homer celebrates the fatal archery of angry Apollo with an imitative hexameter, in which one can hear the sharp twang

of the bow, the whiz of the arrow, and the hum of the vibrating string :

*Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένητ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῶ.*

In Tennyson's famous "Owl Song," which critics have sharply condemned as poor nursery jingle, because not understanding the author's purpose, the rhythm echoes most musically the melancholy voice of Minerva's night bird :

I would mock thy chaunt anew,  
But I can not mimic it ;  
Not a whit of thy tu-whoo,  
Thee to woo to thy to-whit,  
Thee to woo to thy to-whit,  
With a lengthened, loud halloo,  
Tu-whoo, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whoo.

Sometimes words derive power to captivate and impress from their novelty and unexpectedness. Odd as it may seem, it is none the less true, that certain words make an impression upon us because they are old ; because they are descended, like Mæcenas, from a long line of honored ancestors. Other words make an impression upon us because they are new ; because, like the first Napoleon, they stand at the head of what promises to be an important dynasty. We like an old friend who links our thoughts to sweeter days, who goes down with us in memory's diving bell, to search for the lost pearls of the past. We will never desert that old friend, yet this need not prevent our giving hearty greeting to a new acquaintance. We love the old classical words that have waited so loyally like nimble Ariels on the lips of Cicero, Demosthenes, and Homer ; yet this is no reason for giving the cold shoulder to the new words, just beginning their career of influence.

To say, as some purists persist in saying, an author or speaker shall never invent a new term or a new combination of verbal elements, when words are the instruments he uses for giving outward body to his thoughts, is as hard as it would be to say the mechanic shall never invent a new piece of machinery. As the mechanic constructs labor-saving

machinery, so the thinker finds out speech-saving words. New inventions in science and art necessitate the inauguration of new forms of speech for describing them. When Daguerre invented his method of persuading the sun to turn portrait painter, it created a peremptory demand for the words "daguerreotype" and "photograph." The submarine telegraph suggested and justified the use of cablegram. In the domain of literature and pure science, the call for novelties of expression may be less apparent, but it is not less real and pressing.

A writer of original force and fertility finds himself possessed of and possessed by some striking thought which no existing phrase is competent to embody and fully set forth. He is driven to the alternative of either crippling this new-born thought to which he is father and natural guardian, or of contriving an appropriate costume for it. The latter course he is not slow to choose, and his readers, should his contrivance be felicitous, are not slow to thank him for his bold ingenuity.

There is room and call for progress in the art of utterance, as well as in those other arts of which it is preservative. Moreover, there is a charm and a luster about words newly minted that would secure their popular acceptance, even were they not sometimes essential to an author's full, sincere, and earnest expression of himself.

The conversion of notorious names into *pro tempore* verbs, like *μηδίζω* from *μηδικός*, is an easy expedient often resorted to by the Greeks for giving concreteness and crystallization to ideas which otherwise would have to be served up in diluted form. This trick of word coining is not a modern discovery. The word "Philippize" was first used by Demosthenes just before the battle of Chæronea. Some of his friends wished to consult the oracle of Delphi. Demosthenes shook his head: "The oracle Philippizes." This was the orator's way of hinting that the priestess had taken a bribe from Philip, and that her responses would be in his interest. If an Athenian aped the quaint, slovenly habits of Xanthippe's husband, he was said to Socratize. It is related of Desiderius Eras-



mus, the leading Hellenist of the sixteenth century, founder of the continental system of Greek pronunciation, that when he tried to advocate reforms in the Roman church, without indorsing the secession of Martin Luther, another famous Hellenist, Alexander of Venice, coined his condemnation in a Greek epigram that must have been suggested by the example of Demosthenes :

ὁ Λουθηρὸς ἐρασμίζει, ὁ Ἑρασμὸς λουθηρίζει.  
Luther Erasmusizes, Erasmus Lutherizes.

Is there no danger that our language will in the end become overloaded and enfeebled by this unending accession of new words? Not the slightest. Wherever there is life, there must also be growth. A tree can not live without its annual renewal of leaves and shoots. If a language is to live, it must live by growing. No American or Englishman ever has occasion to use half the words in his unabridged dictionary. Probably Shakespeare used more words than any other English author. Yet his plays contain not more than 15,000 out of 120,000. Milton needed only 8,000 words for the pyramid of his immortal fame, and the Old Testament says all it has to say with 5,642 words. With Homer the making of new words was as easy as lying, yet he used only 9,000. A well-educated person will be contented with the service of about 4,000 words for social purposes. A washerwoman contrives to worry through the world and do a large stroke of gossiping on a capital of about 300 words.

\* \* \* \* \*

Using words in a double sense is another way of clothing them with an increase of executive power. To say this is a step taken on debatable ground. Puns are Ishmaelites in literature. Everybody has a sneer to fling at them. Certainly the professional punster, who dedicates his whole soul to the business of catching and torturing unoffending words and phrases, is one of the meanest of all who sport the unruly member. Yet puns are not to be altogether despised, when they come unsought. They are as old as Homer, and indigenous to every language. Milton introduces an

assortment of them into the "Paradise Lost." Queerly enough, they are all uttered by fallen angels. This may have been Milton's way of expressing contempt for this species of wit. He made a proper disposition of them, at all events. For they are lame attempts at humor.

As a class, punsters are cold-blooded, irreverent, and remorseless. Nothing is too pure or sacred or high to be assailed by them, or to be used as a means of assault. They will even wrest the language of Scripture, and with an effect all the broader from the hallowed memories that linger about the sentences, which by a little sleight of tongue are made to convey the most ludicrous impressions.

It may also be said that words derive authority from being used with economy. One who should follow the practice of throwing gold coin to each wayside beggar would both impoverish himself and spoil the beggar's relish for fivepenny charities. So the writer who wastes the choicest wealth of his vernacular on beggarly commonplaces will find his tongue poor and bankrupt when great good thoughts are struggling to be uttered. As for the commonplaces, they will only be made ridiculous by being arrayed in garments too wide for their shrunk proportions.

This leads me to say once more, that words derive a large share of authority and effectiveness from the character and position of those who use them. A government bond has no value in the market, unless there is good faith behind it. Words have more strength when uttered by strong men. It is a common remark that in preaching the thing of least consequence is the sermon. The most effective of all sermons, and that which gives the greatest efficacy to every other, is the sermon of a blameless Christian life.

When a blustering poltroon, like Thersites or Falstaff, deals out valiant words, we laugh at the speech and waste no amens on the speaker. Let the same syllables come from one of tried heroism, and we listen as to an oracle. Washington was a man of few sentences, and these were not always trimmed and toileted after the latest rhetorical pattern. Yet each public

utterance from his great heart went to millions of hearts like an inspired gospel. The first Napoleon was a dealer in short, rough sentences. Yet his countrymen knew that he meant what he said. They knew that his words would not come back to him void. The majesty of his whole character and career gave weight and inspiration to his most casual remarks. His language gave expression to his life as appropriately as thunder gives voice to the lightning :

*Cujus vita fulgor, ejus verba tonitrua.*

When he said to his soldiers just before the battle of Borodino, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz !" there was that in his voice which took from death its sting and made fighting a fierce joy.

Andrew Jackson was not a finished rhetorician, but when South Carolina threatened to secede, his declaration, "By the eternal, this Union shall be preserved," killed secession for half a century, and helped the heroes of the war for the Union to kill it forever.

It is written of our Blessed Saviour that "he spake as never man spake ; as one having authority and not as the scribes." This authority was based on his purity of life, his benevolence of heart, his intrepid truthfulness, his believed divinity. In its grammatical elements Christ's language was precisely like that of the Pharisees. He used the same vowels and consonants ; the same parts of speech ; yet no taint of hypocrisy destroyed their lustrous edge and vital force. So great was the authority of his language, it gave him a distinctive title. He was language deified, ὁ λόγος. "In the beginning was the Word, ὁ λόγος, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Being made flesh, and speaking among us out of the fullness of his grace and truth, he affords an adorable example of the beneficent and transcendent power that will ever shrine itself in words fitly and righteously and earnestly spoken.

Doctor North was not only philologist and poet ; he was also a utilitarian, in his language study ; and so it happened that in later years he became earnestly inter-

ested in the cause of spelling reform, and prepared several public addresses on the subject which attracted wide attention, and were helpful to the cause. Doctor North's case was one among the many which prove that the movement for the simplification and unification of English orthography, instead of being a movement hostile to the preservation of linguistic purity and tradition, appeals to the best instincts of the scholar and the language lover. He says in one of his lectures that when he first began to seriously study the subject, he was ready to join with other conservatives in a skeptical laugh at the spelling reform; but that he had found the facts, when fairly considered, fatal to indifference. "As men have been converted by an effort to prove Christianity a failure, I frankly confess I have been made a moderate spelling reformer by trying to satisfy myself that the spelling reform is uncalled for, Quixotic and impossible;" and he continues, "has not the time gone by when we are required to think of our mother tongue as a mysterious household divinity, hedged about with an authority that must never be questioned, perplexing us with decisions that must be accepted, right or wrong, clothed with innumerable attributes that must be treated with all the greater tenderness if they are whimsical, unhistorical, oppressive, and exasperating?"

He rejoiced to find himself in the best of company, after he had enrolled himself in the ranks of the spelling reformers, and burned his bridges behind him. He attended a meeting of the American Philological Association at Saratoga, in 1878, and joined its members in a resolution indorsing the movement. When he got home, he was moved to write down some of his impressions of that meeting:

When we think of the eighty millions or more of men, women, and children, who, in each quarter of the globe, in

schoolrooms and countingrooms, in Grub-street garrets and log cabins, in college halls, and perfumed parlors, are painfully, piously, perseveringly struggling with the absurdities of our written vernacular, the action of those philologists at Saratoga has in it elements of faith, hope, and courage that are well-nigh sublime. A scoffing unbeliever might say that it recalled the sturdy illogical energy of Dame Partington, mopping back the Atlantic ocean from her kitchen at Sidmouth. Yet it is not quite impossible that this spelling reform, now despised and neglected, may one day become itself the rising tide that shall laugh to scorn the mopping Partingtons of the current unorthography.

Such ripe and honorable scholars as Professor Francis A. March of Lafayette College ; Professor W. D. Whitney of Yale College ; Professor S. S. Haldeman of the University of Pennsylvania ; Hon. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education ; Professor I. Hammond Trumbull, Professor Max Müller, and others who give their support to the spelling reform, are not bookworms, with their intellectual eyes put behind. They are wide-minded philanthropists, as well as gifted and erudite scholars. They are men of practical good sense and sagacity, who look upon written language not as a fetish, to be blindly worshiped, but as an instrument worthy to be studied in all its wonderful history, and most worthy to be improved and perfected, like any other human contrivance for satisfying human wants.

They believe that in all works of science and all text-books for study the supreme excellence is the telling of the truth with clearness, exactness, and simplicity of statement. They look forward to the time when written and oral language shall be so improved, that the young in years may become veterans in knowledge and wisdom ; when opening and eager intellects shall be enriched with the wealth of centuries devoted to toilsome study ; when beginners in learning may appropriate in half a day principles which the most gifted scholars have spent half a life to establish. In this way, with the needless burdens of the spelling book removed, the language of prophecy may be strikingly fulfilled — "The child shall die an hundred years old."

These spelling reformers are not looking for a miracle, or a sudden revolution. They well understand that language is a growth, and not a creation ; a growth of centuries, with its network of roots reaching back through all the history of our race. But as a living tree is made more symmetrical, thrifty, and fruitful by judicious pruning, so they believe that a living language may be pruned and trained by skillful word masters into shapelier growth, and taught to meet the demands of the thinker, the scientist, the orator, the poet, the journalist, with increased vigor, economy, clearness, and beauty.

The spelling reformers fully understand how hard it is to root out and exterminate the thistles of a corrupt dialect. They understand that the success of the spelling reform will destroy the value of large investments in dictionaries, spelling books, and school manuals. They realize that millions of teachers and graduates from colleges and schools would find themselves relegated to the position of learners and unlearners — trying to forget what had been laboriously acquired, and trying to reconcile fingers and eyes and memory to simpler methods of spelling. They remember that millions of epitaphs in old cemeteries and millions of books in old libraries would never cease to utter silent protest. They are not unmindful that the spelling match would lose something of the high-keyed interest that belongs to a game of chance.

These spelling reformers also remember that each thirty years brings upon the stage a new generation of word users. They find comfort in thinking that the men and women of a new generation, trained at the mother's knee and in the schools to the simpler method of spelling words as they are vocalized, with one letter for each sound and one sound for each letter, will exult in their freedom, like an athlete to run a race. When the rainy days come, and the long winter evenings, as they decipher the old editions of Shakespeare and Milton in some great-grandsire's library, will there not be a new meaning in Desdemona's words :

'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange,  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

Possibly, also, those rainy-day readers in the great-grandsire's library may find a new meaning in Milton's words :

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks ; methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam ; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

He was profoundly impressed with the civilizing mission of the English language, which he regarded as the coming world language, for reasons which he stated thus :

It has been estimated that in the year 1978 the population of the United States will be upward of two hundred and fifty million. What an audience that is to be reached and influenced by a single author ! Yet two hundred and fifty million will not be the half of those who will then speak the Anglo-Saxon language, and draw the best daily nutriment of their souls from the Anglo-Saxon literature.

It is claimed by foreign scholars that the leading language of the future must fulfill two essential conditions : it must have enough of German and Latin to commend it to the Latin and Teutonic races ; it must be spoken by a good majority of civilized people. The English language alone fulfills these conditions. It fulfills them to-day. A hundred years hence they will be fulfilled much more abundantly. Our language is about half German and half Græco-Latin. This can be shown by rigid analysis. Take one hundred words from one of Daniel Webster's orations, which may pass for a good sample of our best current English. Classify these words, according to their derivation, and fifty-one will be Græco-Latin ; forty-nine will be Germanic, with here and there a vigorous word of Celtic or Gaelic origin. Forty-one of the Græco-Latin words come to us through the French, many of them having crossed the channel with William the Conqueror in 1066. All the

Græco-Latin words have inherent meaning ; twenty-eight of the forty-eight German words will be essential particles, without inherent meaning.

These are inside conditions that give our mother tongue a great advantage in the exciting struggle now going on between the languages of Christian civilization. In copiousness the English language is without a rival. It has already more than one hundred and twenty thousand words, and every year is adding to its hospitable vocabulary. As our government welcomes men of every clime to the rights of citizenship, so our hospitable language welcomes words of every nation, so far as they are needed, to a place in its literature.

The superior claims of the English are due to its easy construction, to its catholic and cosmopolitan nature, to its readiness to assimilate words, idioms, and rhythms from other tongues, to its union of Græco-Latin elegance with Germanic vigor in its wealth of thought and literature. Its universal adoption is retarded by its spelling and capricious pronunciation. Foreigners call it a cruelty to tax their memories with such needless linguistic conundrums. Foreigners tell us that language should be made as easy as possible both for children and for aliens ; and that English ought to be written with some deference to the laws of phonography.

These foreign critics are not unreasonable. The law-defiant spelling of the English language is a monstrous cruelty to the human family ; and the time has come when scholars ought to say so, and begin the work of reforming a pedantic, absurd system of spelling that fills our schoolhouses with needless misery, and keeps millions of English-speaking people in life-long bondage to the unabridged dictionary. \* \* \*

He brought his technical knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages to bear to demolish the common solecism that by dropping the silent letters in many English words we shall destroy the traces of their identity and origin. He did not hesitate to make use of a gentle satire in driving home his point :



After a Greekist has once recognized in the monosyllabic *alms* the crushed and mutilated remains of St. Paul's ἐλεημοσύνη, he is not unprepared for such mild reforms as are proposed by a convention of linguists who know how to read the inner life of a nation in its words ; who remember that

Words are things, and a small drop of ink,  
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces  
That which makes millions think.

The sacred debt our language owes to the ancient Greek increases with each advance in science, in philosophy, and in the art of expression. The plastic nature of the Greek fits it for meeting all the new exigencies of scientific nomenclature. Our poets must always find their rhythms and our orators their highest inspiration in the Attic masterpieces. This debt is neither repudiated nor ignored when we throw aside such an excrescence as the digraph *ph* in *phlegm*, *phthisis*, *diphthong*, *diphtheria*, *phantasm*, *alphabet*, *philosophy*, *philopena*. In our *fame* and the Latin *fama*, the *f* represents the  $\phi$  of the Greek φήμη as truly as it would be represented by *ph*.

If we can always spell *fantastic* with an *f*, why not its cognate *phantom* ? Italians and Spaniards spell their *filosofia* with a pair of *f*'s, that have a look of honest independence. There is not the slightest danger that Italian and Spanish *filosofos* will ever forget the Greek birthplace of their chosen study.

If we must retain *ph* in these words, because they come from the Greek, then *ph* should be displaced from *cipher* and *nephew*, which coming from the French *chiffre* and *neveu* have somehow stolen the Greek livery.

Our right to follow Shakespeare, in spelling *vial* with a *v*, though it comes from the Greek φιάλη, is as undoubted as the Frenchman's right to spell with an *f* his *firole*, from the same root.

If the Italian has been forgiven for softening the *phlegma* and *phthisis* of his Latin forefathers into *flemma* and *tisica*, would not the society for preventing cruelty to children be justified in arraigning the spelling books for such inhumanities as *phlegm*, *phthisis*, and *hemorrhage* ?

And while they are about it, they might as well insist that *arraignment* shall drop the French *g* as a silent letter, not to be found in its root. *Arraignment* should be as easy to prune as *companion*, formerly spelt with a silent *g*, from the French *compagnion*, Latin *con* and *panis*.

In 1773 John Trumbull, while a tutor in Yale College, published a Hudibrastic poem, in which he sings "The Progress of Dulness" through three cantos. One *l* was enough for "dulness" then; what has "dulness" done during the last century that it should be punished with a double *l*?

The argument in support of what is called historical spelling is two-handed, and as serviceable to one party as to the other. In Richard Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," published in 1605, that learned author anticipates one of the proposed reforms by ending with a single consonant such words as "ful," "hil," "od," and "shal." It is equally noticeable that Richard Verstegan spells "beeing," "boyes," "hee," "vattes," and "yeare" with a superfluous *e*, thus showing that if our language has lost in one direction, it has gained in another.

In old English *knowledge* rhymed *college* to the eye, as well as to the ear. Do we sharpen the edge of our modern knowledge by padding it with a *d*?

*Programme* is *comme il faut*, if one is writing French, but *program* seems more at home in the society of its Greek half brothers, *anagram*, *epigram*, *diagram*, *monogram*, *telegram*. Consistency is a good thing, even in the spelling book. Germans have the advantage of us in knowing how to stop after they have completed the phonetic spelling of *katalog*, *dialog*, and *monolog*. We cling, thus far, to the pleonastic French way of spelling these Greek derivatives, and we pay the cost in time, ink, patience, independence. Sometimes we go beyond the French in padding with silent letters, as in *haughtiness* from *hauteur*, *dispatch* from *dépêche*, *parliament* from *parlement*.

If we stand fast for historical spelling, then *economy*, *ecumenical*, *ether*, must begin, as aforetime they began, with a diphthong, like *æsthetics*.

*Rheumatism* is a Greek word, but if we would spell it Greekishly, we must place the *h* at the beginning, where it would stand for the Greek aspirate, and where the Anglo-Saxon places it in *hwilc* from which we derive our *which*.

The standard spelling of *choir* is so unphonetic and absurd, that botanists might call it one of the sports of our eccentric mother tongue. Coming down to us from the *χορός* of the old Greek theater, through the muddling strainer of Norman French, it is false to both; equally false in spelling and pronunciation. The French *chœur* is not to be complained of here, if Parisians are satisfied. But the Anglo-Norman *choir* is a severe trial to American good-nature. Shakespeare's independence was shown by spelling this word two ways—twice Normanesequely, and thrice according to phonography. When he makes a verb of it, the Norman spelling seems too preposterous, and he tells us

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still *quiring* to the young-eyed cherubims.

But with phonetic spelling, how shall we distinguish between "a quire of angels" and "a quire of foolscap"? If we do contrive to make that nice distinction in rapid conversation, with words on the wing, will it not be "as easy as lying" when the visible words are before us in context, printed or written? As for etymology, verily the long and distinguished lineage of a cherubic *quire*, from the Greek *χορός*, will not be more difficult to trace than that of a foolscap *quire* from the Latin *quatuor*. The highest linguistic authorities agree in declaring that our standard English spelling is unhistorical, inconsistent, unphonetic, and not to be trusted as a guide to etymology.

These homophonous words are not an element of strength or perspicuity. But they must be accepted as a part of our inheritance. Their homophony is not changed to the ear by a difference in spelling, and it only adds to the needless toil and worry of beginners, to retain such curious and exasperating eccentricities.

Many English and American scholars have fallen into the

habit of condemning the *etacism* of the modern Greeks, who claim that they are justified in representing the sound of *ee* by six different letters, or combinations of letters, which in the time of Demosthenes must have been pronounced differently. These six vowels and diphthongs are *η, υ, ει, ηι, οι, υι*. The monotonous effect of this *etacism* may be illustrated by a sentence found in Herodotus, 2. 69 : τοῖσι παρὰ σφίσι γινομένοιαι κροκοδείλοισι τοῖσι ἐν τῇσι αἵμασιῇσι. Like to the hissing of snakes, or a violin concert on one string, would have been the public reading of Herodotus after that fashion.

But if a modern Greek, ambitious to read aloud Bryant's vivid and graceful version of Homer's Iliad, were to ask us by what law of analogy, or phonography, or derivation, the first and second syllables of *icicle* differ in pronunciation ; or by what higher law than mere caprice we harden the *sch* in *scheme* and *schedule*, while we soften the *sch*, one way in *schism* and another way in *schist*, both coming from the same Greek root ; or by what authority we difference the sound of *ch* in *Charlotte*, *Charles*, *character*, *choir*, *drachm* (the last three of Greek origin) ; or why *dead-head* should have two digraphs and *bed-stead* only one ; or why we persist in disrhyming *bound* and *wound*, *mind* and *wind*, *bowl* and *growl*, *precipice* and *sacrifice* ; or what good reason there can be for rhyming to the eye, while disrhyming to the ear, such words as *through*, *plough*, *hough*, *cough*, *borough*, *hiccough*, and *rough*, we should have to admit the tough and thorough absurdity of the thing ; or, with a kind of Sophoclean irony, which a Greek would be sure to appreciate, we might say that this was English orthography, or "straight-spelling," just as a Virginia fence is the shortest line between two corners ; but so long as the spelling reform is but a patter of raindrops on the fathomless ocean, we must ask our ingenious Greek to take part with us in our difficult game of *throughing* and *ploughing*, *houghing*, *coughing*, *boroughing*, *hiccoughing*, and *roughing*.

Ought we not to straighten out a few snarls in our mother tongue, before we send philological missionaries to the descendants of Aristotle and Longinus ?

In one of his lectures, Doctor North paid this tribute to Josh Billings—his old-time student and friend at Hamilton College :

Why is Josh Billings, alias Henry W. Shaw, whom the London "Spectator" has called the "American Montaigne," one of our favorite fireside authors? Why is he equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic—popular with the peasant and the scholar, the kings of thought, the lovers of hearty laughter? It may be partly because he conceals much valuable wisdom under his ingenious cacography; because his rich vein of humor leads always to richer veins of hard, unalloyed common sense. It may be partly because his guerrilla spelling, springing from a basis of unorganized philosophy, is a good-natured protest against the unrighteous tyranny of the standard dictionaries, and a manly declaration of personal independence. Josh Billings says to our venerable Mother Tongue, as she sits on her throne of awful state, bulwarked about with millions of books and enthralled professors, "I will spell my words as I go to my dinner, by the shortest cut, and if that is treason to your majesty, make the most of it." Many a true word is spoken in jest, and Josh Billings hits the champions of unphonographic spelling between the joints of the harness. Train a class of quick-witted Germans, previously ignorant of our language, to spell according to the Josh Billings method; then introduce them to the dictionary method, and which of the two ways would they instinctively select as most in keeping with the eternal fitness of things?

It is not to be inferred from these extracts that Doctor North was one of the radicals who advocated new alphabets to represent phonetically the sounds of the English language, or believed in pushing forward the spelling reform without regard to the thousand considerations which must operate to make the modification a work of time and patience. He never committed himself beyond the "five rules," so called, "all of

which," he wrote, "can be defended by historical precedent." These rules are :

(1) Omit silent *a* in such words as *health* and *head*; (2) omit silent *e* after a short vowel, as in *have*, *give*; (3) write *f* for *ph* in *alphabet*, *phantom*; (4) omit one of the double letters in *cliff*, *shall*; (5) change *ed* final to *t*, when it has the sound of *t*.

So soon as these simple and sensible changes are recognized in the dictionaries and spelling books, the ultimate triumph of the spelling reform is assured. Other needed changes will follow in their season. The results will be useful beyond calculation. It will be like substituting the friction match for the old-time tinder box, or the minie rifle for the continental musket, or the machine that quickly fills your granary with clean bright wheat for the Scriptural threshing floor, where slow oxen tread out the unwinnowed corn.

"The spelling reformers are prepared for honest doubting," wrote Doctor North, "for the inertia of fixed habits, for conservative reluctance, for ridicule, and selfish opposition." But they were not prepared, at least he was not, for the antics of the agitators who sought to accomplish in a day what could only be done in many generations. As these agitators became more conspicuous in the movement, Doctor North gradually withdrew from it, not abating his faith, but apparently not enjoying the company in which he sometimes found himself. The address from which this chapter has chiefly quoted was written in 1878. How he felt on the subject in 1883, may be inferred from a letter he wrote his friend, Mr. C. W. Bardeen of Syracuse, in reply to a bantering note :

APRIL 13, 1883.

MY DEAR BARDEEN: If you mean that the "spelling reform" is my foible, you may safely have called it by this time, a half foible — something growing by small degrees, and welcomely less. I have more faith in spelling reform than the spelling

reformers. As a class the spelling reformers are wearisome fanatics, who stupidly ignore the fact that language is a growth and not a creation. They can not see how the pig can be roasted without burning the homestead. I do pity the children who are to-day sweating over the chaotic spelling book. This P.M. one of our Bulgarian students brought me a letter he had written in English. He could not understand why believer and receiver should not rhyme in spelling as well as in speaking. There is this compensation, that our irregular spelling makes each English word a distinct power, with inherited rights and privileges. All this for you alone, and not for the public.

Yours very truly,

E. N.

## CHAPTER XI

### GARDENER AND NATURE LOVER

"HALFWAYUP" AND ITS TREES—THE PLEASURES OF VACATION—THE LOMBARDY POPLARS—SOME POEMS ON TREES—A TRIBUTE TO ANDREW J. DOWNING—PHILODENDRIA—A MISSIONARY TO FARMERS—REPORT ON PLANTING TREES—LAWNS—GREEK GARDENING.

A PROFOUND love of nature, and a longing to be close to nature, was one of Doctor North's distinguishing characteristics. He drew from nature his inspiration, his recreation, and his chief happiness, next to that of home and profession. The love of nature revealed itself in his poetry, and in the topics and treatment of much of his prose writings. It revealed itself in his love for the home on the hillside, which he early named "Halfwayup," because it was situated on the curve of what is known as "Sophomore hill," just about halfway between the foot and the summit of the series of hills which are crowned by the college buildings and campus. When this beautiful home was first occupied by Doctor North, it was surrounded by twenty-five acres of rough farm land, in much the condition that nature made it. Gradually the terraces were built which slope down to the house, and from the house to the garden; walks were laid out; orchards, shrubs, and trees were planted; hotbeds and arbors were constructed; and in time it became the picturesque evidence of Doctor North's skill as a landscape gardener. Rev. William H. Teel, one of his boys, thus describes "Halfwayup":





"HALFWAYUP."



"The broad east veranda of his home gave view of 'The landscape's shifting wealth of light and gloom.' Near and around, shadow-weaving, fruit-bearing, ornate, were 'The trees that whisper hints of Paradise.' His home acres and nest were a nook and belvedere, in a real earthly paradise, beautiful, almost, as that which John saw. Vine-clad porch, sunny lawn, breezy pasture, hemlock-crowned hill, gave view of elm-embowered Clinton across the valley, the Oriskany silvering the meadow's edge, or gleaming out, 'neath a long serpentine trail of foliage, and the landscape broadening and softening and purpling away toward the Booneton hills. The ascending roadway was bordered and ornamented by hedge and arbored seat and lawn and well-shaded homes with an air about them not of display, but of comfort and taste, and kindly welcome. The whole was jealously sentineled by lofty, gnarled, sinewy, lusty Lombardy poplars, singly or in rows, along the sidewalk."

All the professor's spare time, during the first twenty-five years of his residence here, was passed in the garden and the orchards, indulging his fondness for flowers and trees. His passion for trees exceeded his love for flowers. He planted every variety that would live on the bleak hillside and was obtainable—fruit trees, shade trees, shrubs, and bushes. Every variety of fruit found a home in his orchards—apples, pears, plums, cherries, small fruits, quinces, grapes, and even oranges flourished there. He became an expert at grafting and budding trees, and was always on the lookout for new varieties as a result of the crosses he undertook.

It was his special study to note what varieties of fruit were best suited to soil and climate, and promised the best rewards to his farmer neighbors. He used often to carry the results of his labors to the town and county fairs, and was proud of the premiums he brought home

with him. A newspaper notice of one of these exhibits (evidently written by himself) is worth reprinting for what it shows of his knowledge of pears :

Professor North, of Clinton, exhibits twenty varieties of pears. Among them are *Bartletts*, *Virgalieus* (free from blemish), and *Seckels* large enough to refute the only objection ever made to them. The specimens of the *Summer Rose* in this collection are small, and hardly worthy of the company they are in. *Per contra*, the *Flemish Beauties* are immense Dutch-built pears, with carnation cheeks right pleasant to look at. A friend called our attention to the *Stevens Genesee* as a variety that promises to more than fill the place of the *Virgalieu*, which in most localities cracks so badly that fruit-growers are out of patience with it. We notice in Professor North's collection several French varieties grown on quince that deserve more attention than they have hitherto received in this country. The *Gloire de Cambreone* has a rare vinous flavor. Its shape, color, and size are suggestive of a small crookneck squash. The *Compte de Laury*, in spite of its thick, tough skin, is a rich, sugary pear of the first quality. This is said to be a regular and prolific bearer, as much so as the *Louise Bonne de Jersey*. The *Napoleon* and *Beurre d'Amalis* promise a "good time" to somebody, when they are fully ripe. Most of the fruit exhibited this year is behind the season in respect to ripeness. We are sorry not to see more samples of winter pears. At any season, pears help to make a paradise, but in winter they are especially desirable. When other fruits are gone, or scarce, a dish of the *Glout Morceau* or the *Winter Nelis* will offset quite a catalogue of the ills that hibernating flesh is heir to.

Doctor North's journals contain many entries regarding the trees and flowers he planted, and they show a personal, fatherly interest in every one of them. Some of these entries reveal as much about the man as about trees and flowers :

*February 26, 1849.*—The weather is still warm. In fact I heard the voice of a bird while going to chapel this morning. A thousand pleasant thoughts and memories and anticipations were wakened by that lone bird's voice of

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie.

The sight of the brown turf as it tardily creeps out from its blanket of snow makes my fingers itch for spade and the iron-toothed rake.

*April 18, 1850.*—I have planted the American chestnuts and the filberts that I might have about the house reminders of the beautiful woods of Connecticut; that if I should ever be permitted to reach my second childhood it may be sweetened and refreshed by the sight and the shadow of trees similar to those with which my first childhood was familiar. The dear old woods of Connecticut, how I love to fancy that I am again threading their tangled paths, and shouting to my brothers through the leafy openings!

*April 18, 1851.*—I planted a barberry hedge between the little and the upper gates, about ninety feet. The ground was prepared by first removing the sod; then spading in a heavy dressing of rotted manure; and lastly spading in a layer of coal ashes. The rows of plants were set about one foot asunder, after this manner:

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I chose to plant a barberry hedge for several reasons:

1. It is a cheap fence. I planted the seed and raised the quicks myself. They were three years old last fall.
2. The plants are rapid growers and hardy. They are tenacious of life, will grow in a hard soil, and are subject to no disease.
3. They make a beautiful hedge. The bush itself presents a graceful appearance with its sheaf-shaped drooping head. Its flowers and berries are both highly ornamental.

4. They make a close, impervious hedge. The plant will, of its own accord, send out side shoots near the root ; and if headed back, will mat itself together as thick and fast as the hawthorn. Its many spines are sufficiently repulsive both to man and beast.

5. Such a hedge is novel and American. Every gentleman's garden has a hawthorn hedge ; but a barberry hedge is something not frequently happened upon. I have never seen one or heard of one.

*April 17, 1852.*—I have worked the last two days on a *Haie Bizarre*, or fancy hedge, reaching from the big gate down to Mr. Lucas's corner. The principal thorns used were the barberry, which I raised from seed, the hawthorn bought for fifty cents per hundred, and the buckthorn bought for one dollar per hundred. They were set in three rows. With them I mixed all sorts of briars, and shrubs, and trees : such as the purple and white lilac, the honeysuckle, standard and twining, the blackberry, gooseberry, Missouri currant, horse-chestnut, mountain ash, almond, spiræa, etc. In preparing the ground, I first removed the sod, then spread a thick layer of rotted manure and dug it in deep.

When I can find nothing better to do, I mean to write an essay on the "Pleasures of Vacation." I shall speak of them under a variety of heads, somehow thus :

1. The pleasure of late rising, with no chapel bell and Greek recitation to drag you from half-finished dreams.

2. The pleasure of reading story books on rainy days— forbidden in term time, because they spoil the relish for Homer.

3. The pleasure of gardening all day long without interruption.

4. The pleasure of wearing old comfortable coats, out at the elbow and burst in the armpits, old easy boots, disdainful of blacking, veteran hats that give no headaches.

5. The pleasure of being hungry and tired—making meals delightful, and sleep perfectly enchanting. Bookmen seldom know the farmer's sense of hunger. They eat from

the force of habit and a feeling of duty. They are never tired, but only weary. Boys and workmen get tired ; students and gentlemen get weary. When one is tired with digging, sleep is inevitable ; when one is weary with study, sleep is often impossible.

6. The pleasure of receiving your salary and paying your debts.

*May 12, 1852.* — After dinner I went down to the banks of the Oriskany in Marcus Lathrop's meadow. I brought home roots of the clematis, Jack-in-the-pulpit, wake-robin, meadow violet, etc., also bladder-nut, buttonwood, and wild plum. Cherry blossoms are open.

*May 13, 1852.* — After dinner I went botanizing with Professor Root. We rode up to Paris hill, and explored a swamp east of the village. Thence we brought the water-pitcher, or "gill cup," the cowslip, swamp honeysuckle, pine, arbor vitæ, spruce, larch, andromeda, etc.

*May 5, 1871.* — Heard two classes and attended the faculty meeting. Worked in the garden after dinner, and found joy in renewing old acquaintance with trees and shrubs and flowers and beautiful grass.

With each child born a birthday tree was planted ; indeed there was associated with every tree on the place some reminiscence or event which made that tree as a personal friend. In later years, when the trees grew large, overshadowed the house and brought shade and dampness, and needed to be cut to let in the sunlight, he could not make up his mind to part with them ; and they stood, year after year, until it seemed as if the homestead was set in the midst of a primeval forest. Occasionally, making the best of it, he would direct the cutting of a vista between the trees, through whose arched and leafy walls long and sweet views of Paris hill and the Oriskany valley were opened up.

His affection for trees often showed itself in rhyme, and there are preserved in this volume several poems

which voice his detestation of the man who can deliberately destroy a tree which has its place in the landscape, or with which some memory or association abides. Once he wrote :

There was a time in our country's history when a man was respected in proportion as he had lifted up the ax against high trees. It was otherwise with the old Greeks. One who saw in every tree the symbol of a divinity, or who heard the voice of a guardian genius in the whisper of its leaves, would think twice before he doomed it to the destroyer's ax.

His love for trees was voiced touchingly in a paragraph of his annalist's letter of 1891 :

#### TALKING TREES

Amid the ruin wrought by wasting years, a few of the stately, historic trees of Clinton still remain, each of them decorated with jewels of precious memory. A few of the trees that gladdened freshman eyes fifty-four years ago are still a gladness and glory to this academic village. The returning graduate, forgetful that he is but a relic of his own youth, sees strange faces on the streets, strange modern dwellings where he looked for grass-grown vacancies. He hears strange voices in places that would know him no longer were it not for the remembered trees that give him a familiar welcome with their winking leaves. There are favorite veteran trees standing as memorials of a sturdy, pioneer generation, that seem to offer a special greeting. Among these favorite veterans — some of them with a hundred inside rings — are the elms that droop so hospitably and caressingly over the village walks ; the towering Clark-Wood sycamore, self-planted eighty years ago, with its white elbows warning the sophomore to beware the Oriskany's "bridge of sighs" ; the Kirkland elms whispering a benison on the Hillward way ; the Hopkins linden, that makes a graceful bend in the Bristol road, under which Mark Hopkins rehearsed his



Latin and Greek paradigms seventy-five years ago; the spreading Farmington chestnut which the good Doctor Norton planted on his broad lawn eighty-five years ago; the but-tressed poplars, shivering in their old age, and still pining for the softer airs of Lombardy; the Harding hemlock, looking down serenely from its Pisgah summit: forever thrive the blessed historic trees of Clinton, and eternal suspension to the wicked ax that would harm them!<sup>1</sup>

The long row of Lombardy poplars skirting the sidewalk of the Senior hill especially appealed to Doctor North. He loved them, in spite of their ugliness. They supplied the refrain for one of his earlier college songs, written for the alumni meeting of 1850:

'Tis many a night since first we met  
Beneath that poplar tree,  
And there made glad the hours with talk,  
And laugh, and minstrelsy.

Some notes in his journals record the otherwise lost history of these Lombardy poplars:

Who planted the poplar trees on College Hill?

Doctor Bemon said of these trees, the morning after he addressed the college societies, that they looked like Hebrew and Greek scholars, all hirsute and rigid with roots, idioms, and dialects.

Miss Harriet Frost said of the same trees, after her first attendance at a college commencement, that they looked like a platoon of seniors, receiving their diplomas.

The poplar trees are said to have been planted at the suggestion and under the direction of Miss Eliza Kirkland, daughter of the missionary, who was afterwards married to the present Doctor Robinson.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> This brief paragraph was made the basis of a beautiful series of illustrations published in 1891, by Margaret Landers Randolph, formerly of Clinton.

Mr. E. B. Lucas says that the road leading up College Hill was originally an Indian trail. A project was at one time set on foot for straightening the road by an opening on a line that would have crossed the site of Mr. Lucas's house. This project was defeated by those who had already built on the Flat. Prominent among these was Mr. David Comstock, father of General Comstock. Mr. Lucas says that the poplar tree in the center of our home lot was planted by Mr. Peleg Gifford, for a landmark. It stands on the original line of division between Coxe's Patent and Kirkland's Patent. This line runs northwest and southeast. Another landmark of the survey may be found at the corner where lands of Doctors Davis, Lucas, and North met. These facts were communicated to Mr. Lucas by Mr. Gifford who surveyed Coxe's Patent.

\* \* \* \* \*

Professor Asa Gray, LL.D., '60, comes to the rescue of the Lombardy poplar in its hour of peril, and gives good reasons why it should be allowed to live and earn its living. The removal of the poplars on College Hill would give pain to many gray-headed graduates who associate them with their happiest experiences. They were planted by Dominie Kirkland and Charles Anderson in 1805, when the Lombardy poplar was very *distingué* and much sought after. In 1793 Dominie Kirkland visited Philadelphia to solicit funds for the Hamilton Oneida Academy. He found the prominent men of Philadelphia greatly interested in the Lombardy poplar, which had been recently imported by President Jefferson. He was told that if he wished his new institution to thrive, he must root out the native, uncultivated trees, and introduce the classic poplar which the Augustan poets had immortalized. Some generous friend of education made a donation of young poplars, and they were planted on the hill, where a few of them still linger, not superfluous, so long as they save the expense of lightning rods, and perpetuate the memory of a national mania as curious as that for the Chinese mulberry.

\* \* \* \* \*

It appears that there was at one time a feeling among the residents of the hill, which called for the removal of the Lombardy poplars. They were not only ugly, but dirty, with the constant drop of their decaying branches. It was this danger that gave Doctor North a keynote, when he was invited to deliver the poem at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Clinton Rural Art Society, in 1881. It was four poems in one, each poem in its own vein. The description of the view from the campus will appeal to every alumnus. The "Furnace Light," the subject of one of these poems, gleamed in Doctor North's eyes every night, as he locked the front door of "Halfwayup" on his way from study to bed:

#### THE MINISTRY OF TREES

I sing the trees, ordained of God to preach  
Sermons more eloquent than pulpit speech.  
Trees have quick sympathies and tender voice.  
With hearts that leap for joy green trees rejoice,  
And mourn with mourning hearts. If soaring thought,  
Or hope, or love returned, or good deed wrought,  
With softest sunshine bathe your soul and eye,  
To all this sunshine trees make glad reply.  
The joy for which tongue finds no utterance  
Is voiced by laughing leaves in merry dance.  
Raptures that struggle at your lip for words  
From bending boughs are syllabled by birds.  
Should sore bereavement, pain, ingratitude  
People your breast with sorrow's sullen brood  
Of wretched thoughts, and human accents rasp  
Your wounded spirit, and the proffered grasp  
Of friendship's hand seem insolent and hard,  
With no such rudeness will your peace be marred,  
When to "the resinous twilight" woods you wend  
For friendship's self without the selfish friend.

From whispering leaves and crickets' hum and grass  
Fragrant beneath your footsteps there shall pass  
Nepenthean balm so comforting that ere  
Your griefs are told they turn to holiest cheer.

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EASTWARD FROM THE LITCHFIELD OBSERVATORY

Brothers in discipline for life's hard toil,  
Climb ye once more yon consecrated hill.  
With fervent passion deeper than glad tears,  
Ye love the hillside of your studious years :  
Its changeful landscape lives in vivid memories  
Of Summer's laugh and Autumn's gorgeous dyes ;  
Of poplars stretching palsied arms on high  
That mourn the softer gales of Lombardy ;  
The hushed grave-garden, pressed with lettered stone  
That hints the sorrow told to Christ alone ;  
The orchard rows in pink and snow-white dress,  
Exhaling flush June's fragrant promises ;  
The bride Oriskany, thro' meadows sweet  
Hastening with smiles her Mohawk spouse to greet ;  
The modest grammar school, where Virgil's spell  
Shows nature's tenderness is art's as well,  
That ancient grammar school, whose masters' line  
And scholars' roll with world-wide glory shine ;  
Remoter Houghton, where on skyward wing  
Young thought wins confidence to soar and sing ;  
The morning village calmly slumbering yet  
Beneath the night's mist-woven coverlet ;  
Long lonesome Paris hill, whose sons confess  
They love their Alba Longa's lonesomeness ;  
The city's clustered spires, with hills enzoned  
That lift blue crests to kiss blue skies beyond  
(Blue crests that beckon weary souls away  
To happy hunting grounds and play),  
All these go wheresoe'er your steps are bent  
Nursing your strength with wholesome nutriment.

## THE FURNACE LIGHT

## I

Steadily glows the furnace light,  
 Gleaming undimmed thro' rain and night.  
 It takes no rest in summer's heat :  
 It laughs at winter's driving sleet.  
 The sacred hush of Sabbath morn  
 It mocks with gay, ironic scorn.  
 It asks but food and still asks more  
 Of black hard coal and blood-red ore.  
 So war's dire hunger clamors, " Give me food ;  
 Give hoarded wealth ; give heroes' warm lifeblood."

## II

Steadily glows the furnace light,  
 Gleaming undimmed thro' rain and night.  
 In groaning agony below,  
 With fiery, seething, endless throe,  
 Riches are born in ringing bars,  
 Riches to outfit wasteful Mars,  
 To build smooth roads from farms to marts,  
 To prosper all life's peaceful arts.  
 So from sad war's red agony come forth  
 Freedom and brotherhood to bless the earth.

---

 DOMINIE KIRKLAND'S POPLARS

## I

Don't fell the poplar, ribbed and grim :  
 It comes of stock historic ;  
 Its voice is Time's cathedral hymn,  
 Thoughtful and allegoric.

## II

Like Homer's Nestor, it hath heard  
 Both sire's and grandsire's voices ;

To-day the generation third  
Its whispered lore rejoices.

## III

It makes no claim to graceful airs,  
It asks no crown for beauty,  
It stands the sentinel of years,  
Emblem of patient duty.

## IV

Top-dead its voice is still for war  
With winter's howling blizzards,  
Its spring leaves breathe excelsior  
To youthful "star-led wizards."

## V

Don't hold the poplar gray to blame  
For all earth's desolation :  
It never stabbed a friend's good name,  
Nor retained "wet damnation."

## VI

It propagates no gossip's clack,  
Nor hints at motives sordid ;  
It never sneered behind your back,  
Then to your face applauded.

## VII

It never hawked a brazen book  
Of thought in weak solution,  
A sham book you must buy, or look  
For endless retribution.

## VIII

To vendors of false lightning rod  
It says, "Este profani !



COLLEGE STREET FROM THE CREST OF THE HILL.





Ye outrage filial trust in God  
With mercenary blarney ! ”

## IX

Itself a sober-sided tree,  
It nurses wit in walkers ;  
Hill-climbers climb the heights of glee  
Who erst were lowland talkers.

## X

It outwatched nameless starry worlds  
Ere Peters gave them labels,  
Or Smith astonished Houghton girls  
With house of seventeen gables ;

## XI

Or Dwight had solved the mystery  
Of Rural Art's advancement,  
And glorified in history  
This water-logged commencement.

## XII

It sent to rainy Hyades  
To overturn “ the Dipper,”  
And counsel waterproof booties  
In place of waltzing slipper.

## XIII

It sent no comet rich in switch  
For astronomic guesses,  
To ride thro' night a broom-sticked witch,  
Whisking her horrid tresses.

## XIV

O woman, in your hours of prayer,  
Plead for the poplar's pardon ;

Its bursting buds bring back the air  
Of Eve's unblighted garden.

## XV

It helped old Scotland's bard to sing  
Your fancy's aspen lightness,  
Till others' pain and anguish bring  
Angelic strength and brightness.

## XVI

Murdering the haunted poplar tree,  
You kill its hamadryad,  
You murder faith, hope, charity,  
Paul's ever-blessed triad.

## XVII

It knew the sobs of Skenandoa,  
When Kirkland's gospel story  
Gave faith exulting wings to soar  
To realms of endless glory.

## XVIII

Sweet Sabbath lessons it hath taught,  
Upward it lifts its fingers ;  
Upward directs the groveling thought  
That earthward drags and lingers.

## XIX

Then live the poplar, ribbed and gray,  
Like freedom's banners tattered,  
That tell grandsons the bloody way  
Their freedom's foes were scattered.

Two other poems about trees will appeal to Doctor  
North's hillside neighbors :

## THE ANDERSON ELM

*M. V. B. A.*

## I

To the home where robins can build unalarmed,  
And squirrels can gossip and chatter unharmed ;  
Where the katydids tell in brisk monotone  
The tale they have told for ages long gone ;  
Where Pearmain and Kelseys grown red in the sun  
Tempt daughters of Eve to sinlesslest fun ;  
The Anderson Elm breathes a birthday hail —  
Bad luck for the ax that elm to assail !

## II

To the home whose welcomes are cheery and warm,  
When refuge is sought from hunger and storm ;  
Where charity's hand, ever waiting to bless,  
Gives comfort for rags and joy for distress ;  
Where children may set the wide house in a roar —  
E'en children whose years outnumber fourscore ;  
The Anderson Elm breathes a birthday hail —  
Bad luck for the ax that elm to assail !

## III

To the home whose cloisters and nooks still know  
The greetings and laughs heard long ago ;  
Where friends now sleeping the dreamless sleep,  
In memory's hall old merriments keep ;  
Where light-hearted schoolgirls gladden the door  
With the same sunny faces their grandsires wore ;  
The Anderson Elm breathes a birthday hail —  
Bad luck for the ax that elm to assail !

## IV

To the home where bright silver curls confess  
Joy in earth's all-bountiful joyousness ;  
Where sufferings past leave wisdom's rich prize,  
With deeper and tenderer sympathies ;

And eighty-eight summers find winter still sweet  
To one heavenward gliding with faith's fearless feet ;  
The Anderson Elm breathes a birthday hail —  
Bad luck for the ax that elm to assail !

COLLEGE HILL, September 30, 1888.

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THE ELM THAT WEEPS

*In Memory of P. H. D. C.*

I

Beneath the burdened elm that weeps,  
The weaver, Spring, weaves tapestries  
That bring no gladness to her eyes,  
Who on the yonder hillside sleeps ;  
And the weeping elm weeps all the more  
Beside her sorrow-shadowed door.

II

The robin seeks the elm that weeps,  
And vainly waits to hear her voice,  
Whose music made sad souls rejoice  
To drink the solace of her lips :  
And the weeping elm weeps all the more  
Beside her sorrow-shadowed door.

III

New blossoms deck the elm that weeps.  
Her heart that once their beauty saw  
And knew their Giver's gracious law,  
With earthly joys no longer leaps :  
And the weeping elm weeps all the more  
Beside her sorrow-shadowed door.

IV

Gleeful beneath the elm that weeps  
Are new-born eyes unused to guile,  
That would have loved her loving smile,

Now quenched, alas ! in cold eclipse ;  
And the weeping elm weeps all the more  
Beside her sorrow-shadowed door.

"HALFWAYUP," May 14, 1884.

His love of trees was a part of his religion. Here is his tribute to a pastor who shared this love :

One of the tenderest memories of my own youth is that of a clerical tree-planter, venerable alike for his years and his virtues, who had been ordained, half a century before, as the first pastor of a pioneer church, beneath the quivering leafy vault and in the long-drawn aisle of a forest sanctuary. That good pastor could indorse the poet's assertion,

That nothing earthly can keep its youth  
So far as we know, but a tree and truth.

This was one of the secrets of a long and prospered ministry. Throughout a quiet pastorate of forty years, and a life of eighty-seven summers, he kept up the electric glow and freshness of feelings that belong to early manhood, by his obedience to the truth and his industry in caring for trees. His people well remember, and are fond of telling how it was with their first good minister. They are fond of telling how one of his first steps, after his settlement, was to purchase the fee simple of a few acres for a home, near enough to the church to hear its solemn bell knolling a departed spirit ; yet far enough to give him a stated supply of pleasant walks and rides to and from the village meetings. His people are fond of telling how he used to bring home from his occasional visits to the East choice grapes cut in the orchards of his native place ; how he carefully set these in seedling stocks of his own growing. When he made pastoral visits, he would take along a few scions in his pocket, and teach the pioneer farmers how to propagate valuable fruits by this easy process. If their fingers were stiff or clumsy, or otherwise busy, he would put in the scions himself, now and then dropping a quiet hint about the wild gentiles, who were grafted into the church of Christ, so as to partake of the

root and fatness of the olive. The productive fruit trees that were planted or grafted by this good pastor still stand as a living, eloquent symbol of the richer fruits annually gathered from the seed of his spiritual sowing; seeds of holy thought and hopes of happiness in that pure and sunny clime, where he rests with the departed of his people, beneath Heaven's Tree of Life.

Here is another tribute to a fellow tree-lover, Andrew J. Downing, the first of our landscape gardeners, toward whom Doctor North was drawn by this bond of sympathy:

Were I called to name the American authors who have done the most to elevate the farmer's calling from a hated drudgery to a beautiful art, Andrew J. Downing would stand first and foremost. The youngest son of a small gardener on the beautiful Hudson, with habits so reserved and undemonstrative that no one suspected the rare qualities hid away in his nature, Downing grew up as a neglected seedling might have done in some out-of-the-way corner of his father's grounds, until its rich, ripe fruit caught the gaze of passers-by, and freighted the air with daintiest aroma. As a writer on trees and rural economy, Downing's equal can hardly be named in any language.

Beneath the witchcraft of his quick, dramatic fancy, gardening, tree-planting, and farming were no longer a humdrum slavery to the soil, but a power mighty as Aladdin's lamp to make real the dreams of an exile from Eden: botany, chemistry, geology, were no longer dry book-grubbing, but keys to unlock the mystic paradise that lies about us all through life's pilgrimage. The trees of the field and the forest were no longer *tristia ligna*, as Horace calls them, sorry logs, fit only for the sawmill, but were as men walking and talking, and making melody with their leaves to their Maker.

His noblest monument is all about us, growing more beautiful as the seasons come and glide by. Wherever forests are respected and tenderly treated; wherever roadsides are lined

with maples and elms ; wherever schoolhouses are embowered in leafy coolness, and graced with live teachers who can teach the art of planting and grafting ; wherever the loved and the lost are laid to their last sleep in the still twilight of wooded slopes ; wherever churches are so built that the stone and the brick, the timber and the paint obey the will of a creative soul, and breathe the inspiration of religious sentiment, Downing's truest epitaph speaks to us from the living mausoleum of his own works.

His love of trees led Doctor North to prepare a lecture in rhyme, first delivered in Yonkers, New York, in 1852, and afterwards repeated many times. "Philodendria" was the longest of his rhythmical productions. The small part of the poem here reproduced contains another tribute to the Lombardy poplars.

#### PHILODENDRIA

As thoughtful maids, solicitous to please  
Some favorite swain, and bring him to his knees,  
First use their large talk, learned talk and strong,  
But failing thus, subdue him with a song —  
So I, with various doubtful efforts made  
To suit the public ear by lectures staid  
On Attic culture and on Roman laws,  
With ancient instances and modern saws,  
And on the arts and arms of Homer's time,  
Will now play my last card, and talk in rhyme.

I talk of trees, the beautiful and grand ;  
Whose leaves shed fragrance cool from fairyland ;  
The mountain's brow with summer greenness wreath,  
Frolic with gales, then die a brilliant death ;  
Whose flowers Heaven kindly spared, when curses rained  
On the thorn-planted earth, with sin-spots stained ;  
Whose lofty trunks, to child- and bard-hood's eye,  
Seem Atlas pillars, holding up the sky.

I talk of trees, the ministers to wealth,  
To beauty, comfort, elegance, and health ;  
Whose bark makes calico, when beaten thin,  
For tawny, savage brides to glory in ;  
Whose wholesome saps can better cure the ills  
That flesh inherits than the patent pills  
Which quacks concoct, and by the dozen sell  
To such as would be better when they're well :  
(Nor least, when those saps turn to rubber shoes,  
Blessing the feet that trample and abuse) ;  
Whose boughs give food to simple worms, that they  
Shrouds for themselves, for ladies' dresses gay  
May spin ; whose tissues yield a brighter hue  
Than Tyrian shells, or Joseph's garment knew ;  
Whose fruits some part of Eden's loss repair,  
Nor tempt with promised bliss when death is there.

I talk of trees, the generous and leal  
Which live for us, and dying bless us still ;  
Which yield delicious shade at August noon,  
And warmth in winter, more delicious boon ;  
Which, true through life, share in the martyr's fame,  
And sing us cheerful songs, when wrapt in flame ;  
Which take uncounted shapes, and take them all  
For man, obedient to his every call ;  
Which build the bench whereon Toil earns its bread,  
The nabob's palace and the peasant's shed ;  
Which build the chest for holding miser's hoard,  
When heirs would revel, build the sumptuous board ;  
Which frame the artist's work, the schoolboy's slate,  
The maiden's mirror, and the farmer's gate ;  
Which build our cradles, o'er our dwellings wave,  
Then build our coffins, and adorn the grave ;  
Which draw support, like us, from the dull clod,  
Yet joy in light, as we should joy in God.

When our good sires their first rude hearthstones laid,  
In the dim moss-rugged aisles of forest glade,



Their life was vexed by savages and trees.  
Those tomahawked their wives and children ; these  
Gave shelter for the murderers. The sun  
That quickens growth in soil it shines upon,  
Was half shut out by webs of leaf and bough ;  
While stubborn roots forbade the cleaving plow.  
War was declared against such enemies ;  
And they were felled — both red men and green trees.  
No doubt the war was waged with pious zeal,  
And prayers were put up by the men whose steel  
Was forced to human and to hemlock hearts  
Alike ferociously. Yet pity starts  
With tears and horror from this work of hate ;  
Their aim to kill, to burn, to exterminate.

Mournful their victory ! The Indian's trail  
Had scarcely faded from the ravaged vale ;  
Scarcely had died the echoing crash that told  
The fall of forest monarchs, vast and old,  
Ere white men numbered with remorse too late  
The wrongs unchristian of the red man's fate ;  
And with their sorrow for the murdered brave  
They mourn the elm that wept above his grave.  
No earthly power can ever summon back  
The painted warrior to his forest track ;  
Yet toil and care the trees can reproduce,  
And bid them thrive for beauty and for use.  
No words of sorrow now can wake the dead ;  
Yet could they bid the willow shade his bed,  
Mine were the task to exorcise a curse,  
And words of wail should sadden all my verse.

Trees are not worthless, in their proper sphere  
(From some shrewd, calculating friend I hear),  
Save willows and old poplars which are just  
One pest, deserving but to bite the dust.  
My heart beats quick with honest rage, I own,  
When trees are flouted in this sneering tone.

God gave no tree to this broad, goodly land  
Which men should dare call mean, unfit to stand.  
Each hath its separate mission, beauty, grace ;  
And if but planted in appropriate place,  
Will prove its fixed, inalienable right  
To breathe and flourish in the sun's glad light.

True, barren willows o'er the pea-patch bent  
Were belles in muslin to the kitchen sent ;  
But where white flocks and panting oxen stoop  
To drink from springs, there let lithe willows droop.  
Hard were the man, and stupider than hard,  
Who leaves his pastured kine with nought to guard,  
Tho' suffering meekly, from the wilting sun ;  
When willows planted where the streamlets run,  
Quickly would broad refreshing shadows throw  
And cheer the herd that chew the cud below.

E'en the stiff exiles dragged from Lombardy  
Here and there in broken ranks we see,  
Like relics of some revolution-fray  
In the botanic world, ragged and gray ;  
Or like unwedded damsel of uncensused age  
Lagging superfluous on the social stage ;  
These will pay handsome rents in food for fire  
On land so mean that sorrel would expire.  
Of both then let us less unfairly think :  
One is a Rechabite, and asks but drink ;  
The other's beauty years and storms deface,  
Yet numerous children rise to fill her place.  
Poplars and willows have their right to be ;  
But like some of our human family,  
Who for their color meet reproach and shame,  
They need defense ; and here I urge their claim.

A poplar tree that flings its shadow o'er  
The pathway leading to a shrine of lore,

Your Rhymer long has known, and loved as long.  
He loved it when Greek eloquence and song  
First chained his spirit, and to books a slave,  
With pale cheek omening an early grave,  
Its constant fingers pointed to the sky,  
And bade him seek for priceless wealth on high.  
He loved it for the hint repeated oft  
By its stiff, moss-grown trunk and leaves aloft  
Humming with laughter, that firm gravity  
Of years with sprightly humor may agree.  
He loved it when its wintry shadow lay,  
A bar of blackness full across the way,  
On moony nights, and each iced breeze-bent spar  
Tipped him a merry wink, as fast and far  
His arrowy sled shot down the curving road  
Outstripping e'en the shoutings of its load.  
In days of graver toil, he loves it yet,  
When his own children shun the August heat,  
And testing taste its grassy shade within,  
Hold telltale buttercups beneath the chin.

Ye lovelier trees that grace the landscape's view,  
No tame, half-hearted words shall plead for you !  
Words were too public, with their utmost skill  
To paint the blessedness your boughs distill.  
Rhyme would but emulate a stuttering girl,  
If urged to tell how grandly stiff oaks hurl  
Defiance to the blast ; how lovingly  
Old elms brood o'er the clover-scented lea ;  
How meekly maples their full breasts submit,  
When men would drain them with the spile and bit ;  
How too they play off jokes, when seeds they raise,  
And hang out sheep-shears in sheep-shearing days ;  
How fondly beeches to their old robes cling,  
Even when they hear the steps of coming spring,  
Sighing their withered, storm-bleached leaves to drop,  
Though soon to flaunt a green and richer crop,

(As mothers not less deeply mourn the dead,  
When living babes are clamoring for bread) ;  
Or how coned cedars, near some icy stream,  
Forget that they are trees-of-life, and gleam  
All hoary with the water's frozen breath,  
Like sheeted ghosts, cold, silent trees-of-death !  
O sad the thought, that forms so fair should feel  
The stroke of axman's keen, remorseless steel !  
Trees furnish us with fuel, timber, fruit ;  
Yet not for this alone I press their suit.  
They have their language, sympathies, and voice ;  
With hearts that leap for joy, they can rejoice ;  
And mourn with mourning hearts. \* \* \*  
While anger incubates its thoughts of scorn  
Sweet nature smiles, and charity is born.  
Men's hearts to fullest happiness aspire,  
Yet oft repulse the boon they most desire.  
Men's hearts oft swell with yearnings for repose,  
Yet spend their strength in manufacturing woes.  
Else, would they reach for Discord's fatal prize,  
Would Sodom's bitter fruitage cheat their eyes,  
When Rural Art has but to wave its wand,  
And lo ! a Paradise on every hand?  
Else, would they toil ambitious brows to shade  
With palms that turn to thorn-wreaths as they fade,  
When every tree they choose to plant will fling  
A comfort to the heart that leaves no sting?  
Else, would they heap up unclean wealth to buy  
The lofty marble's venal eulogy,  
While orchards bent with blushing fruit  
Breathe spicy praise no envious lips dispute?  
Else, would they man-made garish cities crowd,  
And fret through life to wear an early shroud,  
When nature spreads her arms of oak and fir  
To welcome home the unhappy wanderer?  
No effort of the muse is thought complete  
In modern days, unless its lamer feet

Are tickled with illustrations dragged from far,  
Notes, glossaries, extracts, et cetera.  
Good Andrew Marvell, Milton's friend in need,  
To trees and flowers was also friend indeed ;  
Although his own poor thoughts the less may shine,  
The bard a borrowed gem would intertwine.  
Not such are we who meet once more to twine  
Fresh wreaths of homage for this rustic shrine.  
Fondly the glorious bards of other days  
Have wooed the inspiring trees and hymned their praise.  
Like youth's love tokens in some volume dear,  
Each tree recalls a name if not a tear.  
Good Homer loved the elm, that graceful type  
Of the mixed thoughts that warbled from his lip ;  
Thoughts high enough to catch the ear divine,  
Yet bending down to kiss the cheeks that pine  
In lowliest grief. Dark waves the sad elm tree  
Where sleeps the sire of fair Andromache.  
Sweet Sophocles beneath the olive's shade  
Wooed now the muse and now the Attic maid ;  
Quaffing the incense of a nation's praise,  
Yet loving more the orchard linnet's lays.  
Calm glided on his years to green fourscore ;  
And when foul slander charged that now was o'er  
His song-gift's majesty and reason's reign,  
He seized his lyre, and in a deathless strain  
Hymned the dark grove whose hallowed whisperings  
Woke his young thoughts to soar on music's wings.

The fame of Avon's bard the oak keeps green  
Whose acorn cups sheltered his fairy queen.  
Would fancy bring his oddest shapes in sight ;  
Fat Falstaff, armed with horns, yet not for fight ;  
Dame Quickly, sharp for fees and number one ;  
The Merry Wives intent on serious fun ;  
French Doctor Caius and Welsh Parson Hugh,  
Raging to thrust each other's vitals through,

Yet only mauling the good English tongue ;  
Would fancy see all these in piebald throng,  
It hies to Heine's oak, where Shakespeare's nod  
Bids them to gambol on the torch-lit sod.  
The hawthorn, gayly decked, though disciplined  
With careful shears, stern Milton calls to mind ;  
Who, hedge-tree-like, severe yet flowerful bard,  
Stood nobly forth as Truth's and Freedom's guard,  
Piercing their foes with thorns of bitter wrath,  
While shedding song's perfume on virtue's path.  
Where'er your home, fail not to plant your trees.  
If young, plant them that when your aged knees  
Shall weary of the weight they long have borne,  
And Heaven's sweet hope shall fill its brightening hour,  
Your eyes may joy to read youth's memoirs writ  
In the green orchard groves, 'neath which you sit ;  
That shadows cast by coming death before  
May melt in softer elm shades at your door.  
If manly hopes and cares your heart engage,  
Let trees each hope sustain, each care assuage  
With such delights as sinless Eden knew,  
And wealth that coins itself from sun and dew ;  
With fruits which in your own thoughts might provoke  
Such strife as Eve's mythic apple woke,  
Breeding the doubt which wish should win the day,  
The wish to eat, to sell, or give away,  
Did not the generous harvest discord end,  
And yield enough for market, self, and friend.

If old, still love earth's trees : plant them the more ;  
That when you leave time's ice-bound shore,  
The haunts that knew you once may know you yet,  
And speak the praises men might else forget ;  
That sons and grandsons may your kindness feel,  
And at your grave with tearful reverence kneel ;  
That oriole's nuptial songs in quavering flood,  
And high-born perfumes swept from bursting bud,

Leaf harps wind-stirred and streamlet's bubbling laugh  
May oft repeat your noblest epitaph.

And this his message would the poet press  
On all who own their rood of soil, or less :  
Plant it with trees ; make it all green and gay ;  
A place where mated birds keep holiday ;  
Where sunlight shivers in rich-fruited bowers,  
Playing bopeep with humming birds and flowers ;  
Where through the long grass bearded rabbits wade  
And dappled toads sweat in the locust's shade ;  
Where doves coo out, unharmed by hunter's gin,  
One honeymoon, to coo another in ;  
Where children's laugh so clearly, sweetly peals,  
The mother more than girlhood's gladness feels ;  
Where sires give furlough to their iron sway,  
And half forgetful that their locks are gray,  
Make willow whistles ; then 'twixt laugh and kiss,  
Explain how dearly Franklin paid for his ;  
Where trees lend speech to things that else were dumb,  
And ragged rocks grow eloquent of home.

Plant trees ; but plant not all for self : beside  
The highway plant, that when the hot noontide  
Comes on, then dusty travelers may drink  
The coolness of their shade, and lingering think  
Of you, the planter ; that tired teams may stay  
To thank you, in their wordless, sincere way.

Nor let the schoolhouse be remembered last,  
Where life-long joys or griefs are treasured fast ;  
There let sweet walnuts, elms, mulberries spring,  
And gladlier will childhood's laughter ring.  
Doom not young hearts to all the untold pain  
Of studious tasks that vex the throbbing brain,  
Unsolaced by one window-shading tree  
That likes to stoop and look in smilingly.

The peaceful churchyard too, let trees adorn :  
Plant them beside the graves of those you mourn,  
But plant not trees alone ; in your own breast  
Plant seeds of holy thought, and hopes of rest  
In that pure, sunny clime, where no rough gale  
Scourges the golden-fruited grove with stinging hail,  
Where angel wings forever waft delight  
To hearts kept warm with all-pervading light ;  
Where mortal agony and sinful strife  
Are all forgot beneath Heaven's Tree of Life.

As once in Eden's love-lit fruitful bowers  
Ere sin's dark blight mildewed its thornless flowers,  
God's welcome voice was heard among the trees,  
So let our hearts, as sunset's bathing breeze  
Toys with the tresses of the maple grove  
Catch whisperings of Heaven's own peace and love.  
As with their roots fast anchored in the clay  
Our trees reach skyward their unsullied spray,  
So let our toil, while prisoned to the sod,  
Seek truest riches in the smile of God.

Doctor North's services to mankind in teaching how to study and understand nature, how to draw the most and the best from her soil, how to appreciate her gifts, and especially the gift of trees, were no less important than those he rendered as teacher and professor.

He regarded himself as a sort of missionary to the farmer ; an apostle to teach him how to appreciate the beauties and the opportunities of his surroundings ; how to extract from the hard and routine drudgery of an agricultural life, something of beauty and of inspiration. He felt that same sympathy and fellow-feeling for him that he felt for the teacher. He loved to paint a picture of the farmer's life, with all the coarse and trying things left out, and all the others glorified. He



was wont to describe himself as a farmer like the rest of them; he boasted of his little farm, and what he had been able to accomplish with it. He attended farmers' institutes, agricultural dinners, fairs, and other gatherings, saying that he came, not as the representative of Hamilton College, but as the representative of twenty-five acres of land, which he was endeavoring to cultivate, and to show that bodily and mental labor might appropriately go hand in hand. This fellow-feeling for the farmer endeared him to his neighbors for miles about, and they were frequent and always welcome visitors at "Halfwayup."

But his influence was wider than his home environment. His correspondence reveals that numberless invitations came to him to deliver the annual address at state, county, and local fairs, most of which he was compelled to decline. But on several occasions these invitations were accepted. Here is a sample of one of his impromptu speeches, made at a farmers' dinner in Oneida county:

I am only a Greek and Latin man, and in the presence of so many intelligent and thrifty cultivators of the soil of Oneida, the better part of eloquence, so far as I am concerned, would be a discreet silence. Nevertheless, if city lawyers, politicians, doctors, and merchants can talk about farms and farmers, why not a Greek and Latin man from the country? I own, and cultivate after a fashion, a few acres, and if this makes my title clear to a place among the farmers, I thank my stars and take courage.

Whether from the city or the country, we have the strongest reasons for rejoicing that there is such a thing as the farm, and such a class in society as farmers. In these times when twenty per cent dividends prove to be gas, and the gas goes out, the safest and best stock, as I calculate, is the stock that runs on four legs—always excepting that

peculiar Wall Street breed, which the poet Saxe berates as "the bulls and the bears of mammon's fierce zoology."

In these times that try men's souls, when bank shares are bubbles and factory shares a nightmare, the man who stands on a farm that he has paid for, and is willing to work, is the man to be envied. The fine phrases we hear about merchant princes and railroad kings are well enough when discounts are easy; but in the long run the safest patent of nobility belongs to the king of two stout hands that are not afraid of the plow. Happy is the man that is in such a case—the man who with stout muscles and a hardy spirit is content to do his part in the working out of our national destiny.

There can be no prosperous cities and no high civilization without thriving husbandry and high-minded farmers. The country is always full of the stuff that cities are made of. The city is indebted to the country, not only for its brick and straw, its timber and food, but for its substantial citizens. Whence come the civic heroes who manage the vast concerns of commerce, trade, and enterprise? Not often do they come, I fancy, from the sickly ranks of those whose only industry is to toil and spin through the midnight waltz, but rather from the quiet farms on the distant hillside. After all, the most valuable product of the farm is its growth of hardy men and women. The best part of an agricultural show to one of thoughtful habits is a part for which no premiums are provided, because, fortunately, none are needed. I mean the show of superior farmers, who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain them; who are always ready to sell their crops at a fair price, but never their votes at any price.

In 1863 his neighbors invited him to make an address at their Kirkland town fair, being the second exhibition of the kind that had been held in the town. The talk which Doctor North made to his neighbors on this occasion showed his familiarity with fruits, his love of the garden, his love for his neighbors, and his love for

his country ; and some portions of it are here quoted, as representative of another phase of his literary work.

The history of the town of Kirkland is closely linked with a history of the fruit trees that give both adornment and endowment to the first gardens that were planted here by pioneers from Connecticut. Cut down one of the old apple trees planted by Eli Bristol, and a counting of the rings in its trunk will carry you back to the year when Baron Steuben rode up College Hill to lay the cornerstone of Hamilton Oneida Academy. Kirkland had the good fortune to be settled by men who were lovers of the garden and fine fruits. The horticultural tastes and habits of these early settlers are so strikingly reproduced in the horticultural tastes and habits of their descendants, and these tastes are so fragrantly illustrated in yonder Dianas, Rebeccas, and Delawares, that one is tempted to quote the scriptural proverb, with an accommodation, and to say of them, "The fathers have eaten *sweet* grapes, and the children's teeth are *not* set on edge." \* \* \*

There is another and much higher sense in which the garden is a school. It is full of most significant and impressive emblems, types, analyses, and suggestions. Almost any day of the year you may hear it said that our schools are a snare and a humbug ; that an academic town like ours is a place where young men and women are spoilt ; a place where they are feloniously robbed of their individuality, and then sent out into the world like a bag of buckshot, with their corners rubbed off, and all alike. They tell us, with no attempt at fault-finding, that a college is a place where young Shakespearean swans and Homeric eagles are brought down to the flat degradation of very ordinary birds. Go into a nursery and see the refutation of this charge. The nurseryman will point you to long, straight rows of pear trees, that have been raised from the seed. If he lets them keep to their native individuality and come into bearing, one in a thousand may chance to be a good pear. The rest will be as chance decides, bad or indifferent. The nurseryman preferred a

profitable certainty to a lottery with so many blanks. He grafts the seedlings, and makes it sure that every one that lives will be a Bartlett or a Flemish Beauty. So it is with your sons and daughters.

Let them grow up as seedlings without education, or leave them to the chances of self-culture, and one in a thousand may be a Horace Greeley or a Susan B. Anthony. Give them the best advantages for discipline, and each one, with rare exceptions, will grow up with the tastes, if not the genius, that shall put them on the same platform of intelligence and sympathy with a Daniel Webster and an Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

At the same time, there will be peculiar dangers attending this high culture, just as the grafted pear has its peculiar diseases, to which the seedling is not liable. The grafted pear has a finer organization, and is more sensitive to heat and cold than the seedling.

It is liable to attacks of the fire blight and the frozen-sap blight. If it grows too rapidly in a stimulating soil, you may find it, at the close of a hot summer's day, with leaves withered and black, or the early frost may seize upon its soft immature wood, congeal its vital sap, and change it to a fatal poison. It is not otherwise with our educated youth. The overworking of a sensitive brain may bring on a variety of diseases; or the sudden chill of an ungrateful, hypocritical gainsaying world may freeze the genial currents of the soul, and ally the fate of the youthful aspirant to that of poor Keats, with his life "snuffed out by a Quarterly."

We do not give up the growing of fine pears, because the fire blight and the frozen-sap blight claim their part, nor should we give up the thorough education of the young, for the reason that a few prove too weak to resist the frailties of human nature or the temptations of the world. We should rather renew our vigilance and our efforts to make the proportion of failures as small as possible, and should aim in the future, as we have done in the past, to keep this village of Clinton an attractive center of the best facilities for educa-

tion — a place where our sons may become strong in all that is manly, and where our daughters may be polished after the similitude of a palace.

\* \* \* In our peaceful enjoyment of this harvest-home holiday; in our good-natured rivalry with fruits and flowers from the garden, with live stock from the farm and work of cunning fingers from the parlor and the shop, we ought not to forget that our kinsmen and neighbors and friends, some of whom were with us a year ago, are now exposed to quick, unnatural death on distant fields of heroic strife. Yet how easy to lose thought of the war at a place like this, where all nature about us is so eloquent of peace, so suggestive of good will among men! In all these broad green fields you hear no sound of angrier strife than the noonday ticking of emulous crickets and katydids. In all these brilliant woods you see no shallow, half-covered graves. There is no smell of human slaughter, no kind of mourning and lamentation. October, as if it were the Joseph of the months, is arrayed in its coat of many colors. The trees are gayly robed, as for a carnival.

The gentian's sweet and quiet eye  
Looks through its fringes to the sky.

The birds have sung their cheerful good-bys, unconscious that their flight to warmer latitudes would be over armies that are deciding the sublimest, bloodiest issue in the history of our race. Throughout those golden, misty, pensive days of autumn, when the chill of sudden sunsets tells us the aged year is soon to die; while we are filling our barns and cellars with stores for the winter, let us be thankful to God that we are permitted to uphold our country's flag and our Union's integrity, without sacrificing the prosperities of the farm and the workshop. Let us be devoutly thankful that with us the sanctities of the church and the fireside are not touched by the blight of war; that our gardens and farms and cemeteries are not trampled by the heels of rapine. The festival we keep to-day may remind us of a promised era, when swords shall be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning

hooks. In the late flowers of the garden, happy insects are murmuring idyls of peace. The flowers themselves are a prophecy of peace. Without shrinking from the duties and self-denials of a true patriotism, let us ask God to fulfill the prophecy, and to send us the peace,

Dawn of a broader, whiter day,  
Than ever blessed us with its ray,  
A dawn beneath whose purer light  
All guilt and wrong shall fade away.

Doctor North frequently prepared papers for the Clinton Rural Art Society—an organization which has done as much perhaps, in its history of forty years, as any similar institution in the country to inspire a love of nature and to teach how practically to apply it in the beautifying of homes and villages. Doctor North joined with such nature lovers as Professor Oren Root, Rev. A. Delos Gridley, and Edward P. Powell in keeping the Rural Art Society alive and effective during all these years. Extracts from three of these papers fit appropriately into this chapter.

#### REPORT ON PLANTING TREES

Most men are anxious to make a comfortable provision both for their own old age and for the tender years of their children. This anxiety will sometimes deepen and strengthen until it gains the force of a ruling passion. Its votaries will rise early, sit up late, and eat the bread of economy, contrivance, and extreme toil, to the end that they may place themselves in independent circumstances and be free from the pinchings of want. One is ambitious to acquire title deeds, and to own more acres than his eye can see over; another has a ravening appetite for dividends, and is covetous of stocks, shares, and mortgages. The pursuit of this kind of property is so attractive and engrossing that its perils are often overlooked or disregarded. The danger that banks may fail, that bubble shares may burst, and stock companies

declare assessments instead of dividends is by many made little account of. The danger that their children may be ruined, body and soul, by the wealth which they are toiling so sedulously to accumulate seldom enters their calculations. The danger that in the very act of making provision for an old age of happy independence they are wholly unfitting themselves for any other enjoyment than that baser sort which springs from the excitements of speculation and trade is almost always overlooked.

If there is any better way of securing a competence for one's declining years, it is certainly worth knowing. That there is a better way, I, for my part, have no doubt — a way which may be expressed in two monosyllables:

#### PLANT TREES

The man who plants a tree of some desirable kind, in soil to which he has a clear title, makes an investment attended with fewer hazards and firmer hopes than he who puts his faith in scrip, and bonds, and rent rolls. It has been proved by repeated trials, and is a matter of statistical record, that of those who engage in the greater adventures of mercantile business and speculation a very large proportion end their days in the sorrows of bankruptcy. No such fearful risk is run by him who is content to own a few acres, to stock them with choice trees, and then to confide cheerfully in a good Providence for the storms and sunshine which are requisite for the growth and ripening of the fruitage.

The original cost of a fruit tree is but trifling if procured from a nursery, and almost nothing if raised from the seed; it occupies only a wee bit of ground; the amount of attention which it needs is comparatively small; yet when it has reached its maturity, it will yield an annual revenue of sometimes \$10, sometimes \$20, and, in rare instances, even \$50. Doctor Hastings of our village owns a Virgalieu pear tree, the fruit of which netted him, last autumn, \$50, equal to the interest on \$700. \* \* \*

We all flatter ourselves that we are shrewd enough to know

when we are well off, that we are competent to look after our own interests. We take fire with indignation if anything contrary to this is hinted at. But are we not sometimes a little singular in our way of manifesting this shrewdness and self-sufficiency? While the annual profits of our farming are allowed to be small—in some cases barely sufficient to meet our yearly expenditures—we yet toil on, year after year, in the old beaten track, doing this season the same work which we did last season; expecting to repeat the process next season; and so on until our limbs are stiffened by age, and we are thus compelled to resign the plow and the hoe to our successors. Now, without supposing it possible to carry forward the operations of a farm in any other way than by repeating each successive year the work of the last, is it not both possible and feasible for us, as we advance in years and lose the vigor of youth, to gradually release ourselves from the necessity of cropping a large number of acres, without diminishing, at the same time, our yearly income? I am odd enough to fancy that it is. I am odd enough to fancy it practicable for every farmer to adopt a course which will greatly lessen his toils, as years grow heavy upon him, while at the same time his revenue will steadily increase. If a farmer at the age of twenty-one has the good sense and forethought to plant as many choice fruit trees and to tend them properly, it is reasonable to anticipate that when he arrives at the age of forty, they will yield him several hundred dollars of annual profit; and as they will require at this age but little care, their owner is at liberty to retrench his more laborious operations on the farm, without curtailing his means of support. He has made a horticultural investment, if the expression suits, and with the smile of Providence, without which no enterprise will succeed, the dividends may be expected in their season.

But this matter deserves to be looked at in a light less sordid, a light more pure and holy than that reflected from silver and gold. There is a moral, a social, and a civil good connected with the culture of trees, in comparison with which



the question of profit and loss shrinks away out of sight. Our first parents were placed by their Creator in a position best fitted for the cultivation and enjoyment of their moral and social susceptibilities. They were placed in a garden, and their employment was "to dress it and to keep it." Their home was among trees "pleasant to the sight and good for food," which "the Lord God made to grow out of the ground." Human life, at its best estate, was a life among trees. And we are here presented with another case which may be added to the many others, in which extremes meet. As a life in the wild forest is the greatest remove from civilization, so that among cultivated trees is the most refined and polished. If we wish to bring back our spirits to something of that purity and calm enjoyment, something of that freedom from social strife and corroding envy which made Eden a type of Heaven, the perfection of earthly bliss, we must not neglect the culture of trees.

To hoard one's earnings, and gloat over them in secret, is mean and miserly. To invest some portion of them in trees is provident and self-ennobling. To amuse one's self in caring for a tree's necessities, in ministering to its appetites and development, in protecting it from vicious insects, from the blasts of winter, and the fervors of Sirius; and finally to rejoice over the rich, ripe, and ruddy returns which it ought to make for all this solicitude, is a pleasant care that leaves no rust in the soul. It rather tends to open the heart and let in the sunshine of generous emotion to its sullenest recesses. It teaches faith in the goodness of Providence. It teaches one to adore that Infinite skill which erects the stately tree from the crude soil, which causes the vital sap to run on its errand from root to leaf, and the savory, luscious fruit to emerge from the fragile blossom.

The social value of trees is also immense. They render home lovely and attractive. They supply children with delightful memories for their years of manhood and womanhood—memories which bind their hearts with a threefold cord not easily broken, to the scene of their earliest and

purest enjoyments. It is truly surprising how much of what is usually designated a love for home, may be resolved by a little reflection into love for trees. Recur to the pages of those who have written on this subject, and it will be found almost invariably, that this sentiment is described in connection with some aged and venerable tree — some sheaf-topped elm, perchance, stooping like a guardian angel, over the homestead; or perchance, a generous apple or pear tree, with an equally generous grapevine hugging its trunk and surmounting its branches like a boa constrictor; or some giant sugar maple which has been tapped so often in spring that it looks like a huge round cartridge box; or some gnarled oak, beneath which the girls gathered acorns for their baby cups and saucers; or some yellow-limbed willow near the brook, in whose ample boughs the boys built their cuddies, when they returned from school in the long days of summer.

\* \* \* I can express no kindlier wish for my dearest friend than that he may live to a green old age, at peace with man and his Maker, and pass it amid vines and peach trees, amid plum and pear trees, amid apple and cherry trees, with here and there a thrifty elm or maple, locust or ash, which his own hands have planted and watered, pruned and mulched, manured and defended in his and their early years, with none to dispute him by a note protested, or to make him afraid by a threatened lawsuit.

April 19, 1848.

#### LAWNS

The three things essential to a lawn, as I look at it, are space, grass, and decoration. The word "lawn" implies, not barely soil for the grass to grow upon, but natural and artistic embellishments, with an open, unobstructed view of the sky and the surrounding landscape, in which the greenness of the turf is set as a living picture in a living frame. The Welsh word *llawn* allied to *land*, and in meaning akin to the French *prairie* and the Spanish *savanna*, compels us to think of something different from a narrow bit of grass, cribbed,

cabined, and hedged about with iron or wooden pickets, or high stone walls, or board fences. There is no need that the size of a lawn be told in acres.

The shaven grass may cover but a few feet of space, yet by the skillful management of a framework of evergreens, sloping upward and outward from the central carpet of verdure, with openings here and there to coax away the eye to some misty mountain top, or bended river, dropped

Like a silver bow  
Upon the meadows low,

it may cunningly appropriate to itself all the beauty of the landscape for a circuit of ten, twenty, or fifty miles. This was the case with Downing's lawn at Newburgh. Its flowing, leafy boundaries concealed ingeniously all neighboring imperfections, while they invited the eye to a variety of distant prospects, commanding the restless diorama of the storied Hudson, in whose crinkling mirror the bold mountain peaks watched their own shadows.

In midwinter reveries I like to think of a single square rod of turf that my feet once pressed, in the noisy heart of New York, in the rear of a row of five-story, fireproof dwellings, a rod of turf so carefully shaved and rolled, and watered and cosseted by an old Scotch gardener, that it smiled like an excerpt from the nuptial bower of our first parents ere the blight fell on Eden. The grass itself was fresh and perfect. Though shut in on three sides by stifling brick walls, there was an opening on the fourth side, where, looking under a large, cool Catalpa, burdened with broad leaves and pendent seed pods, you had a clear view of New York bay, as it bore the vexation of straight-going ferryboats, and blustering steam tugs, and slow merchantmen.

Over all hung the heated haze of an August noon, and above was a glimpse of the sweet blue sky, looking down like ox-eyed Juno. I call that a miniature lawn, achieved in the teeth of difficulties, and worthily so named, because it associates a piece of irreproachable grass with comely decoration, and

the charm of a distant prospect. I could tell of others in our own neighborhood, quite limited in extent, yet so adroitly limited that they convey the impression of space and roominess. By means of evergreen boundaries, they manage to take in all the pomp of distant woods, all the sheen of the Oriskany, all the plum bloom of the Adirondack hills. Wire has been used for making a fence that would turn cattle without spoiling the impression of roominess. A wire fence, painted green, and in good repair, is not to be complained of. We oftener see them unpainted and rusty; with the posts and rods broken or bent every which way, and offensive to the eye. The English ha-ha, or sunk fence, is an ingenious contrivance for giving invisible boundaries to a lawn. A deep, broad ditch takes the place of an ostentatious fence. Its name is a fine stroke of mother wit. You start out for a lazy stroll over what seems a far-reaching meadow. Before your cigar is well lighted, you are suddenly stopped by a ditch, and though you never saw it before, you call it by its right name "ha, ha, this is the way my friend cheats with his underground fences!"

Of course there can not be a lawn without grass. This is the groundwork and *sine qua non*, without which space and decoration lose their significance as adjuncts to a lawn. By grass we mean not a frowzy, unkempt growth of miscellaneous herbage, but a smooth sod, thickly sown with white clover and redtop, or kindred perennials, and frequently rolled and mowed, till it daily invites the sun and clouds to illustrate one of Milton's memorable phrases, and "work mosaic on the emerald turf."

There is scarcely anything in nature or art more beautiful and wonderful than the many-bladed grass which the summer night is never tired of stringing with liquid pearls. You may tread upon it without doing injury, yet its beauty is delicate, soft, and tender to the eye. The nature of the grass is companionable and cozy. It is like an everyday, easy-natured friend who never takes offense, is always at home to you, cares not a fig for ceremony, but keeps surprising

you with outbursts of wit, or snatches of extempore song, or ambuscades of generosity. Excepting the conifers, the grass is the last green thing that waves us a cheerful good night, when nature goes to its wintry sleep. It is the first green thing that greets us in spring, when the snowdrifts melt. Lin-næus, who was fond of tracing analogies between plants and men, called grasses the plebeians of the vegetable kingdom. They prove that there is no necessary antagonism between the useful and the beautiful. Each new mowing of the lawn is another sweet dinner for the stalled ox, or another layer for the haymow. The flowers in the pasture flaunt their gay colors, exhale their fragrance, and perish. But the grass of the lawn, after honoring a mission of beauty, yields to the scythe gracefully, dies an aromatic death, and magnifies a mission of utility.

Whether it lies beneath the sight, laughing in a May shower, or flecked with a June snowstorm of apple blossoms, pink and white, or basking in a July noontide, or alive with shadows of clouds, on a gusty day, playing tag across it, or sleeping in the moonshine, the eyes of man and beast and bird, and even reptiles, rejoice in the changeful glory of the summer's "lush and lusty grass." Not only is the grass glorious, but a peculiar glory to our own latitude. We may call it an emblem of freedom, for it disdains to live where slavery's blight is the deepest. No one can guess, till he has tried the loss of it, how the eyes of an exiled Northerner ache for the sight of emerald turf.

In a climate so variable and un-English as ours, grass can not be made to grow in durable freshness without a deep and mellow soil. A lawn should have power to resist the heaving frosts of winter, and the searing heats of August. Observation shows that the taproots of clover will reach down four feet, when the mellow soil is deep enough to allow it. A lawn thus thoroughly subsoiled will hold its greenness through the trying reign of the dog star, when the sight of it is most refreshing.

In starting a new lawn the best grass seeds are said to be

redtop and white clover. They should be mixed at the rate of one part of the white clover to three parts of the redtop, and sown very evenly and thickly, using four bushels for an acre. When the grass has started, the lawn should be rolled and mowed every ten or fourteen days. Every new use of the scythe thickens the soft, velvety pile of the lawn and adds to its finish, endurance, and power to please. Frequent rollings break down the ant-hills and worm heaps, and keep the smoothness like that of a carpet. Yellow dock, plantain, burdock, wild mustard, and daisies are a nuisance, not to be tolerated one moment. They defile the lawn and should be rooted up. There can be no objection to the blue-eye and wild violets. Lord Bacon recommends the planting of burnet, wild thyme, and watermint, "which perfume the air most delightfully when trodden upon and crushed." In the same essay he declares "there is nothing more pleasant to the eye than green grass finely shorn."

There is a choice of methods for quickening and thickening the verdure of a lawn. The too common practice of spreading it in autumn or spring with the filthiest crude extract of barnyard is indecent and without apology. No true lady will be altogether uncomely even if caught in her morning robe ; and a well-regulated lawn should not be repulsive when it takes on its annual supply of nutriment. No doubt the best way is to use liquid manure. This is straightway absorbed, and produces an immediate effect. If the preference is for solid manure, make a fine deodorized compost, and spread it on the grass in autumn or early spring. Superphosphates can always be had for a consideration. But better than these is the domestic guano, which every henhouse is glad to be relieved of.

A lawn can not be perfect without embellishment, especially the embellishment of trees. Only they should be like angel visits, few and far between. Too many trees spoil the lawn. The tendency with beginners in lawn making is to plant too profusely, and thus convert into a shrubbery, a wilderness, or a garden, what should be an open stretch

of dressed ground, always waiting for the free range of the roller and the scythe. In recalling examples that satisfy one's ideal of a faultless lawn, the memory instinctively goes to New England, and selects one of its grassy slopes of unblemished verdure, with a single centuried elm stooping over it like a guardian divinity, one of Doctor Holmes's tree wives twenty feet in clear girth, to which he has wedded himself by putting about it that well-worn measuring tape. Or the memory goes to Schenectady, and hovers about that cool, bright amphitheater at Union College, with its green, turfy concave below, answering to the green, leafy concave above, with a spry Dutchwoman running to pick up each leaf or bit of paper that falls to mar the unique charm of the emerald landscape. Is it to be wondered at that Doctor Nott asks to be buried beneath that monumental elm, where his dust may

Suffer a slow change  
Into something rich and strange?

Could his mortal clay, when the soul leaves it, ask for a nobler use than to climb that stalwart trunk, to invigorate those swaying arches, to run on errands of nutriment through those lithe drooping limbs, to greet the sunlight in that multitudinous foliage, in that vast Olympian canopy of greenness, still to live and still preside over a venerable home of science, while every leaf whispers to the passers-by

*Exegi monumentum aere perennius ?*

Evergreens, sparingly planted, preferably those of pyramidal shape, with branches growing low and close to the ground, are appropriate for decorating a lawn. Its borders may be properly marked with evergreen hedges or trees, provided there are suitable openings for catching views of choice points in the neighboring landscape. Other decorations are often recommended, and to a limited extent are worthy of adoption.

A sun dial all will allow to be a suitable and useful embellishment. If its inscription conveys a good lesson, so much the better. The literature of sun dials is not as extensive and

rich as it ought to be. Whoso erects one will need to exercise ingenuity in devising a fit motto. Vases and urns are architectural in their character, and should be placed near the house, so as to form a connecting link between it and the lawn. Marble dogs couchant, lions rampant, and fawns on the *qui vive* are sometimes placed on the lawn. These are better than nude statues of mythic divinities, because they are imitations of nature. But the comeliest decoration after all is a group of jolly schoolmates, playing "oats, peas, beans, and barley, O," with a live Newfoundland to trip them up, or a holiday knot of men and women, genially discussing some juicy problem of a philosophy

Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools believe,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute.

The lawn was made for man, not man for the lawn. It should be kept subservient to social uses, and made the theater for the interchange of kindly greetings and generous amenities. The old Greeks, with their soft climate and Italian skies, knew how to create a lawn, how to embellish it, and how to use it, too.

Such a lawn I would commend to-night: one thoroughly Platonized, so as to carry an expression of roominess and freedom (gained by the absence of close, high fences and thickly dotted trees); an expression of purity and neatness, as opposed to unclipped hedges and weedy grasses running to seed; a social, homelike expression apparent in arbors, rustic seats, and fountains and groups of trees, where the birds like to congregate and sing; an all-pervading æsthetic expression, especially visible in the vases, statues, parterre, and resting, like a grateful atmosphere, over the entire scene.

Modern art is fond of breaking up the green monotony of a lawn by cutting out beds for flowers—beds of every shape, crescents, stars, circles, rhombs, and nondescript figures. Such embellishments are pleasing and unobjectionable if placed in the vicinity of graveled walks.

A lawn without water may seem to some like the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out. Yet I had well-nigh forgotten



to speak of it. In the composition of a landscape few things produce more beauty, variety, and interest than water. Lakes, waterfalls, and fountains are great acquisitions to dressed grounds, provided always the water is abundant and unfailling. A muddy, stagnant pool, with a green scum on the surface, is offensive. The sight of water gives no pleasure unless it is free to run away when it pleases. When imprisoned in a water-lime frog pond, it occupies a false, unnatural position, and convicts the artist of an unpardonable infidelity to truthfulness.

And how about the cost? Avaunt thee, wretched question!

Why need you throw mortal stones at every brilliant, vitreous air castle that a poor day dreamer takes so much comfort in building? Of course a finished lawn must be paid for. The author of *Vathek* lavished a million or so on his. Men of circumscribed incomes can make shift to do with less.

#### THE GARDEN

\* \* \* In the sunniest periods of a prosperous career, there will be moments of weariness, moments of sickness, if not moments of disgust at the vanity and hollowness of what the world calls success, for which we are solaced by coming home, like half-weaned children, to the green garden lap of mother earth. A home is never so complete as to fully satisfy the heart; is never quite worthy to be called a home, unless it offers the comfort and solace of a garden. So intense and clamorous is this hunger of the heart for a garden that we often see it humored in city windows with potted plants where their stretching and yearning for the sunshine are like that longing, lingering look with which our first parents bade farewell to Paradise.

As every complete rural home must have its garden, so every complete farm must be epitomized in the garden. We call it a garden to express our idea of its sacredness, and its consecration to home's dearest uses and comforts. In defiance of its derivation from the French *jardin*, the garden is thought of as a guarded *spot*; a place set apart for higher uses than its surrounding acres. The garden is a place where the poetry of

rural life finds fitting expression in the glory of flowers and ornamental shrubs, in choice fruits and vegetable luxuries. It is a spot where birthdays and death days are commemorated by the planting of rare trees, whose cool, creeping shadows shall dial off the long summer hours on the shaven turf.

The garden is a place that Cowper must have loved. There he played bopeep with his pet hares. There he amused himself with "the clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme." There it was right pleasant for him, as it is for all like him,

Through the loopholes of retreat  
To see the stir of the great Babel  
And not feel the crowd;  
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,  
At a safe distance, where the dying sounds  
Fall a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.

The garden is the choice playground for humanity at its best estate. It is there that we are very apt to go for recreation and a brief forgetfulness of daily toil. If not good-for-nothing idlers, we are all in bondage to work and to duty.

Hard work is a monster that oppresses, a Protean monster with many ugly shapes. This Protean monster keeps us awake nights, spoils digestion, turns the hair gray prematurely, digs hollows in the cheeks, summer-fallows the forehead, and winter-kills the poetry of life. Hard work rides us and rules us like the old man of the sea. But now and then we slip away from his hateful clutches, and rush for the garden, as unyoked tired steers scamper off to the cool spring and the clover. Once in the garden, we grow back to giddy boys and girls again. In the sweet companionship of flowers, we forget the little duns that annoy, the small scandals that irritate, the distant famines and battles that desolate.

The fable of Antæus is no longer a fable, when the delicious smell of mother earth revives the vigor of youth, and gives new courage and strength for the battles of life.

O joy to us in such retreat,  
Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
To drink the cooler air and mark  
The landscape winking through the heat.

\* \* \* There are cool morning and evening hours, when nature baits her invitation to the garden with most alluring bribes. The sweetest of all roses are those that borrow their tinting from the lips of the gardeness as she bends to her skillful toileting of mother earth, in the flush of sunset, plying the trowel to the music of happy robins and happy thoughts.

Rosy is the west,  
Rosy is the south,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.

The garden is something better than a place for recreation ; something more than a teacher of economy. It is also an attractive school for the study of natural history. The habits of plants, of insects and birds, pass beneath our closest scrutiny while we are at work or at play in the garden. Our recreations and experiments in the garden give us alluring object lessons in botany, chemistry, meteorology, and entomology. In spite of a wholesome horror of pedantry, all unconsciously, before we know it, we hear each other talking profoundly about the mysterious habits of the hated curculio, that little restless rascal of a Moslem propagandist, who is so zealous to leave his crescent signature on our green-gages and golden drops.

We learn to forgive the greed of the robins, and cheerfully concede to them a lawyer's share of our cherries ; we become doubly grateful for their morning and evening serenades, when we see how usefully busy they are in devouring noxious insects.

\* \* \* We need not doubt that the good influence of Downing and others like him will continue to vivify and inspire, until the garden no longer needs a zealous advocate of its economic and æsthetic uses ; until every schoolhouse in the land is embowered in leafy coolness, and graced with a live teacher, who can teach the science of vegetable physiology, as well as the art of planting and pruning, and layering and budding, and hybridizing and grafting ; until every college

has its endowed chair of botany, and its *Jardin des Plantes*, richly stocked with the vegetable treasures of every longitude; not till every village has its people's garden, for the holidays of the living, and its rural cemetery, where the loved and gone are laid to their last sleep, in the still twilight of wooded slopes; not till each farmer and laborer can sit under his own Delaware and Concord, with no dread of the mildew; under his own Bartlett and Seckel, with no dread of the poor blight; not till there are cherries enough both for birds and bairns; not till each landholder, along with his well-kept lawn and garden, has a heart to relish their beauty, and to hear the voice of God walking among the trees of the garden.

October 6, 1897.

A fit conclusion to the series of Doctor North's lectures which this volume presents is his paper "Greek Gardening," often read to the college classes, in which his own intimate self stands revealed in the plea for the close communion of scholarship with nature.

#### GREEK GARDENING

The genuine scholar is one who likes to keep his thoughts busy not alone with words, but with what the words stand for. He likes to look for something beyond the dry husks and outward integuments of ancient learning. To the genuine scholar whatever pertains to the landscape scenery and the rural life of the Greeks appeals with a singular fascination. So deeply is he interpenetrated with the spirit of Homer and Herodotus, Plato and Theocritus, so intimately is their life absorbed into his life, that he owns an attachment for the soil they trod, for the skies that bent above them, for the streams beside which they walked, weaving their thoughts and feelings into rhythm, for the trees and hedges beneath which they playfully chatted, or soberly debated, for the "earth and water" that were emblems of their sovereignty.

This interest is not a barren or puerile sentiment. It brings growth and ripeness to the intellect, as well as comfort to the heart. It is to this Hellenizing tendency that Oliver Wendell Holmes makes confession when he says: "I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees on the hillside which overlooked the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and summer reclothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language. What are these maples and beeches and birches but odes and idyls and madrigals? What are these pines and firs and spruces but holy hymns, too solemn for the many-hued raiment of their gay deciduous neighbors?"

Going back from Holmes to Hellas, it may be claimed that the rocks and rivers, the mountain peaks and trees of Greece, had a voice in shaping and coloring the character of its inhabitants. Especially is this true of her poets and artists, whose companionship with nature was more intimate, more unreserved, and more free from disturbance than that of her orators and historians.

If one would arrive at the truest conception of the Hellenic character in its æsthetic phase, if one would teach the inner eye to detect all its delicate shadings of thoughtfulness, all its half-conscious revealings of sentiment and fancy, he must take into account the subtle influence of those natural agents. Not more truly to Wordsworth than to his prototype, Theocritus, were

The tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep gloomy wood,  
Their colors and their forms  
An appetite, a feeling, and a love.

Not more truly to Byron than to Æschylus was there

A pleasure in the pathless woods,  
A rapture on the lonely shore.

Amid the perpetual flux and the noisy, fretful changes of human life, nature remains the same. Mother earth is never out of patience ; never forgets her promise of summer and winter, seedtime and harvest. One generation goes and another takes its place, but the earth abides unchanged and serene. It is pleasure to remember that in most respects the physical features of Greece remain to-day what they were twenty centuries ago, before the unspeakable Turk had desecrated her temples and monuments of art.

Take the trees of Greece that were selected as most appropriate for gardens, lawns, and public parks, study them as giving something of an insight into Greek character, and it will be seen that they were made to satisfy higher needs than those of the mere mechanic, or builder, or fruit grower. To the inner vision of a Greek (whether cultivated and tasteful, or ignorant and superstitious), a tree was something better than a bundle of vegetable organs that satisfied its only mission when it had contributed to his physical support, enrichment, or pleasure. It had an ethical significance. It spoke a language as many-voiced and potent as that from living lips.

Many of the Greek trees were distinguished for their beauty and utility. These were sacred to divinities. The strength of Zeus found its symbol in the oak ; Apollo's grace in the palm ; Athena's ministry in the fruitful olive. The tapering fir was consecrated to Pan. Other emblematic uses were numerous, appropriate, and eloquent. This was not all. The Greek trees discharged other offices, which, though less specific, and not recognized in set phrases, were none the less real, touching closely the inner life of the nation. They had tongues and preached daily homilies to those who sought the cool baptism of their shade. The squandered fragrance of their blossoms breathed suggestions of kindness and sympathy. Their swaying branches and murmuring leaves gave unerring lessons in graceful gesture and melody.

Their autobiography, as rehearsed from day to day by their persistent presence, was a volume of pithy proverbs.

They taught that the most stupendous results are inclosed in the seed of each living principle, just as Dodona's forest sleeps in the acorn's cup. Starting from minute germs, making themselves tall and stalwart and fair by their own industrious vitality, by slowly adding fiber to fiber, by pushing out branch above branch, and leaf beyond leaf, by getting something of gain from each shower and dewfall, from sunshine and breeze, by wrestling with tempests sturdily, by striking deep their burrowing roots, and pushing them out on remote excursions after food, they taught the infinite worth of strong will and plodding patience, and profuse energy and fixed faith.

Over all large earnest souls the trees of Attica, if not those of Sparta, stretched out fraternal arms, breathing blessings, and whispering "the still sad music of humanity."

Of all the superstitions entertained by the Greeks no one suggests a tenderer feeling for mother earth than that which associated with each tree a wood nymph, or hamadryad, whose life began and was doomed to terminate with the life of the tree.

One of the familiar decorations in the theater of Bacchus was the furrowed trunk of an aged oak with a venerable dryad emerging from its summit.

Reference is made to these fabled dryads in a paragraph of Homer's "Hymn to Venus."

"Along with these nymphs at their birth are born either beech trees or high-headed oaks on the generous earth, graceful of form and vigorous. They reach toward the sun on lofty mountains. They are called the groves of the immortals. Mortal men never assail them with the ax. But when the doom of death is at hand, the graceful foliage withers, the bark dries up, the branches fall off, and then the life of the dryad quits the life of the sun."

An ingenious and graceful allegory has been suggested by this botanic fable. It is often met with in modern literature, yet belongs to our subject too closely to be omitted here.

A Greek youth named Rhæcus, in rambling through an

old forest, when the wind was high, met with an aged hollow oak, just trembling to its fall. Yielding to a momentary impulse, Rhœcus propped up the tottering oak and passed on his way. Soon after, hearing his name pronounced with a gentle voice, he turned about and saw a maidenly shape, of more than mortal beauty, smiling upon him through the green gloom of the forest. "Rhœcus," said the superhuman shape, "I am the dryad of yonder oak, my existence you have lengthened out by an act of unsolicited kindness. Tell me how I can repay you, for my own life is linked with the life of the oak." Rhœcus was one of the many who act from impulse. In the presence of such radiant, intoxicating beauty, his impulse was to ask that the nymph would become his mistress. She gave her own private interpretation to his wanton request and consented. She promised to send a honeybee to announce the hour of their first interview, and melted from his sight. With a light step, a wicked joy at his heart, and a lover's song on his lip, Rhœcus hurried from the woods to the city. He fell in with gay companions; was invited to dinner and dice; and soon forgot the dryad's loveliness in the excitements of wine and gaming. The dice were rattling fast, and bets were running high, when the dryad's messenger flew in at the open door, and hummed its errand in his ear. "Confound the bee!" fretted Rhœcus. "Does it take my face for a clover bed?" The humming grew louder, and the dicer grew more impatient, until with a sudden blow, the poor bee was cuffed aside. With wounded wings it made its way back, and told what had happened. Soon after came Rhœcus himself, flushed with drink, and eager for the promised interview with the hamadryad. He stood again by the aged oak. He strained his maudlin eyes to pierce the dimness of the woods. But the fair vision of the morning was nowhere to be seen. At last he heard a low, sad voice whispering from out the deepening twilight: "I am beside you, Rhœcus, but not as a companion. Your lustful eyes will never see me again. The ear that could hear more music in the rattling of gambler's dice than in



the humming of my errand bee is in bondage to a soul too dull and sensual for the pure embrace of nature's beauty." The wind sighed off in the distance, and Rhœcus knew that he was alone, foul at heart, and accursed.

The Greek art of ornamental planting, or of expressing the beautiful in gardening, divides itself historically into two periods. We may call them, for convenience, the Homeric and the Platonic periods. As individual character often takes a coloring from intimate contact or want of contact with trees, so national features may be detected in the treatment and culture of trees as ornaments of the garden and landscape.

If one were sent out into the country on a confidential mission to look up a man utterly selfish, brutal, mercenary, and small-hearted, his first call would probably be made at some slovenly place where no trees were invited to grow.

There are few things in which the triumphs of genius and art are more signal and limitless than in landscape gardening. Yet the artist gardener is dependent upon nature for well nigh every feature of rural beauty that he develops. He must work out his design, not like a painter with pencil and colors, not like a sculptor with chisel and marble, but through the vital forces of nature. Yet he often seems to originate where he only improves, recombines, or reproduces. He can select what is comely, and discard what is worthless; he can chasten what is rude, enliven and emphasize what is tame; he can harmonize as well by sympathy as by contrast.

He can pleasure the eye with unexpected sights, combinations, and sounds. Herein lies the secret of his power. The visitor who walks through the grounds at Chatsworth or Kew, sees no single element of rural beauty that is not to be seen, in separate position, somewhere else. Yet here these features of landscape beauty are so crowded together, and so skillfully grouped, nature's deformities are transformed into such attractiveness, that one can scarcely believe he walks the same worn-out, humdrum, and ugly earth that was blasted with the primal curse.

Homer's ideal of a princely garden is given in his picture of the grounds about the garden of Alcinous :

" Around the palace was a large garden hard by the gates, covering four acres. A fence was stretched about it on every side. Here tall sturdy trees had grown up, pears and pomegranates, apples, bright-fruited and luxuriant olives. Of these the fruitage decays not, fails not, neither in summer nor in winter, lasting the year round. Pear grows mellow after pear, apple after apple, grape cluster after grape cluster, and fig after fig. Here also a rich-fruited vineyard had been planted. On one side a level drying ground is warmed by the sun. Here while some grapes they are treading, others they are gathering. In front are green grapes, having just cast the blossom, while others are purpling into ripeness. Here also are neatly kept flower beds, beside the last row of trees, blossoming throughout the year. Finally there are two fountains. One is carried over the grounds for irrigation. The other flows into the palace, whence the neighbors supply themselves with water. Such are the glorious gifts of the gods to the home of Alcinous."

The picture thus glowingly painted is one that might cause the schoolboy's mouth to water, and his heart to break the tenth commandment, if not his hands the eighth. It offers everything to the palate, but little to the soul. It is poorly fitted, with all its miraculous details, for stirring the heart's deep springs of sentiment and for

Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

The beautiful is dwarfed and overshadowed by the utilities.

Homer's trees in the garden of Alcinous are wonderful and desirable not because they furnish a pleasant home for birds of song and social katydids ; not for the grace and animation they give to scenery ; not for the cool creeping shadows that dial off the long summer hours on the elastic shaven turf ; but simply and solely for their endless supply of luscious fruits and creature comforts. This were a paradise too grossly sensual,

save for the age of Homer, or the dupes of Mahomet. Albeit a wealthy and great-hearted monarch, Alcinous has but narrow ideas of gardenesque beauty. His wine press is as much out of place, where Homer puts it, like a rude impertinence, between the palace and the flower beds, as would be a cider mill in the *Jardin des Plantes*.

Homer is resolved that his waterworks shall pay well for the room they take up. His two fountains suggest only ideas of convenience and household utility. They are little better than a pair of drinking troughs. One of them seems to do the duty of a town pump. It is nought to Alcinous that water likes to declare its independence by leaping heavenward and dancing in the sunlight, as David danced before the Lord. It is nought to Alcinous that water has a natural turn for music and will sing in chorus with birds and morning stars, if one but give it a pebbly rill to run in.

Plato's idea of gardenesque beauty is hinted at in the opening of his "Phædrus," where the scene of the dialogue is thus described by Socrates as he strolls with his friend along the Ilissus:

"By Juno, a charming retreat! There the platane spreads very widely its cooling boughs and is superbly tall. The twilight beneath the low willows is delightful, and the place is filled with their pleasant fragrance. A cheerful fountain of coolish water flows beneath the platane, which seems to be sacred to certain nymphs, from the statues of virgins that adorn it. Notice what summerish and agreeable music is furnished by the choir of tettixes. But the sweetest sight of all is that of the grass so persuasively wooing the reclining head to its sloping velvet."

We hear and read much and often about Platonic love, Platonic bodies, a Platonic year: would it be riding a suggestive epithet too freely, in memory of this rare model of æsthetic gardening, to speak of a Platonic lawn?

Plato's ideal represents an advanced stage of culture and refinement. It represents a period when sense was subordinated to spirit; and the glories of nature were wedded to the

creations of art, or brought into kindest rivalry with them, and this without sacrificing to the alliance aught of nature's attractive simplicity. The Platonic garden was a place where temples were built to the naiads and oreads, with which Homer's religion peopled each stream and wooded hill ; where tempting walks coaxed the feet through weird perplexities of shadow and fragrance ; where glades opened through to waterfalls spanned by rainbows, as if to furnish a playground for unfettered fancies ; where drooping willows caressed the white silence of marble goddesses ;

Where meeting boughs and implicated leaves  
Wove twilight o'er the poet's path.

The Platonic garden was a place for social reciprocities. There friends came together, without ceremony, in the long summer evenings, and timed the music of their talk by the cicada ticking in the grass. It was a favorite place for intellectual encounters and jousts of wit. In place of a smooth earth floor, warmed by the sun, where slaves were treading grapes in the wine press, and water tanks, where drudging housemaids were filling their pitchers, it had green, broad lawns, shaded by platanes, pomegranates, and olives, with temples sacred to dance and song, and inviting seats sacred to conversation, where keen thinkers were solving the problems of a philosophy well-named divine, a philosophy

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools believe,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute.

Proportionately as men advance in civilization, their love for the beautiful in gardening grows deeper and stronger. With each step of progress in self-culture, there is a marked improvement in skill and taste for managing the details of an ornamental landscape, and thus compelling nature to express their ideas of the beautiful.

The passion for natural beauty sometimes attributed to the Indian and the wild trapper will hardly bear a close inspection. They will stop to admire that which stuns and amazes, like a cataract ; but they are generally cold to that which insinuates

its lesson of loveliness in the whisper of leaves and the tinting of flowers. They are like Homer's Alcinous, seeing most attractiveness in what contributes to the joys of the table, or the lower conveniences of life. Their chief love is given to objects that gratify the animal appetite; while they are heedless of what ministers through the outward senses to the hunger of the heart. Whoever heard, unless it were in some fiction's baseless fabric, of an Indian planting a rosebush by the door of his tent, or of a trapper stretching an æolian harp in a crevice of his cabin?

It may be drawn as a practical sentiment from the facts and thoughts now presented, that a true and wholesome scholarship and culture will keep itself in close communion with nature, and will strive to advance in the knowledge of men and books, without becoming estranged from trees and landscapes.

Whate'er of ancient song remains  
Has fresh air flowing in its veins.  
For Greece and eldest kin knew well,  
That out of doors, with world-wide swell,  
Arches the student's lawful cell.

A monkish and morbid seclusion from sun and wind and dew-fall are not essential to profound learning. On the contrary, the mind, not less than the grass and the trees, is made glad and vigorous and fruitful by the sunshine.

There are rich reserves of pleasure, sweet suggestions thrilling to the heart, and rare nutriments for mental growth, far away from libraries, out beneath the blue, broad arch, for lack of which mere bookworms pine and waste away and shrivel. A genuine disciple of Plato, whose time-honored Academy was a grove of olives (that are still living and still productive), will scorn to take his enjoyment of nature at second hand, through the medium of books and other men's experiences. He will keep himself intimate with the denizens of the forest, animal and vegetable, with the changes brought about by the ceaseless circuit of the seasons, and the fairy drama of the months. He will suffer himself to be beguiled from the fretful fevers of the world, from the dreary dumbness of printed pages, by the

beckoning woods, by the winking stars that constellate in the nightly sky, by the seductive voices that call to him from out a thousand shaded nooks and lonely footpaths, where

Spring's green girlishness  
Moves mobile as it trembles into June.

He will keep in fellowship with the slopes and brooks, the meadows and the cornfields, where the pulse of nature may be heard to beat, and where he can recognize

In nature and the language of the sense  
The anchor of his purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of his heart.

Such walks will bring to his notice delightful and profitable subjects for research and contemplation. In this way the soul's eye, sharpened by the power of harmony, will learn to see into the life of things about him. Whatever his mood, he will always find in nature something to make him a better man. Where

The delicate forest flower,  
With scented breath and look so like a smile,  
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,  
An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
A visible token of the upholding Love,  
That are the soul of this great universe.

## CHAPTER XII

### MEMORIAL ADDRESS<sup>1</sup>

By HERRICK JOHNSON, D.D., LL.D., '57

McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois

SOMETHING fine, unique, and matchless dropped out of the life of Hamilton College when Edward North dropped out of it. We are here at this memorial service to pay tribute to his memory. With what balances shall we weigh him, so that by comparison or contrast we may reach a just estimate of his worth?

Weighed over against mere material endowment, as stone and mortar, or dollars and cents, sixty years of such a gift of God to the college as Edward North was, makes the biggest endowment Hamilton ever had seem "a trifle light as air."

Weighed over against vast executive force, as in the masterly handling of affairs, the scales of a just balance soon tell that mere power of administration is no match whatever for the God-trusting spirit that let loose such intellectual and moral forces here on the hill, and for more than half a century spent itself in the molding and mastery of men.

Drummond said some while ago that "love is the greatest thing in the world." But what is love without a lover? How can an attribute of personality be greater than the personality? With "Old Greek" in the scales "love" would be outweighed by "love" plus a rare, unique, mystic personality, in which love was born, and out from which love was ever going on errands of beneficence.

<sup>1</sup> Delivered before the faculty and students of Hamilton College, November 17, 1903.

It was this power of personality that made Hamilton's Greek chair famous for half a century. And this is both the inspiration and the theme for this memorial service.

Power of personality may be somewhat difficult to define. But we all recognize it ; and when we come into the presence of it, we instinctively pay it homage. It was this in Mark Hopkins that Garfield glorified in his famous saying, " President Hopkins and a log to sit on would be college enough for me." Personality can not be copied — it must be developed. It can not be manufactured — it must be grown. It is a composite — not any one quality, but a combination of qualities. There is both a perceptive and receptive element in personality. One needs to be open-eyed and open-minded, and must not only be able to see things, but be ready to take things in. Humboldt is reported as having said of a somewhat noted tourist that "he had traveled more and seen less, than any man he ever knew." This is the blunt way science has of telling the matter.

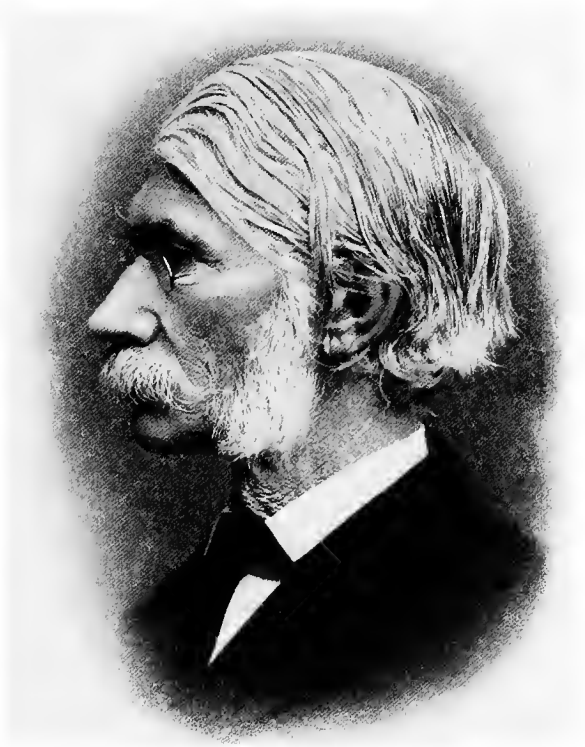
Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God,  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes,  
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.

This is the poet's way of telling the matter.

Alas, how many of us are before the bush, reading no sign of God there, content to go on plucking blackberries ! But this seer, whose memory we here honor, this man of visions, saw God in each burning bush, and off came his shoes ; for the place whereon he stood was holy ground. But not only must one see things and be ready to take them in, he must know them as they enter. Knowledge gives the intellectual element of personality. No personality worth speaking of is possible where there is mental vacuity.

And one needs to feel things — which is the emotional element of personality. And to do things — which is the volitional element. And to put conscience into things — which is the ethical element.





EDWARD NORTH IN THE 90'S.



This is the composite vital to high personality, and the proportions in which these various elements get mixed will determine the charm, the glory, the power, and the victories of this mystic thing which is so real, and which nevertheless baffles dissection and eludes all analysis.

It is just because of this possibility of power in personality that the living teacher can not be superseded. Books will not do the business. A living man before living men will for evermore be mightier than white paper and black ink. Hence it is that speech is the great instrument of power with man. Hence the biblical statement, "Death and life are in the power of the tongue."

Carlyle flamed out against this. He disparaged the tongue and lauded the press; decried speech and glorified literature. His idea is, "Laws are not made by Parliament, but by the pen." The true university, he says, is a collection of books.

But the world's great seats of learning go on establishing their lectureships and chairs of instruction, and they compass the earth for living personalities with which to fill them, Carlyle to the contrary notwithstanding.

A library has some unquestionable elements of inspiration. But the mind of an author is more than his works. The genius of a writer is greater than his writings. The nameless and potent charm of intense personality can not all go down into a written word or a dead book. Soldiers worth anything will obey a written order of their chief, as it may be read along the lines; but to see his face and hear his voice will lock their jaws with a firmer clench of duty and put into their fighting invincibleness! Peter the Hermit by his flaming speech fired all Europe with crusadic ardor. Luther's words, with Luther behind them, were thunderbolts. It was Gladstone's speeches permeated with Gladstoné, that made him, for so long, primate of all England, and a world power.

Truth is mighty. But truth in personality is well-nigh almighty.

How shall I set before you the rare personality that made such impress on the student life of Hamilton for sixty years,

and left the track of its operation so ineffaceably and beneficially on upward of two thousand of her alumni?

Shall I do it by the briefest of biographies? Edward North was born in Berlin, Connecticut, March 9, 1820. He died at his house on College Hill, September 13, 1903. There it is—two dates and a life between. But of that life this brief record tells us absolutely nothing save that it was just so long. And this does not touch the hem of the garment of personality.

Let us then multiply the data.

He united with the church in 1831, when he was eleven years old. He began his preparation for college in his native town and finished it at the grammar school in Clinton, in 1837. He was graduated at Hamilton with the rank of valedictorian in 1841. In 1843, when he was less than twenty-four years of age, and only two years out of college, he was elected Dexter professor of Greek and Latin in Hamilton College. In 1862 his chair was divided and he was elected Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, which chair he held for the balance of his life. In 1844 he received the degree of A.M. from Brown University. In 1869 the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred upon him by the University of the State of New York, and in 1887 the degree of Doctor of Laws was given him by Madison (now Colgate) University. Since 1852, Professor North was one of the trustees of the Clinton Grammar School; since 1855, a trustee of the Clinton Cemetery Association and Necrologist of the Society of Hamilton Alumni. He had charge of the department of Alumniana in the "Hamilton Literary Magazine" from its foundation in 1866. In 1865 he was president of the New York State Teachers' Association. He was a member of the New York Historical Society, the Albany Institute, the Oneida Historical Society, the American Philological Association, the American Philosophical Society, the Hellenic Philological Sullogos of Constantinople, and other similar associations. He was known as the author of contributions to different reviews and magazines, and of published addresses before various societies, thus giving him an established reputation as an accomplished essayist and critic.

But with all this, and more that might be named, we are not let into the secret of this quiet but mighty life. These are mere biographical data, honorable indeed, and betokening public confidence, varied activities, and trusts well discharged. But his mystic personality is not in these. They do not tell us one word of the weird witchery and strange spell by which he captured and charmed both the scholarly and the dull, proving a creative and uplifting force that lured or inspired to higher things almost every student ever under his care. We must go deeper than dates and degrees, deeper than the calendar and the catalogue, to find the real man.

We shall find something of Edward North's unique power of personality in his style of expression.

Buffon goes so far as to say "the style is the man." Certainly language is more than the dress of thought. It is the living and organic body of which thought is the possessing and vivifying spirit. Just as no eye flashes and no face glows, so no words burn where there is no fire within. In this sense North's style was North's soul. The rare quaintness of the spirit got expression in rich and sparkling quaintness of speech. The poetic soul found poetic utterance. This imparted the flavor of the original to his translations, and gave him the exquisite poetical and musical English in which he so deftly and smoothly rendered the musical Greek. This furnished him the happy choice and collocation, and sometimes coinage, of words that lent most felicitous expression to his thought.

Two years ago hundreds of his old students joined in sending him a bushel of letters as a Christmas greeting. It has since been my privilege to look over some of these letters of love and congratulation. And this is the way they speak of his style: One of the boys calls him "the most consummate master of the English language." Another embodies his thought of him in a quotation from the Iliad:

Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled;  
Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled.

Another speaks of "the beautiful rhythmical flow of those wonderful lectures we delighted so much to hear."

Here is his own happy, prophetic, and poetic characterizing of commencement week as he stood fifty years ago, and prophesied what it would be a century thence: "Commencement week," he said, "will be a sumptuous carnival of scholars, rivaling the brilliant Panathenæa of the Greeks, at which wit, beauty, science, eloquence, and song shall jewel the feet of the Hours as they trip smilingly by."

And here is his apt and epigrammatic way of contrasting two friends, to each of whom has been sent a basket of flowers. The one he describes born "with the poet's vision and faculty divine"; the other "with the gifts of a lexicographer." The one deals with flowers tenderly, and "inhales their sweetness with sobs of delight." The other spreads them out as if on a dissecting table for scientific study; or "proceeds to inspect them as a provost marshal might inspect a squad of raw recruits." "Both are passionately fond of flowers. Both are heartily grateful for the kindness that brings them. Yet they are decidedly unlike each other — almost as unlike as a blackbird and a blackboard or a bobolink and a bobsled." This happy knack of nicking things — this quaint originality of style — surely lets us see something of the quaint original.

His mystic power of personality also shows itself in his youthfulness of spirit. He kept it to the last. Age did not stiffen his soul or fix him in changeless ruts of procedure. He was as genial, willowy, and responsive to approach at eighty as at forty. He early became a child of God, and through all his subsequent manly and mature years he took God by the hand as a little child, and trustfully walked with him all the way home. This childlike spirit that he carried up into old age accounts, in a large part at least, for the many classes of lovers he had. Not only the alumni loved him, not only the boys in the college, but every one who served the household, loved him. Even the women who came occasionally to clean and wash treasure the cute little speeches he made to them on occasions, showing appreciation of their work and lightening their toil. The people he met at summer resorts got tied to him — even children and the babies. The babies would always go to him

and he would walk with them up and down the long hall of "Halfwayup," as if he were brooding over them in a kind of loving paternity.

Here is what some of the Hamilton boys said of him in that rare budget of letters they sent him two Christmases ago.

One of the boys of '85 writes, "I know the eternal youth of your heart." And one of the class of '68 says, "I remember how you played with my firstborn child, long since gone to her eternal home." There he is, how easily we can picture him, on a chance visit in a Hamilton graduate's home, at his old tricks, playing the boy again in the dear caress and tenderness of a spirit that could never grow old. A '75 enthusiast puts it this way :

Old with wisdom in your youth ;  
Young with lovers in your age ;  
Always old and always young ;  
"Old Greek" to all since '41.

And a member of the class of '71 pays touching tribute to this same sweet grace in these words, "You showed me that an accomplished scholar may be as simple, trusting, and approachable as a child."

Approachableness ! Childlikeness ! Carrying this up into manhood and on to old age has been defined as genius. It marks certain great natures — preeminently, the Man of Nazareth ; never hedged about with dignities ; never behind locked doors ; never in private quarters, with "no admittance" glaring at you over the entrance way. Greatly like him, reverently be it said, was the beloved Abraham Lincoln. It was this that so endeared the martyred hero to the popular heart. And Edward North's personality had one of its sweetest phases in this, the approachableness it invited and furnished.

Closely allied to this trait was another — his rare gentleness. It made him great. It made others great who came under the spell of it. Morley, in his just-published life of Gladstone, quotes an English sage as saying, "He is a won-

derful man that can thread a needle when he is at cudgels in a crowd ; and yet this is as easy as to find truth in the hurry of disputation." Even Gladstone was not always ready to admit this. But it had no difficulty of acceptance with our quiet and studious lover of books and men. He got no truth by warring words. Disputation was alien to him. Taking up the cudgels of controversy was never a joy. No one had more tenacious hold of principle. He would die for it. But a fight he abhorred. He fled the arena of hot discussion and acrid debate. And yet, while he never domineered men, he dominated them. He won his throne ; he did not force it. Nay, he never seemed to make any effort even to win affection. He simply was himself, and the throne came to him.

He was an iconoclast, but not of the rude, fierce sort, that smash our idols to our faces. We all remember the college days, when the college spirit and the college ambitions and rivalries and predilections led to the setting up of idols. The sophomores were quite prone to personify the class and to glorify the personification. A junior here and there would build an altar to logic. In my own day several of us (and I was among them) set up the idol metaphysics and paid it a good deal of homage. We muddled our brains with it, and set our tongues going, the result being what Spurgeon characterizes as "unbounded nothing in big words." Then along would come the dear old tender iconoclast, the Greek professor, and like Emerson as described by Oliver Wendell Holmes, he would "take our idols down from their pedestals so gently that it seemed like an act of worship." But they came down ; and they were never set up again.

Here is the way some of his old students wrote of his gentleness as they crowned him on that Christmas coronation day a little while before he went home to God, to be crowned by the King of Kings : "One of the sweet inspirations of my life," says a member of the class of '86, "is the memory of a gentle, gracious, grand old man, whose kindly word at an opportune time cooperated with other influences in leading me into the blessed ministry of Jesus Christ."



"Your gentleness," writes another, of the class of '75, "your gentleness and kindliness, and evident faith that there was something good in me, kept me from going straight to the devil. If I knew where upon this earth I could find a like influence for my boy, I should feel that he would be safe." What a crown to go to heaven with! Imagine the dear "Old Greek" going up to his Lord with that tribute shining in letters of light from his brow. We all know he would be ignorant of the shining, and would rather be saying, "Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs that from thy table fall."

Another characteristic of this rare personality was a capacity for details. It is almost never associated with a poetic temperament. But this strange marriage took place in Edward North's nature, and the nuptials had God's own seal. He could sing and soar; but he could go on foot. He could sweep the heavens, yet harness his will to the minutest tasks. He was both telescopic and microscopic. Witness his *Alumniana*. Many of the old graduates found in these personal details their chief joy as they turned the pages of the "Hamilton Literary Magazine." How this dear alumni lover kept on the track of the boys! Nothing seemed to escape his sight and search. He knew them as no other man on the hill knew them. He could talk about them as no other man on the hill could talk about them. When he met them he surprised them with his memory of details. And when they died, who could sum up the life record as he, making him the incomparable necrologist, who has kept the annals of Hamilton's stelligerent host for well-nigh half a century.

The old English poet, John Donne (perhaps as striking an original as our Edward North), once likened a married couple to a pair of compasses, or dividers, after this unique fashion:

The one doth in the center sit,  
And when the other far doth roam,  
It leans and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect as it comes home.

By a slight change or two in this quaint quatrain we have a happy picture of our beloved professor, and the way he used to keep in touch with the graduates of Hamilton :

"Old Greek" did in the center sit,  
And when his boys afar would roam,  
He leaned and hearkened after them,  
And grew erect as they came home.

Is it any wonder that he knew the little details and incidents and happenings of so many of us, and that he had them handy when he met us by the way !

But it was not simply in his handling of the goings and doings of the alumni that he manifested his capacity for, and mastery of, details ; the minutest of the college interests were in his mind and often on his heart. And other interests of every sort had his thought and care. I have been permitted to look into the record of a year of his life—a brief diary kept by his own hand. It is tracked with just those multiplied minutiae of practical affairs that one would not have dreamed of, in this man of visions and this dreamer of dreams.

Here is one day's record, copied at random from this commonplace yet bewitching little book : "Greek at 9. Faculty meeting at 10. Greek with juniors at 11. In the cemetery with Mr. Hastings and Professor Root at 12. Rev. James Dean and Doctor Beckwith at 1. Doctor Goertner at 2. In consultation with Doctor Brown at 3. Another appointment at 6. To Utica at 6.30. In 'Herald' office until 9.30. Home at 10.30. But 'no tired Nature's sweet restorer,' not a wink." That day's record, to the last dröll word, is but a sample of the minuteness and variety and endless detail of his daily toil, and a sample also of how he could pull himself out of a state of utter weariness into a bit of characteristic pleasantry. We who knew how frail he was and how soon he tired, will not wonder, but will be touched to tears, at the silent confession wrung from him for his mute diary, but known only to himself and to God. Here are a few of these revealing records : "O the work that makes me another Sisyphus. The dogs of

hurry and worry give me no rest, day nor night." "Hard day's work after sleepless night. Wrote no end of letters for students who want places for the summer." And again: "No good sleep last night to mend 'the raveled sleeve of care';" "Day unto day bringeth weariness, and night unto night asketh, 'How long, Lord?'" Yet out from such weariness and sleeplessness he would come into open day with God and men as blithe and songful as a bird, with never a murmur on his lips or in his heart. In the inner circle that loved him most, "he would allow himself some periods of quietness and silence; but of impatience, or fault-finding, or any unloveliness, there is not one memory!" And this I have from the inner circle's very lips.

And now I must not forbear a brief word as to the delicious humor that blended with other things in the make-up of this unique personality.

It was not of the violent sort. It did not burst upon you as if all the flood gates had been opened. It was moist, but genial and gentle, the play of fancy, the imagination in sport—delighting in the incongruous—and yielding a facetious, though subdued and almost ethereal turn of thought. Indeed, nothing with him was with a roar. Even his laughter made no noise. It was quiet, but intense. It began in the merry twinkle of his eye, or in the smile that went chasing its way back to the ears, until the incongruous thing that caused it got such hold of him, that it fairly doubled him up, and shook him through and through. This was when the shaft of wit or splash of humor came from others. When it was his own, the effect only betrayed itself in the twinkle of his eye, or in that inexpressible, that inimitable smile with which he stood and looked you in the face. His humor stole in on you in such a quiet way that you were scarcely aware how rich it was, until the moisture oozed and oozed from every pore of the droll, quaint speech.

In the earlier days of Wellesley College, when it was a part of the duty of the students to do the housework, one of the girls was reprimanded for her carelessness in failing to dust

the back legs of a table. Her sister, then at "Halfwayup," told Professor North about it. It so amused him that he straightway sat down and wrote this note: "'Halfwayup,' November 4, 1879. My dear —. When Phidias was asked why the figures on his pedimental sculptures were so carefully finished, even in parts wholly removed from the sight of visitors, he made that memorable reply, 'The gods see everywhere.' Have they a stray goddess at Wellesley, who is equally hind-sighted?"

When our class came to Greek recitation one day, we found upon the blackboard, and drawn by our class artist, Tinker, a remarkably striking and suggestive likeness of his never-to-be-forgotten face, done of course more or less in caricature. We waited breathlessly to see what would follow the chair's recognition of the facsimile. He took his seat, looked at it over his spectacles, and said in his inimitable way, to the nearest student, "Will you please rub that out? One's enough!" And down came the class with a roar that shook the ceiling. Ah! well, one would have been enough, if we could always have kept it—the dear old, quaint original, the picturesque, classical, and homely, yet forever beautiful face, that beamed with kindness and grew dearer and dearer to every student on the hill who had the high privilege of looking into it any while.

One more specimen of his humor must suffice. It is furnished by Hubbard, of the class of '50. The last of November, 1848, it was announced in class that a stranger had arrived at "Halfwayup," in an alarming state of destitution. He was at once elected to class membership; and an outfit of clothing, a copy of "Agamemnon," and a baby jumper were sent by the class to greet the new arrival. "Old Greek" found no class that morning, but went home with his bundle. The next morning at the class recitation, Professor North said, "I have been made the bearer of a communication to the junior class, which I leave upon the desk." The business committee faced the class, opened the letter, and prepared to read. He turned pale, and exclaimed, "Bring the dictionary." Simon

Newton Dexter North, the son of his father, and not then a week old, wrote Greek on that first day of December, 1848. The little tot expressed his thanks for the honor of an election to the class, but deeply regretted that the class so soon in his career should deem him worthy of — suspension ! Years later, when the young prodigy in Greek had failed to take the coveted Greek prize, the father excused it to the committee by saying, “Greek was forced upon him too early !”

But I must not fail to mention at least one other characteristic through which Edward North’s unique power of personality found expression — his contagious enthusiasm. He was an enthusiast, by the very law of his being and the very structure of his mind. He was buoyant, expectant, hopeful, and these are the boughs upon which enthusiasm grows. He had his moods of silence and sadness ; the chariot wheels dragged heavily some days. There lurked somewhere in his nature a latent element of sternness. He had in him some of the stuff of which Puritans were made. But prevaillingly, his mind was on the splendid possibilities of to-morrow rather than on the tasks of yesterday. He knew it was “greatly wise to talk with our past hours” ; but he made the talk a spur or a wing ; not a weight or an anchor. He cherished lofty ideals, and they led to lofty enthusiasms. He had a profound sense of the dignity and worth of things to which he put his hand, and they were so transformed under his magic touch, that the dumb idols — remaining dumb and answering nothing in other hands — were living oracles in his, and poured forth a doctrine, or a service, or a song, as sweet and beautiful as the dawn, “walking o’er the dew of a high eastern hill.”

Doubtless his chief enthusiasm was Greek. He was literally *ἑνθεος*, possessed by the god, as to the Greek language and literature. He himself said at the close of one of his lectures on the old Greek lexicon, that he “had lived so long on Greek, it would never be melted out of him or frozen out of him.” No one who had not thumbed the old Greek lexicon over and over and through and through with the hand of his heart, could have fallen so dead in love with it. Hear this

ardent lover tell of his passion in this high eulogy: "In coming years, when toil and disappointment and sorrow have furrowed the brow and pushed the golden bowl to the edge of its breaking, the old Greek lexicon will have its story to tell, when there is comfort in the telling, of youth's eager aspirations, sobered now by rough reality, of study's genial nurture and discipline, still adding something of sweetness and something of beauty to the surroundings of life's monotonous drudgery. It will tell of castles in the Spain of a college day-dream, whose brilliant ruins have been framed into the solid structures of a workful, useful life. It will help to keep green the memory of unenvious rivalries that brought the rewards of finish and enterprise to scholarship, of grace and nutriment to thinking. It will help to perpetuate the rare blessing that lives in those hearty, breezy, unmercenary companionships of student days, with their tender backward glances and their eager onward reachings, that search the soul as with June's quickening sunshine, for its hidden seeds of heroism, to bid them blossom into generous deeds."

And the enthusiasm that glowed and burned within him, that made out of an old Greek lexicon a memory, a poem, an heirloom, an inspiration, and a castle builder — this same enthusiasm he kindled in his students. He did not make them all linguistic experts, oleaginous renderers of Homer's verse, and consummate masters of the classic tongue! No. Neither old Greek, nor young Greek, nor ancient Greek, nor modern Greek, nor even Greek god, could do that. But he did show to every man of them a beauty, a flavor, a richness, a glory in the old Greek poetry and tragedy and song they had never dreamed of; and in many of his students he lighted the very fires that burned in his own soul.

One of the class of '63 sent this message in that mass of Christmas greetings the old students dumped into his lap at "Halfwayup" two years ago, "The glimpses you gave of the crowning glory of Greek architecture awakened in me a love for Greek literature, history, and art, that has been a pleasure and a help all through life."

And Hoyt of '75 blossomed into song on that same Christmas day, as he said to his old teacher :

Thou madest Greece a fair enchanted land,  
By simple virtue of thy scholar's wand.

This poet student and his poet teacher have since joined in the hallelujahs of heaven ; and if our ears were strung to heavenly music, we might catch the notes of " the new song " they are singing.

Another distinguished son of Hamilton, known to two continents, testified in his Christmas greeting that not only his enthusiasm for language and literature, but for a symmetrical and Christian life, were largely due to this beloved and scholarly teacher of Greek.

And another said, " It was Professor North who retouched my ideals, taught me a new philosophy of the life of service, and cast a spell of stimulating and abiding influence over my life."

Yet how unconscious this Great Heart seemed to be that those fires were lighted at his own altars. Listen to this unaffected childlike word I copy from the little diary, many a page of which is a window revealing the simplicity and modesty of this cultured Christian scholar : " Lectured to freshmen on the influence of Homer. Wonderful is the enthusiasm of a new class." Wonderful it may have been to him. But wonderful to nobody else. With North as the lecturer and Homer as his theme, enthusiasm was as sure of birth as day is when the sun comes forth out of his chamber. Think of the glow and fervor of feeling that began with that first lecture to the freshmen, and grew and grew with both teacher and taught, until the last lecture to the juniors, " The Old Greek Lexicon," and you will realize what a world of pathos and tears this tenderly reminiscent and sympathetic soul crowded into these closing words of his last lecture to the class, " If it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, it is the last lecture that breaks the teacher's heart."

But he had other enthusiasms than Greek. The college —

how he baptized it with his prayers and tears, how full he was with devices for its welfare, how jealous he was of its fair fame, how willing he was to spend and be spent in its behalf, though the more abundantly he loved it, the less he might be loved. I believe he could say to the innermost and to the uttermost: Sooner than forget thee, O Hamilton, my hand shall forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

Gardening was another of his enthusiasms. Nature to him had a heart. And he leaned tenderly to the soil, as if he would hear its great, silent throbbing. When he first took the side of the hill for his home, it was rough enough. He named it "Halfwayup." He put poetry into it. He flung his own sunshine all over it. He caressed it into pliant and gentle moods. He knew every flower and shrub and tree on the place, for his hand had planted every one of them. In tearing up a plant, one would think he felt he might hear a human protest from beneath, he did it so gently.

Such, in part, was the composite of this rare, unique personality which yet defies classification and flies analysis. You can't find a perfume in a botany book. Cataloguing virtues is not producing a man. But these enumerated characteristics may serve to help us see the nature, "whose gracious influence," says one of the class of '74, "more than any other single force, leavened the student body." "And who," says a graduate of '72, "impressed me so profoundly that every Hamilton graduate owed the world some unselfish work, for the betterment and uplifting of humanity."

Thus we have seen how his personality found a voice. His verbal style marked a unique individuality. Even the splashing stroke of his pen was unlike any other that ever put a thought in words. We could tell it a rod away. His youthfulness of spirit also gave his personality a voice. And so did his rare gentleness and his capacity for details, and his delicious humor, and his contagious enthusiasm. That he was rich and varied in his linguistic attainments and a consummate master of Greek, we all know. That he knew good company and



how to keep it, his daily "walk with God" was a daily witness.

He had the genius to be loved, the genius to be trusted, the genius to be listened to — the blessed triad that must keep company in any life, to make it winsome, beautiful, commanding, and Christlike. The basal thing in the genius to be loved is the heart element. The basal thing in the genius to be trusted is character. The basal thing in the genius to be listened to is brain. Each is a distinct advance upon the other, and a distinct addition to it. The heart element is at the core of things. Lovableness begets love. But there is something more than this in the genius to be trusted. The mother passionately loves her infant child. But the child must show character before the mother can put trust in the child. And it must grow both character and brain before it can win intellectual homage and command and keep admiration. The brain need not be of the cyclopean or of the myriad-minded order, with trip-hammer logic and unlimited power and sweep of thought. But it must be brain. The brainless surface-seer, whose voluble loquacity is never embarrassed by intellectual activity, and who has a vast capacity of saying nothing at great length, will not long get ears to listen to his talk.

The beloved North got them and kept them. The genius to be loved and the genius to be trusted and the genius to be listened to, found their basal elements in his personality. And they so interpenetrated each other, so played into each other, and were so harmoniously blended, that he everywhere won both love and admiration.

Some men command and get our heads, and harness us to endeavor by the mighty sway of their wills. But we never feel that we would like to pillow our heads on their bosoms.

Some men command and get our hearts. But they never lift their heads like mountain peaks before our wide-open, wondering, and admiring eyes.

Let a cultured classical scholar, an honored son of Hamilton, an authority in biblical criticism, and who knows Hebrew as our Edward North knew Greek, tell us how he looks at this

matter. Here is the tribute he placed on the brow of the dear old octogenarian professor, a little while before he dropped Greek for the language of heaven. It voices the feeling of a thousand alumni hearts: "Some men I admire whom I do not greatly love. Others I love, but do not greatly admire. But during the forty-seven years since I first had the good fortune to have you as my teacher, you have commanded in a high degree both my love and my admiration."

What a lovable original he was! And what an original lovable! Twice already we have found him answering to accredited definitions of genius—"Genius is carrying the spirit of childhood up into manhood and old age." Edward North answered to that. "Genius is capacity for and mastery of details." Edward North answered to that, too.

Now let us turn to another definition. Emerson tells us that a genius is "a man whom God has sent into this world marked 'not transferable,' and 'good for this trip only.'"

The old sage of Concord may have been looking in a mirror when he wrote that. Or he may have been thinking of "Old Greek!" At all events, how it fits! The alumni as one man say "We shall never see his like again." It was written all over him, "Not transferable," and "Good for this trip only."

The boys come in and the men go forth,  
But there never will be but one Edward North—  
Old Greek!

But though we shall never see his like again, we shall see him again, if we keep true, as he kept true, to truth, to conscience, and to Christ.

Early of a Sabbath morning, last September the thirteenth, the singing soul slipped the shell in which he had so long made music, and the shell was empty. No song sung through the vacant chambers. The singing soul had gone home to God. We call that day his dying day—the day of his death. But did he see death? Yes, but death transformed. No longer a skeleton with a flying dart, but an angel with a

golden key. I know not how he went home — up what shining way, or with what attending convoy of ministering spirits. But ever since I stood on the summit of Righi in Switzerland, amidst the splendors of an autumn sunset, and saw God fling a bridge of golden sheen from the horizon across intervening spaces and abysses to my very feet, I have loved to think, and there is nothing in Scripture to forbid the thinking, He might thus cast up a shining way of grace and glory for all His ransomed children as He called them one by one to come up into His presence chamber. And if He ever did it for any one, I think He did it for “Old Greek.”

I love also to think, and there is nothing in Scripture to forbid the thinking, that ministering spirits came out of heaven and down the shining way to meet the aged saint, already feeling the thrill and vigor of immortal youth as he neared the celestial city, and that in loving convoy they saw him through the gates. What if God let the Hamilton boys that had already died in the Lord do that for “Old Greek” ! Wouldn’t it have been just like God ! And wouldn’t the boys up there have been proud and glad !

Three days after that ascension day was the day of his burial — September the sixteenth. Sadly, tenderly, lovingly, we took up the body and laid it away in the college cemetery to await with other precious dust of other beloved servants of God the resurrection morning. Concerning this burial day we need only assure our hearts that in burying the body of our beloved North, he was not buried. No long unconscious sleep holds him in the tomb. When the emptied shell lay there that Sabbath morning, he was already “absent from the body” and “at home with the Lord.” But when the time shall come for the resurrection trump to sound, he shall have his body back again, changed by some mysterious alchemy, from the old body of weakness and decrepitude to a body of glory and immortal youth.

We have now come to another day — his coronation day ! Here we speak our loving memorial in honor of his worth and work. Here we lift an invisible monolith, and carve upon it

these coronation words. They come from the pen and the heart of one who for more than forty years has shared with me life's toils, and trials, and triumphs, and who from the very first has cherished for my old Greek teacher a high and warm regard :

King Edward — first and only ; on these heights  
To-day we name him thus, our well-loved Greek.  
In other empires, kings may come and go  
In transient splendor, crown succeeding crown.  
This king, serene, benign, and laurel-wreathed  
With any Grecian hero of them all,  
Upon abiding throne in loving hearts  
Shall sit unfollowed and forever crowned !  
Edward, our King.

But another day is coming — best day of all — God's great praising day. We shall all be there — the stelligerent host of the sons of Hamilton that have loved and served their Lord. And then, when the Lord shall bring to light "the hidden things" that have been done in His name, and the heart's counsels that were full of loving devices for Christ's sake, and yet that got no trumpeting here — then shall each man have his praise from God. What a great day that will be ! What blessed surprises God will have for us ! What deep abysmal joy we shall step into ! And who among us all can have a possible doubt that

When the last great chapel rings,  
And all the College together brings,  
When the years and the centuries meet,  
Then shall we see in the very front seat,  
Old Greek !

## INDEX



## INDEX

- Æschylus, characterization of, 234 ;  
growth of tragedy under, 282.
- Albany Institute, 59.
- Albany Normal School, declines  
presidency of, 65.
- Alexander, Rev. Caleb, (note) 53.
- "Alliance of Liberty and Literature,  
The," oration, 22.
- Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, 149.
- Alumni, Christmas greetings from,  
140. *See also* Hamilton Alumni  
Association.
- "Alumniana," contributed to *Ham-  
ilton Literary Magazine*, 111, 121,  
122.
- American Philological Association,  
59, 318.
- "American Scholarship," lecture on,  
275.
- Amherst College, student life in early  
history of, 104, 105.
- Ancient Languages, history of chair  
of, in Hamilton College, 45,  
46.
- Anderson, Charles, 338.
- "Anderson Elm, The," poem, 345.
- Andrews, Dr. N. L., letter to, on  
the death of Rev. Dr. Ebenezer  
Dodge, 265.
- Annalists' letters of Hamilton Col-  
lege, 123.
- Anthon, Charles, of Columbia Col-  
lege, 72.
- "Apology, An," 267.
- Archeological Institute of America,  
59.
- Arnold, Dr. Thomas, of Rugby, edu-  
cational methods of, 168, 218 ;  
teacher's power illustrated by life  
of, 183.
- Athens, sojourn in, 80.
- Auburn Theological Seminary, 59.
- Avery, Charles, 61.
- "Bacchanal Ballad, A," 155.
- Backus, Azel, first president of Ham-  
ilton College, 32, 149 ; subject of  
poems, 155, 157 ; plea for a monu-  
ment to, 159 ; anecdote about,  
160.
- Bardeen, C. W., 265, 274, 328, 329.
- Barnes, Albert, 30.
- Barrows, Rev. Eleazer S., 46.
- Benedict, Henry Harper, 114.
- Bentham, Jeremy, his doctrine of  
enforcement of civil law, applied  
to schools, 182.
- Berlin, Conn., school in, 5, 6.
- "Birthday Rhymes," 54.
- Boise, James R., professor of Greek  
in Morgan Park Seminary, 70.
- Boyd, Prof. James R., of Hamilton  
College, 61, 162.
- Bradford, Rev. Dr. Amory H., quoted,  
122.
- Bristol, George, half-century annal-  
ist's letter, 123.
- Brockway, Dr. A. Norton, 67, 133.
- Bronson, Huet H., 107.
- Brown, Dr. Samuel Gilman, presi-  
dent of Hamilton College, 61, 110,  
133.
- "Building of a Tragedy, The," lec-  
ture on, 282.
- Buttrick, Horatio G., 21, 162.
- Caldwell, Benjamin H., 107.
- Carter, Franklin, reference to early  
history of Williams College by,  
102.
- Catlin, Marcus, professor of Mathe-  
matics, 21, 31, 61, 62.
- Chambers's Journal*, argument for  
memorizing the classics quoted,  
209.
- Chittenden, Judge, anecdote about  
Dominie Kirkland by, 146, 147.

- "Christ and Prometheus, a Lay Sermon for Students," 237.  
 Christmas sermon delivered in Athens, 82.  
 Clark, Col. Emmons, 133.  
 Clark, Henry F., editor of *The College Book*, 124.  
 Clark, Noah B., principal of Worthington Academy, 6.  
 Clinton, George, governor of New York, 145, 148.  
 Clinton Grammar School, 20.  
 Clinton Rural Art Society, papers read before, 143, 144, 364.  
 Cochran, Dr. David H., principal of Albany Normal School, 65.  
 Cochrane, John, 107.  
*College Book, The*, contributions to, 45, 46, 124.  
 College Hill, history of homes on, 160.  
 Colloquies, college, 22, 23.  
 "Commencement Days," address, 278.  
 Comstock, David, 338.  
 Conklin, Luther, 22.  
 "Connecticut," ode, 18.  
 Coxe's Patent, defined, 145.  
 "Cramming," address on, 177.  
 Curran and Hawley prize competition, 209, 210.
- Dalzell, John A., 172.  
 Darling, Dr. Henry, president of Hamilton College, 64.  
 Davis, Dr. Henry, president of Hamilton College, tribute to, 30, 31; death, 48; personality, 49, 161; reasons for opposing Dr. North's election to chair of Ancient Languages, 50, 51; controversy in college during presidency of, 107, 108; monument to, 160.  
 Davis, Hon. Thomas T., 107, 160.  
*Davis's Narrative of the Embarrassments and Decline of Hamilton College*, 108.  
 Day, Jeremiah, 148, 149.  
 Dean, Elias Flandrau, 61.  
 Dean, James, 148.  
 Dean, John, 107.  
 Dexter, Andrew, (note) 53.  
 Dexter, Franklin Bowditch, 125.  
 Dexter, Mary Frances. *See* North, Mrs.
- Dexter, Rev. Samuel, (note) 53.  
 Dexter, Hon. S. Newton, (note) 53.  
 Dexter Professorship, The, 66.  
 Diven, George M., member of Board of Trustees of Hamilton College, 77.  
 "Dix quædivi," pseudonym, 268.  
 Dodge, Rev. Dr. Ebenezer, tribute to, 265.  
 "Dominie Kirkland's Poplars," poem, 341.  
 Dowd, Julius N., 6.  
 Downing, Andrew J., tribute to, 348.  
 Drisler, Dr. Henry, professor of Greek in Columbia University, 70, 72.  
 Dwight, Benjamin Woolsey, 32, 44.  
 Dwight, Dr. Sereno E., 162.  
 Dwight, Theodore W., tutor in Hamilton College, 61, 133.  
 Dwight, Timothy, president of Yale, 148; tribute to Prof. Hadley quoted, 180, 181.
- "Eastward from the Litchfield Observatory," poem, 340.  
 Edward North Chair of Greek and of Greek Literature, 66.  
 Edward Robinson Professorship, name changed, 66.  
 Eells, Samuel, 107.  
 "Elm that Weeps, The," poem, 346.  
 Evans, Dr. Ellicott, 61.
- Farmington, Conn., settlement of John North in, 1, 2.  
 Felton, Prof. C. C., of Harvard College, 72.  
 Finley, Prof. J. J., characterization of Dr. Arnold by, 168.  
 Fisher, Dr. Samuel Ware, president of Hamilton College, 110, 162.  
 Fitch, Prof. Edward, successor to Dr. North in Hamilton College, 189; chapter on Dr. North as a Greek scholar by, 209.  
 "Flaccus," *nom de plume*, 43.  
 Foote, Rev. Dr. Lewis Ray, 140.  
 "Forty-One," poem, 26.  
 Francis, Hon. John M., Minister to Greece, 80; letters to, 98, 99.  
 Frost, Harriet, 337.  
 "Furnace Light, The," poem, 341.



- "Garden, The," paper for Clinton Rural Art Society, 375.  
 Gardiner, Charles A., 172.  
 Genealogy of North family, (note) 1.  
 Gifford, Peleg, 338.  
 Goertner, Rev. Dr. Nicholas W., 61.  
 Gold, Mrs. Martha Raymond, 53.  
 Gray, Prof. Asa, 338.  
 Greece, sojourn in, 80.  
 Greek, contemporaries in teaching, 71; discussion of classic and modern, 88, 89, 96; mottoes by Dr. North, 210; adaptability to rhyming, 258; rhyming instinct of poets, 259.  
 "Greek Gardening," lecture on, 378.  
 "Greek Idea of the Future State, The," lecture on, 277.  
 "Greek Proverbs," lecture on, 241.  
 "Greek Rhymes," lecture on, 256.  
 "Greek We Leave Behind Us, The," poem, 174.  
 Gridley, Dr. A. Delos, 121.  
 Hadley, James, tribute to, 180, 181.  
 Haldeman, Prof. S. S., 319.  
 "Halfwayup," 59, 80, 171, 331, 335.  
 Hall, Dr. Isaac H., 133, 209.  
 Hamilton Alumni Association, poem delivered before, 26; organization of, 132.  
 Hamilton College, members of North family graduated from, 4; Dr. North's student career in, 20; abolition of class honors in, 33; Dr. North's professorship in, 43; faculty in 1843, 61; Dr. North declines presidency of, 64; struggles in early history, 102, 103; founding of, 103; first six presidents Yale men, 103; denominational character of college, 103; austerities of student life in early history of, 104; paternal relation of faculty to students, 104, 105; catalogues prepared by Dr. North, 121; annalists' letters as historical records of, 123, 124; Dr. North's interest in traditions of, 143.  
*Hamilton Literary Monthly*, contributions to, 111.  
*Hamilton Mail Book, The*, 122.  
 Hamilton Oneida Academy, 103; history of Lombardy poplars surrounding, 337; reference to laying of cornerstone, 361.  
 Harding, L. S., Kirkland mansion owned by, 145.  
 Harris, Hon. W. T., Commissioner of Education, 319.  
 Hawley, Gen. Joseph R., 67, 133.  
 Holbrook, Rev. Dr. David A., 131.  
 "Home," sonnet, 55.  
 Homer, Dr. Schliemann's love for, 90; quoted, 96, 258, 312, 313, 384; Dr. North's appreciation of, 216; proverbs from poems of, 246; characteristics of his women, 250, 255, 256; rhythmical expression of, 258, 259; a model for Roman poets, 260.  
 "Homer's Women," lecture on, 248.  
 Hooker, Rev. Thomas, 2.  
 Hopkins, Prof. A. Grosvenor, eulogy by, 110.  
 Hopkins, Dr. Mark, 69, 264; academic career of, compared with Dr. North's, 109, 213.  
 "How it Once Was," paper, 5.  
 Hoyt, Charles S., letter and poem from, 136, 137.  
 Huntington, Prof. Chester, 144.  
 Huntington, Daniel, 133.  
 "I Would be Buried," poem, 78.  
*Index Rerum*, list of lectures in, 272.  
 Johnson, Rev. Dr. Herrick, memorial address by, 389.  
 "Josh Billings." *See* Shaw, Henry W.  
 Kellogg prize competition, 209.  
 Kendrick, Asahel C., professor of Greek in Rochester University, 70.  
 "King George and his New Year's Ball," lecture on, 92.  
 Kirkland, Hon. Charles P., first president of Hamilton Alumni Association, 132.  
 Kirkland, Eliza, daughter of Dominic Kirkland, 337.

- Kirkland, Rev. Samuel, (note) 53;  
founding of Hamilton College by,  
103; Dr. North's regard for, 130,  
143; home of, 144; grant of land  
to, 145; sketch of missionary work  
of, 145; power over Indians, 146;  
anecdote about, 146, 147; plant-  
ing of Lombardy poplars by, 338.
- Kirkland Cottage, historical sketch  
of, 143.
- Kirkland's Patent, boundaries of,  
145.
- Knickerbocker Magazine*, 268.
- Kunkepot, Indian orator, 148.
- Lathrop, John H., 46.
- Latos, Rev. Dionysus, 88, 89.
- "Lawns," paper for Clinton Rural  
Art Society, 368.
- Lewis, Dr. Tayler, of Union College,  
72.
- "Line of Property," fixed by Treaty  
of Fort Stanwix, 145.
- Litchfield, Edwin C., 133.
- Lothrop, Samuel Kirkland, 148.
- Lowrey, C. J., 22.
- Lucas, E. B., 338.
- Lyttle, E. W., 172.
- McHarg, Prof. William H., 61.
- Madison University, degree con-  
ferred upon Dr. North by, 58.
- Mandeville, Henry, professor in  
Hamilton College, 61, 162.
- March, Prof. Francis A., 319.
- Marsh, George P., 258.
- Memorial Address, by Dr. Herrick  
Johnson, 389.
- Millard, Dr. Henry B., 133.
- Miller, Rev. Dr. L. M., (note) 134.
- Miller, W. P., letter from, 139, 140.
- "Ministry of Trees, The," poem, 339.
- Monteith, Rev. John, 46.
- Morey, James W., farewell address  
delivered by, 172.
- Müller, Prof. Max, 319.
- Murray, Dr. James A. H., 305.
- Nelson, Dr. Henry A., 133.
- New York Historical Society, 59.
- New York State Teachers' Associa-  
tion, president of, 58; address  
before, 189.
- North, Alfred, (note) 4.
- North, Edward, genealogy of family,  
1; birthplace, 1; emigration of  
family from Hull, and settlement  
in Connecticut, 2; religious in-  
heritance and training, 3; inci-  
dents of boyhood, 3; becomes a  
member of Congregational Church,  
4; early school, 4; reminiscences  
of boyhood, 18; student days at  
Hamilton, 20; standing in college,  
22; college orations, 22; valedic-  
tory, 23; describes college life,  
37; a tutor, 43; studies law, 43;  
principal of Clinton Grammar  
School, 45; professor of Ancient  
Languages in Hamilton College,  
45; tribute to Prof. Smith, 47;  
disciplinarian, 51; marriage, 52;  
death of wife, 53; lectures in  
lyceum course, 57; honorary de-  
grees conferred upon, 58; secre-  
tary to American Minister to  
Greece, 59, 80; failing health, 60;  
acting president of Hamilton Col-  
lege, 64; declines presidency of  
Albany Normal School, 65; fifti-  
eth anniversary at Hamilton, 66;  
length of professorship, 70; trib-  
ute to contemporary Greek pro-  
fessors, 71; text-books used, 71;  
letter of resignation, 72; Emeritus  
Professor, 73; letters of apprecia-  
tion, 73; last illness and death,  
75; minute of faculty, 75; me-  
morial of Board of Trustees,  
76; burial, 78; epitaph, 79; so-  
journ in Greece, 80; impressions,  
81; acting consul at Piræus,  
81; Christmas sermon in Athens,  
82; discussion of modern and  
classic Greek, 88; friendships in  
Athens, 89; correspondence with  
Minister Francis, 98; compared  
with Dr. Mark Hopkins, 109;  
eulogy by Prof. A. Grosvenor  
Hopkins, 110; relation to stu-  
dents, 113, 114, 116, 170; secre-  
tary of Alumni Association, 113;  
work in placing teachers, 116;  
editorial work, 120; college cata-  
logues compiled by, 121; tributes  
to Alma Mater, 126, 165; ad-  
dresses made at alumni reunions,  
126; greeting to President Stryker,  
134; expressions of regard from  
students, 135; response to alumni's

Christmas greetings, 141; historical sketch of Kirkland Cottage, 143; effort to erect monument to Samson Occum, 155; plea for monument to Dr. Backus, 159; history of homes on College Hill, 160; climate of Clinton, 163; love for college environment, 164; power as a teacher, 167; presented with a cane by Greek class of '84, 173; farewell to class of '91, 174; classroom methods, 175; class lectures, 180; compared with Prof. Hadley, 180; acquaintance with Greek and Roman classics, 208; Greek mottoes, 210; devotion to Greek literature, 213; favorite classical authors, 215; Theocritus introduced into college curriculum, 216; educational methods compared with Dr. Arnold's, 218; literary style, 264; habit of rhyming, 266; contributions to current literature, 268; a lecturer, 268; list of lectures, 272; models of platform literature, 274; philologist, 308; advocate of spelling reform, 318; English, the language of the future, 321; description of "Halfwayup," 331; gardening, 331; lover of trees, 336; relation to the rural community, 359.

Writings: poems—at centennial celebration of Second Congregational Church, 15; "On a Brother's Death," 16; "Forty-One," 26; "On the Death of a Classmate," 40; "On Leaving College," 41; "Birth-day Rhymes," 54; "Home," sonnet, 55; "One Year Ago," 55; "Twenty-Five Years," 56; "The Wingless Victory," 99; "Skenandoa," 149; "A Bacchanal Ballad," 155; "President Backus's Spectacles," 157; "A Tribute to Alma Mater," 165; "The Ministry of Trees," 339; "Eastward from the Litchfield Observatory," 340; "The Furnace Light," 341; "Dominie Kirkland's Poplars," 341; "The Anderson Elm," 345; "The Elm that Weeps," 346; "Philodendria," 349; lectures—"King

George and his New Year's Ball," 92; "Cramming," 177; "The Seven Lamps of the Teacher," 181; "Why We Study the Classics," 218; "Sophocles," 234; "Christ and Prometheus," 237; "Greek Proverbs," 241; "Homer's Women," 248; "Greek Rhymes," 256; "American Scholarship," 275; "The Greek Idea of the Future State," 277; "Commencement Days," 278; "The Orator and the Bookmaker," 279; "The Study of Greek by Women," 280; "The Building of a Tragedy," 282; "The Old Greek Lexicon," 298; "Worth of Words," 309; tribute to fellow tree-lovers, 347; addresses to farmers, 361; papers before Rural Art Society, 364; "Greek Gardening," 378.

North, Mrs. Edward (Mary Frances Dexter), 52, 53; poems to, 54.

North, Frederick, (note) 4.

North, Hulda Wilcox, 1.

North, Isaac, (note) 1.

North, Jedediah, (note) 1.

North, John, (note) 1, 2.

North, Josiah Wilcox, (note) 4.

North, Reuben, 1, 3.

North, Col. Simeon, (note) 1, 3.

North, Dr. Simeon, president of Hamilton College, 4, 46, 106, 108, 109.

North, Thomas, (note) 1.

*North American Review*, 210, 268.

Northrup, Laura, (note) 53.

Norton, Rev. Dr. Asahel S., 45, 149.

Norton, Prof. Seth, 45, 46.

Noyes, Dr. Josiah, 31.

Occum, Samson, Indian orator, 148. "Old Greek," origin of sobriquet at Hamilton College, 69.

"Old Greek Lexicon, The," junior ceremonies on the occasion of lecture on, 171; farewell to the junior Greekists, 275, 298.

Old Stone Church, 59.

"On a Brother's Death," poem, 16.

"On the Death of a Classmate," poem, 40.

"One Year Ago," poem, 55.

*Oneida Chief*, 120, 121.

Oneida Historical Society, 59.

- Oneida Indians, 145, 148.  
 Onondago, Indian orator, 148.  
 "Orator and the Bookmaker, The," lecture on, 279.  
 Owen, Prof. John J., of City College of New York, 72.  
 Packard, Alpheus S., professor of Greek in Bowdoin College, 71.  
 Parish, Ariel, principal of Worthington Academy, 4, 6.  
 Parsons, William, 69.  
 Penney, Joseph, president of Hamilton College, 109, 162.  
 "Perversions of Educated Mind, The," valedictory, 22.  
 Peters, Dr. Christian H. F., professor of Astronomy at Hamilton College, 61, 131, 133.  
 "Philodendria," poem, 349.  
 "Philosophy of Laughing, The," colloquy, 22.  
 Piræus, appointment as acting consul at, 81.  
 Pomeroy, Theodore M., 67, 73, 77.  
 Pond, Mrs. Barnabas, anecdote about, 146.  
 Pratt, Dr. Daniel D., 107.  
 Prentice, David, 183.  
 "President Backus's Spectacles," poem, 157.  
 Prometheus, 82, 83, 237, 295.  
 Proverbs. *See* "Greek Proverbs."  
 Puns and punsters, 315.  
 Randolph, Margaret Landers, (note) 337.  
 Regents of the State of New York, degree conferred upon Dr. North by, 58.  
 "Remembered Teachers," paper on, 7.  
 "Report on Planting Trees," paper for Clinton Rural Art Society, 364.  
 Robbins, Prof. R. D. C., of Middlebury College, 72.  
 Robert, Christopher R., founder of Robert College, 117.  
 Robert College, 111, 117.  
 Robinson, Edward, 30, 46, 148.  
 Root, Hon. Elihu, 133.  
 Root, Prof. Oren, 20, 21, 61.  
 Schliemann, Dr. Henry, 89, 224.  
 Second Congregational Church in Berlin, 3, (note) 4; centennial celebration, 14; poem on, 15.  
 "Seven Lamps of the Teacher, The," address, 181.  
 Shaw, Henry W., proverbs of, quoted, 244; tribute to, 327.  
 Sherwood, Joseph S., 20.  
 Sibley, John Langdon, 121, 125.  
 Skenandoa, Indian chief, 148; association of, with Dominic Kirkland, 149; poem on, 149.  
 Smith, Edward, 144.  
 Smith, Hon. Gerrit, letter to, 159, 160.  
 Smith, Prof. John Finley, 32, 45, 46, 162.  
 "Sophocles," lecture on, 234.  
 Spaulding, Judge Alexander, 133.  
 Spencer, Franklin A., 140.  
 Storrs, Dr. Richard S., quoted, 104.  
 Strong, Prof. Theodore, of Hamilton College, 62.  
 Stryker, President M. Woolsey, 134, 140.  
 "Study of Greek by Women, The," lecture on, 280.  
*Susan and Ellen, The*, 1.  
 Taylor, Benjamin F., 163.  
 Taylor, Stephen W., 163.  
 "Teacher's Sources of Power, The," address, 189.  
 "Teaching," lecture on, 185.  
 Teel, Rev. William H., "Halfway-up" described by, 331.  
 Theocritus, study of, introduced into college curriculum, 216; *Idyl* of, quoted, 259.  
 "Thornden," *nom de plume*, 43.  
 Treaty of Fort Stanwix, 145.  
 Truax, Judge Charles H., 265.  
 Trumbull, Prof. J. Hammond, 319.  
 Tuttle, Col. Timothy, 145.  
 "Twenty-Five Years," poem, 56.  
 Tyler, Dr. William S., of Amherst College, 70, 124, 209.  
 Union Society, The, 21.  
 University Convocation of the Regents of the State of New York, 58.  
 Upson, Anson Judd, professor in Hamilton College, 61.  
*Utica Morning Herald*, contributions to, 123.  
 Utica Musical Academy, 46.

- Valedictory, oration, 23.  
Verplanck, Dr. Gulian C., 58.  
  
Washburn, Dr. George, president of  
Robert College, 118.  
Whitney, Prof. William D., 319.  
"Why We Study the Classics," lec-  
ture on, 218.  
Williams, Judge Othniel S., 43, 107.  
Williams College, 102, 109.  
  
"Wingless Victory, The," poem, 99.  
Winne, James, letter from, 138.  
Wisconsin Historical Society, 59.  
"Woman," colloquy, 22.  
Woolsey, Dr. Theodore D., of Yale,  
72.  
Woolworth, Samuel B., 58, 65.  
"Worth of Words, The," lecture on,  
309.  
Worthington Academy, 4, 6.













